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THE STRIKE BREAKER

BY

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I

YOUNG Tremont paused to light a cigar, but, as he did so, he cast a quick glance down the dark alley opposite which he stood. It was just as well to be cautious. At first the alleyway seemed empty, but, as the match flared up and the end of his Havana caught the fire, a rough figure came from behind the big telephone post. Instantly Tremont dropped his hands into his overcoat pockets. As the figure came toward him the muzzles of two concealed hammerless pistols were pointing straight at it, a cool finger on each trigger.

"Mr. Tremont!"

A little startled at the call of his name, Tremont stepped a little closer, still ready for decisive and deadly action. He could afford to take no chances, these days. The figure came straight up to him, but kept in the shadow of the building.

"Oh, it 's you, eh, Lanigan?" said Tremont somewhat relieved on recognizing the man. "Well, before you say anything, I want to tell you two things. First, that I never talk business on the street corners, and second, that I have nothing whatever to say to any strike committee, whether of one or a dozen. I don't want to hear a word."

He was stalking on when the other again called him.

"It 's not about the strike, sir," urged Lanigan. "Mr. Tremont, I want a job!"

"You! I 'm not in the humor for joking to-night, Lanigan. Why, you are one of the most rabid unionists in the ranks — the prize spellbinder of the lot, and appointed only to-day on a committee that I refused to see!"

"I resigned from that committee, sir. I 'm through with it all!" tensely exclaimed the man. "I 'm in deadly earnest. Look here, Mr. Tremont, I have a broken-down wife and a sick boy at home. I left here during the strike two years ago and went to San Francisco. A strike broke out within a month after I got there and lasted four months. I went to Los Angeles. A strike had been declared just the day before I arrived. At Omaha it was nearly the same. In Chicago worse than ever. Mr. Tremont, in two years I have put in just fourteen weeks of steady work. The rest of the time I 've been on strike rations or looking for a job. The home I had almost paid for is gone. Nearly all of my furniture is sold, and the little I have left the mortgage-loan sharks are going to take from me. I can't expect the union to do any more for me than for the others, and I 'm going to break away from them. I 've been waiting here for nearly an hour for you to come out of that restaurant.

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I can't stand it any longer. Another siege of it will kill my wife, and rather than have her go under, I 'll see the whole union in h—— !"

Tremont nodded in approval.

"And so you want your old job back, eh ?"

"Well, yes. I hear you are offering a fancy price for an engineer."

"Yes."

A good engineer was the backbone of his strike-breaking plan.

"With — with a five-thousand-dollar life insurance policy prepaid for one year, I heard."

"Yes."

"I 'll take the job."

"All right. Come around in the morning. Better come a full hour before the usual time. Come to the back gate, and bring with you a change of clothing. You will have to stay on the grounds night and day. I 've hired a good cook and got in bedding."

Tremont was moving away when the other once more stopped him.

"Well ?" he asked a trifle impatiently.

"Why — Mr. Tremont — would you mind advancing me the first week's pay ?"

Tremont looked at him a little suspiciously, then, without a word, produced a roll of bills and gave the fellow two twenties. It was more than had been asked, but, so long as he was taking a chance on the man's honor, he might as well make the obligation strong.

"Thanks !" exclaimed the man, so fervently that Tremont got a glimmering of how desperate the need of money might be.

"There's just one chance that I won't come to earn this," continued Lanigan with a grim laugh. "If any of the boys saw me here talking with you, and especially getting money from you, I don't think you would ever see me again. I never knew them to be so fierce."

"I shall expect you in the morning," said Tremont shortly, and walked away.

II

Lanigan hurried up the stairs of the dingy tenement building which held the two rooms he now called home, and strode back through the dark hall. Before he could put his hand on the knob, his own door opened and an anxious woman stood waiting to greet him.

"I 'm so glad you 're home, Ed," she said. "I thought you would never come, and I 've been so worried about you."

"You must n't worry about these things, Maggie," he replied, stooping down to kiss her, and leading her gently to a chair. "It always breaks you down. How 's Danny ?"

"No better," she answered wearily. "He 's asleep now. I think this air is killing him, Ed, but what can we do ?"

She had in mind, too, that he needed more delicate food, but she would not say it. It might reflect on Ed's ability to provide for them, and she knew that his bitter self-reproach on this subject was already all that he could bear. He knew her thought, however, as well as if she had spoken, and for answer tossed into her lap the money that Tremont had given him.

"Ed !" she exclaimed in a panic of fear. "What have you done ?"

"Got my old job back. That 's advance pay. Tremont gave it to me at the corner of an alley. He had two guns pointed at me through his overcoat pockets when I came up to talk to him."

"Send the money back to him !" she cried, white-lipped, thrusting the bills upon him. "The boys will kill you !"

"No they won't," he protested, laughing lightly and stretching up his powerful arms to reassure her by their strength. He felt, himself, that he was taking a desperate chance. "In the first place they won't get at me. I 'm to go before daybreak, go around to the back gate, slip inside, and there I am. Why, the boys won't even know I 've gone back to work. Jimmy Pennel was there three weeks before we knew it, and he gave it away himself by coming outside and getting drunk."

"You called Jimmy a traitor," she reminded him despondently.

"He is," assented Lanigan with a darkening brow. "So am I, but that 's better than this." He looked around at the meanly furnished apartment with a scowl that changed to a forced smile as he met her care-dimmed eyes. "Inside the stockade I shall be perfectly safe," he went on, "and I 'll send the money home to you by mail. Now take this money, Maggie, and don't stew. Pay the landlord to-morrow, pay the loan people that fifteen dollars, buy a chicken for yourself and Danny, and live decently for a while. Why, we 're on easy street, my girl ! I get my board and lodging free, and I guess you can keep Danny and yourself in grub and coal and medicines on the five a day I 'll send you."

"with his head bowed in his hands, suffering a torture of self-abasement"

She smiled faintly, and tried honestly to look on the brighter side of it. After all, there might be but little danger, and Danny — choice food was what he most needed now. She gave a sigh of acquiescence.

"What about the relief committee?" she asked.

"Take what they give you. It don't look like a square deal, but you'll have to do it to throw them off the track. And say, if any of them ask about me, tell them I 've gone to Pittsburg to look for work. In about a week you can say I got it, and then you won't need to bother with the relief committee."

It was the first time he had ever asked her to lie for him. With wifely loyalty she suppressed the thought, but her deeply devout nature resented the need for the deception.

"I wish that you had never heard of a union!" she finally exclaimed, venting her distress upon what seemed to be the one tangible cause of it.

"You must n't say that, Maggie," he quickly replied. "The union is all right.

We must n't blame the system because we 've been unlucky in always running into a strike. If it was not for the organization of labor, the organization of dollars would keep us all on strike rations the whole time. I simply can't stand the pressure, that 's all. I 'm going to become a quitter — a 'scab' — to-morrow, Maggie, not because I am sick of unionism, but because I love you and the boy."

Love ! It was a word not often on his lips, but in his heart, always, she knew. She came over and slipped an arm about his neck.

"I should die, Ed, if anything should happen to you !" she cried.

There came a knock at the door, and she hastily thrust the money into the bosom of her dress. Lanigan strode to the door and opened it. A committe of the strikers had called on him.

III

"What we want to know, Lanigan, is why you resigned from that committee this morning," began the leader, as they seated themselves on the three available chairs.

"He was going down and out"

"Going to Pittsburg to hunt a job," replied Lanigan briefly.

There was a moment's silence. Lanigan reflected, with a fighting thrill, that he had committed himself now. There was no going back. When these men did find out his duplicity, though —

"You must n't go, Lanigan," declared the leader. "We need you here. I don't mind telling you, because I know where you stand, that some of the men are weakening, and if

they are not braced up we will lose out. If we lose this fight we can't make another for a long time. Young Tremont makes it harder for us. We could scare out the old man if he was alive, but the young fellow is stubborn as a mule. He won't see a committee, he won't arbitrate, he won't do anything."

"That 's the trouble," agreed Lanigan. "If there was any chance to end it I 'd stick, but it looks to me like an all-winter pull of it."

"You 'll have to stick anyhow," asserted the other, a man whose force was almost irresistible, and who had successfully engineered strike after strike. "We 've put you down for a speech to-morrow night at Naylor's Hall, and we 're going to see that every weak-kneed man gets there, whether he wants to come or not. You can keep them in line, and we look to you to do it."

"Don't ask it of me, Evans," said Lanigan. "My God, man, I can't go through another strike! We 've had enough of it. I 've got a sick boy, and look at my wife! Strikes have aged her ten years in the last two. She is barely able to keep out of bed, and she needs better food and care than she is getting."

Evans glanced at Mrs. Lanigan with ill-concealed distaste. He had a profound contempt for sickly women. They had no business to be ailing when they were so badly needed. They should take in washing, sewing, do anything to help out while the men were battling for their demands.

"I 'll send the sick committee around," he said.

"They 've been here and are doing all they can," replied Lanigan. "The things we want most are the things that I can't ask the boys to give us. It would n't be fair to the others. No, Evans, I 'm going to duck the fight for the first time in my life. I 'm going away to-morrow, and that settles it."

"You 're going to stay here, and that settles it!" retorted Evans, rising to his feet. "We need you, I tell you, and you 've got to stick. Your own Brotherhood has placed you under our jurisdiction during this strike, and we 're taking care of you, supporting you and your family. What more do you want? You 've got to pay us back by helping us out. We 'll expect as strong a speech to-morrow night as you 're able to make."

There was another period of pregnant silence.

"All right," Lanigan wearily assented. "I 'll be there."

The committee went clattering down the stairs.

"Are you going to make the speech?" his wife asked him timidly.

"No, Maggie," he answered her, and sat with his head bowed in his hands, suffering a torture of self-abasement. He had always prided himself on being a man to be depended upon, and now he was deliberately breaking his word, even before it was given. She lightly touched his hair and sat down with some mending to let him fight out his own battle, as she knew he wanted to do.

He looked at her musingly, by and by. Her hands were red and coarse and knotted, her figure was bent, her hair was untidy and lifeless, her features were pinched and drawn. Where had gone the beauty that she had brought to him? Where? He had destroyed it himself by the hardships he had thrust upon her. In the other room lay the son that was the price of her health. He, too, bore the weakening effect of those earlier years of privation.

Lanigan felt that he had been a failure, but God, how he had tried not to be! He had worked like a demon, he had been frugal, he had neglected nothing — yet he was an utter failure, and the future seemed to hold no hope of better things. The union! What had it done for him? He drove this query away as quickly as it came. His loyalty to the principles for which he had fought so long never wavered. He had simply lost the personal fight, that was all. And he was a traitor as well as a failure!

"Maggie," he called.

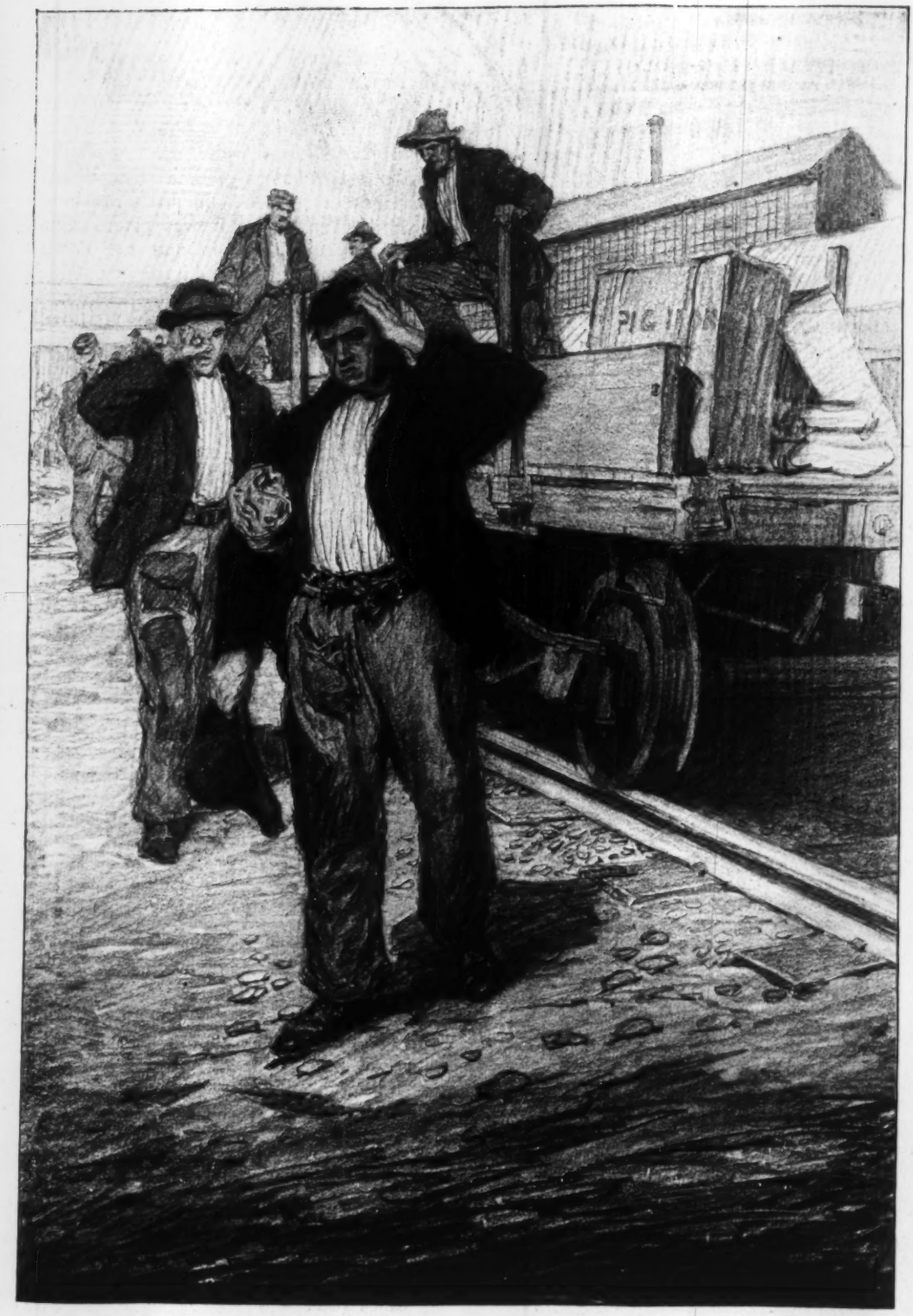
"Yes, Ed." She looked up with a reassuring smile.

"I forgot to tell you. To-morrow Tremont is to give me a life insurance policy for five thousand dollars, paid up for a year."

Her eyes widened with dread as he hurried on.

"If — if anything should happen to me — within the year, you know — of course, there is no danger, but if anything *should* happen — I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to take that money and buy a little truck farm just out of town some place. There 's a good living in that, and health for you and Danny. We 've got to remember the boy, you know. You 'll do it, won't you?"

"Oh, Ed, Ed!" she cried, and put her hands upon his shoulders.



"FROM EACH OF THEM CRAWLED CRAMPED, DISREPUTABLE LOOKING MEN"

"There, there, little woman," he said, soothing her. "You must n't break down this way. You know how it always serves you. Of course, there 's nothing going to happen, but I 've got to plan for you and the boy just the same. Every man should do that. And you 'll do as I said, won't you?"

He knew the plan was one that would appeal to her. She was country bred, and there was nothing she so longed to do as to get back among green fields and under broad skies. It was life itself to her and would be to the boy.

Tearfully she promised, and then threw herself upon his breast in a paroxysm of weeping.

IV

Dawn was breaking next morning as Lanigan turned down the railroad spur that ran behind the stockade enclosing the Tremont, Wells & Tremont plant. From this spur track a loading spur ran directly into the yards, closed by great barred gates, and at the side of these was a smaller gate for workmen. It was through this smaller entrance that he was to gain access to the plant, and, as he came in sight of it, he began whistling a light-hearted tune. He had not met a soul who knew him, and his plan for being "out of the city" was a success.

He was within half a block of the gate when two men jumped out of a box-car that stood open on the spur. He knew them both — Harley and O'Brian. Early as he was, the pickets were still earlier. They had been there all night.

"Hello, Lanigan, where you going so early?" asked O'Brian.

"Come out to relieve one of you fellows and let you go to breakfast," Lanigan promptly lied.

"You must get your orders from Evans, then," Harley informed him. "He put on his military scheme last night. It 's great. Evans is taking no chances this trip. Do you know, he 's had thirty pickets hidden around this stockade all night. The relief comes on pretty soon in a bunch, double file, like the relief of cops, and a lot of the boys are all swelled up about it. Think they 're little tin soldiers, you know."

He laughed, and O'Brian stopped him with a quick look.

"What you got in the bundle?" asked O'Brian.

"Oh, just some old clothes I 'm taking to the relief station."

Lanigan was getting slightly nervous, and he saw suspicion in O'Brian's eye. He glanced helplessly up at the stockade, and saw a head peering over the big gate. Harley turned to follow the direction of Lanigan's eyes, but the head had disappeared. O'Brian, slow-witted but sure, thought it all over. Lanigan was too strong a unionist to be lightly accused.

"Come on over and watch the relief come on," suggested O'Brian at last.

"All right," Lanigan acquiesced with apparent cheerfulness, and he started back to the box-car with them. He looked and saw the head again over the stockade, recognizing now the face of Harry Underwood, the jovial young secretary of the company. He wondered what Underwood could be doing there at that hour, then it flashed across him that the secretary was waiting for him. The small gate moved slightly.

Immersed in thought, he did not observe that O'Brian was watching him narrowly. Suddenly O'Brian snatched the bundle from under his arm and tore it open.

"Just as Evans said!" screamed O'Brian with an oath. "You 're getting ready to join the scab colony, eh? Evans told me late last night to watch out for you, and I told Evans he was a fool. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The cat was out of the bag. A run was the only hope.

Without a word of warning Lanigan caught Harley square under the chin with a terrific jerk of his elbow, and lifted him off his feet. O'Brian aimed a blow at him, but Lanigan warded it off and landed a clean right-hander between O'Brian's eyes, then made a dash for the little gate. A double file of men came marching down the side of the stockade in military step. It was the picket relief, and he quickened his pace.

"Scab!" yelled Harley, sitting up, and "Stop the scab!" yelled O'Brian, still blinded by pain.

The decorous double file instantly became a disordered mob. The sight of the two worsted pickets and the flying figure explained the whole situation, and they started on the run to head Lanigan off. Some of them stopped to pick up stones and stray bits of scrap-iron, for Evans had wisely seen to it that his guards were not armed.

Lanigan measured the distance in despair. There was not one chance in a thousand that he could make the gate, and he knew the present temper of the men too well to look for any mercy. He had been in enough of such scenes to know that a man, even if he was not hit with some dangerous missile, had but to lose his footing and be kicked into a pulp.

He redoubled his speed, but it was useless, he saw. The foremost one of his interceptors wheeled into his path, red mouth panting, eyes glaring, and fists doubled. Lanigan sprang lightly to one side and cleverly tripped the man, leaving him sprawling. Two more barred his way, and one caught him by the arm while the other struck at him with a blow that just glanced off his cheek. He hurled his weight upon the man who had struck him, at the same time wrenching his arm free, and dashed on between them. His heart was pounding at his ribs now, and his hot breath tore at his lungs and seemed to burn his mouth, but still he raced on with aching thighs and blood-throbbing head.

A stone whistled by his head, then another, then a half brick numbed his right arm. The main body of the men were right before him now, frenzied, furious, implacable, while the men behind were closing in on him. He was caught like a rat in a trap. It flashed upon him as rather a good joke that Tremont had secured a foolish bargain for his forty dollars. He thought of his wife with a pang. The promised insurance was not yet in force.

His enemies seemed to suddenly spring up out of the earth around him, he was among them so quickly. They were a shrieking, cursing throng, their faces distorted with rage. They were faces that he knew well, faces that had smiled in friendliness upon him, faces that had brightened and glowed under the spell of his rude but impassioned oratory, faces now flushed red with life-lust. He was cursing himself, crying, shrieking, his arms striking wildly right and left. Blows rained on him that he did not feel. He was aware, though, that his own clenched left fist struck a man's teeth, and he felt the teeth loosen. His right arm was still without feeling, but he landed with that fist upon a man's nose and saw the red blood spurt. The color seemed startling against the white of the man's face. A blow caught him beneath the arm-pit, one fell on his chest. He swung out and felt, by the shock to his own body, that he had clipped another man in the stomach, and, turning, he saw the man double up in pain, while the expression of the fellow's face was so ludicrous that he even started to laugh.

At that moment he felt a blow on the temple, sharp, stinging, warm, not at all unpleasant. A flash of light seemed to pass before his eyes, to flame up and fill the whole world, then darkness succeeded, and he felt himself sinking, sinking, as if in a deep pit filled with feathers, soft, smothering feathers. He knew what had happened. He was going down and out. The ground seemed to rise up and clasp him gently in its embrace, but one part of his mind, his apprehension, still performed its work. He waited helplessly for the brutal impact of heavily shod feet against his head, and face, and ribs.

V

"Soak 'em, Billy, soak 'em!" cried Harry Underwood, and roared with laughter. "See 'em scatter! Here, drag the nozzle over this way — there, that's it! Holy scissors! Right square in the mouth!"

He fairly danced with joy as "Billy" and another workman played the nozzle of the big fire-hose back and forth from the little gate. It was his own scheme of defense, and it was equal to a Gatling-gun. He was proud of it. The gate had suddenly popped open and the stream turned on just as Lanigan went down, and the effect was marvelous. Hats were sent flying and even men were swept from their feet, being mowed down again and again as they strove to get up and away from the icy deluge. Gasping and spluttering the strike pickets finally got out of range, and then Underwood climbed up over the big gate and, making a megaphone of his hands, crowed like a rooster.

"Would you *look* at the blasted fool!" exclaimed O'Brian as he mopped his face with a wet handkerchief, then he suddenly burst out laughing, and some of the others joined him. The great American sense of humor had come to the relief of the situation. They had always liked Underwood anyhow.

In the meantime the cold dousing had revived Lanigan so that he was able to scramble to his feet and gain the shelter of the stockade unassisted. He shook himself like a dog after a swim, and took careful stock of his injuries. There was none worth mentioning.

"Narrow squeak, that, Lanigan," said Underwood, clambering down from the stockade, still laughing, and shook hands with him. "Welcome to our home. I'm having the time of my life here. Boxing and wrestling matches, jumping and sprinting contests, quoit pitching, penny ante, and craps every night. Stay as long as you like and enjoy yourself."

"I'll stay all right," said Lanigan with a grin. "I might as well take poison as to go outside now."

Yet he did venture outside, and almost at once. The pickets being compelled to go home and change or freeze, Lanigan went out and got his bundle of clothes, while Underwood and "Billy" covered his sortie with the hose.

While he was dressing in the engine-room, after a good rest and a cup of hot coffee, Lanigan took note of the condition of the place. It was sickening. Dirty bunches of waste lay everywhere. Oil was spilled on his clean floor and left to be tracked about. All the shining brass-work in which he had taken such pride was dull and greasy. Dust and cinders lay thick on the engine, and the ends of the crosshead stroke were marked by little piles of gummed cinders and oil.

Half-dressed, he made a closer examination with a growing rage. A bolt hung loose from the stuffing-box, and one of the brass shoes of the crosshead was askew. He seized a wrench and removed the shoe. Its smooth under surface was marred with innumerable scratches. He was furious.

A strapping big fellow, clad in overalls and jumper, came in and regarded Lanigan with a suspicious eye, receiving glare for glare.

"Hello," said the big fellow, with tentative surliness.

"Hello," responded Lanigan with more than equal unfriendliness. "Who are you?"

"Engineer," curtly replied the other.

"Engineer!" snorted Lanigan. This, then, was the bungler who had maltreated his beloved engine. "What was you the engineer of before you came here? A horse-power saw-mill? I'm the engineer here, myself. Understand?"

"Is *that* so!" sneered the other, reddening with Lanigan's taunts. "I ain't been told about it yet. Do you think I'm going to let any hobo that feels like it come in here and hand me a bundle of guff like that? Get out of my engine-room!"

"Come and put me out, you big stiff!"

"Sure Mike!" said the big fellow, and dived for him. They went at it hammer and tongs, kicking over stools, step-ladders, pails, oil cans, whatever happened in the way as they side stepped and slid about the slippery floor.

Underwood's face appeared at one of the windows. Tremont would have stopped the "scrap" but not Underwood. It was too good. The big fellow swung powerful blows, but he was clumsy, and Lanigan's superior skill soon told on him. Terrific body punches rained one after the other on him, and he began to be winded. Watching his chance, Lanigan suddenly changed his tactics and landed a stiff jab on the fellow's jaw. The big man staggered, and Lanigan followed the smash with another, then another, then a perfect hail-storm of blows that beat the fellow slowly to his knees, still holding up his arms to protect himself from punishment.

There had not been a word spoken, the only sound being the swish of exhaled breath as swings and lunges were made, but now Lanigan paused, his doubled fists ready to descend.

"Want any more?" he asked in a quiet, conversational tone.

"Nope," rejoined the other. "Plenty for mine."

Lanigan calmly drew on his overalls.

"Get up and wash the blood off your face, and get me that extra crosshead shoe out of the box in the tool-drawer," he directed.

"Then pick up this waste and get ready to scrub the floor."

The big fellow got the brass shoe first. He was just washing his face when Underwood came strolling in.

"Mr. Wilks," remarked Underwood, formally, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Lanigan, our former engineer. He will assume charge of the room, and you will become his helper."

The two men gravely shook hands.

"It's all fixed, sir," said Lanigan with an air of off-hand cordiality. "Mr. Wilks understands all right, that he's to be helper don't you, Wilks?"

"Sure Mike," cheerfully replied Wilks.

Underwood walked out soberly enough, but in the stock-room he leaned up against

a pile of pig-iron and laughed until the tears streamed down his round cheeks.

VI

Lanigan, his engine running smoothly in the hands of a subdued and admiring helper, walked cheerfully into the main office to see about the promised insurance.

Mr. Tremont was kindness itself, and told Lanigan the hour to return to meet the doctor and the solicitor. Lanigan was anxious to get word safely and quickly to his wife, and Tremont advised a special delivery letter, gave him writing materials and the delivery stamp, and vacated his own desk so that the engineer could pen his missive in time for the approaching call of the mail man.

Lanigan wrote his wife an affectionate letter, explaining that concealment was useless, as he had been seen, though carefully omitting any disquieting reference to his narrow escape. On the contrary, he congratulated her on their brighter outlook, but made it imperative for her to get quietly into the country to board before night. She might be annoyed.

He was just walking from the office when Underwood, with a sly wink at Tremont, gravely congratulated Lanigan on his escape from "the tyranny of unionism." Mr. Wells, the vice-president, walked in while Lanigan was heatedly explaining the rights of labor, and declaring that, in spite of his defection, he was still a union man to the core, much to Underwood's delight. When Lanigan walked out, however, Mr. Wells looked after him with much disfavor.

"I don't like the idea of a self-confessed union sympathizer in such an important position as his," said he with a trace of irritation. "We had best get rid of him at once."

"The man 's all right," declared Tremont, "Underwood, whose ideas of humor are sometimes almost tragic, merely wanted to enjoy the spectacle of a 'scab' defending the men who are after his scalp. He 's the best engineer in the city, and will do his work faithfully. I 'll gamble on him."

"They don't grow any straighter than Lanigan," put in Underwood, "But, holy scissors, you should have seen him fight Wilks down to a whisper this morning!" and he told them about it with graphic fidelity and many bursts of glee.

Tremont listened with keen enjoyment, but Wells shook his head.

"You want to keep a sharp eye on that man," he warned.

Lanigan walked from the office back to the engine-room feeling confused and foolish, and found a further aggravation awaiting him.

"What 's the matter with the steam?" he asked, walking up to the gage and trying the cocks. "Does it often run this low?"

"About all the time," answered Wilks. "That mut down there don't know enough to pound sand in a rat-hole if he had a receipt. He never has had a full head of steam since I 've been here. I think he 'd drop dead if he heard the safety-valve pop."

Lanigan, without a word, strode down into the boiler-room. The litter that marks the incompetent mechanic was here as it had been in the engine-room. Cinders and ashes lay in miscellaneous heaps about the earthen floor, the fire-box was half full of ashes, coal had accumulated, dropping from the shovel, until the fireman was forced to walk around it rather than clear it away. The fire under the boiler was in irregular heaps, while the grate bars were exposed in the corners, leaving cold air to pass through the tubes with the heat, burning out the bars, and keeping the fireman constantly wasting fuel in the vain attempt to keep up a lively head of steam with chilled smoke. Lanigan went at it himself, raked out a shameful pile of cinders, and spread the bed of coals evenly over the grate, then, with a few curt instructions to the scowling fireman, he went back up-stairs, sick at heart. Nothing distressed him so much as poor workmanship.

"I 'd give a whole lot if I had Red Coleman here to do that firing," he said to Wilks.

He sighed ruefully as he pondered the impossibility of Red's ever firing for him again. Red was fairly a fanatic in his unionism, and an implacable foe to all "scabs." He was murderous when he talked of "traitors."

VII

The next afternoon three cars, labeled "Pig Iron," were backed inside the stockade, the engine went puffing away and the big gates were barred. The cars were quickly opened and from each of them crawled cramped, disreputable looking men who found voice to curse that railroad, the track, the rolling

stock, the employees, and the directors and stockholders clear back unto the fifth generation of ancestry, with a few random curses by way of good measure. Lanigan viewed with admiration this ruse for getting men into the plant, but reflected that Evans ought to tear up that track. Tremont's heart sank as he inspected the file lined up in front of the timekeeper, but he had them put to work.

The next morning another car was backed in, and the afternoon of that day, two more. Lanigan happened to be out in the yards when the last of these cars was opened, and the first man to leap out was Red Coleman.

"Why, hello Red!" called the engineer. "You don't know how I 've been wishing for you, but at that I never looked to see you here."

It was a curious fact that the men did not offer to shake hands, and they had been excellent friends, too. Neither of them cared to give the clasp of greeting to a traitor.

"I 'm through with the unions forever!" Red declared with an oath.

He launched into a tirade against unionism that astounded Lanigan, coming from the man it did. Unionism was a failure. It was despotic. Its officers were corrupt. There was no good in it. All this with a flood of scorching and venomous profanity.

"You 're 'way off, Red," protested Lanigan. "I broke because of the wife and kid. I had to. But I 'm with the union, first, last, and all the time, as I always was. Just look here, Red — " and Lanigan patiently went over the old train of logic with which he had urged many a wavering co-worker into the ranks when modern unionism was in its infancy.

Red looked curiously at him and softly whistled. Underwood came bustling down and broke up the argument.

"Trying to organize a 'scab' union, Lanigan?" he inquired, with a whimsical grin, as he shook hands with Red. "Come right on up and get on the pay-roll, Red. Lanigan, suppose you go down and explain things to the present fireman. Send him right over to the foundry. A moulder is firing the pots over there, and we need every moulder we 've got."

Lanigan held the boiler-room in lonely state when Red came strolling in a few minutes later. Red nodded and opened a fire-door.

"Dirty as a garbage-wagon," he remarked. "I knew about how it would be and brought some dope along. I 'll give the flues a good cleaning, Sunday, but a blowing out won't hurt her any."

He took from his pocket a sealed tin can, threw it on the fire, hastily closed fire and draught doors and stepped back.

"Stand out of the way," he warned.

There was a muffled explosion, a fire door blew open, and a tongue of blue flame shot across the boiler-room. Through the boiler flues and up the great stack rushed and crowded the burst of gas, and an enormous smoke wreath puffed from the top of the stack, while a heavy shower of soot came floating and whirling down.

Evans, outside, had been watching for that smoke wreath.

"That 'll help some," said Red. "Say, Lanigan, take my trick till whistle time. won't you? It 's only a few minutes now. I want to get my kinks straightened out."

"Sure," said Lanigan, and Red walked out. Lanigan set the place in order, and, when he closed up, carefully locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

That night Tremont went home with a lighter heart than usual. Lanigan and Red Coleman were back, and others would come. The backbone of the strike was surely breaking, and, with the new men coming in, the plant would be able to turn out its spring contracts in time.

That night, however, the spur track was torn up.

VIII

The next morning Red went to Lanigan for the key.

"Come on down and have a chat," invited Red. "You can trust that helper to start her up, can't you? I want to tell you about the boys. They 've got it in for you something fierce. You want to watch out for yourself."

Lanigan went along to the boiler-room and chatted while steam was made. Red suddenly doubled up as the gage started to climb.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," said he. "I 've got terrible cramps."

Lanigan sighed as the other crept out, bent over in apparent agony, then he ran up-stairs and sent Wilks down to fire until Red should come back. Lanigan started the engine, and went about his other work, occasionally

glancing at the gage. The pressure showed all right, but by and by his quick ear detected a strange dragging in the engine. He ran over and listened intently to the cylinder. There was a curious scraping and swishing inside it. On the piston-rod, as it emerged from the stuffing-box, two or three tiny bubbles formed, and the piston-rod had a curiously streaky appearance. Upon the throttle-valve another tiny bubble hung. He rushed to the gage-cock and turned it open. A spurt of white froth shot out with the steam.

"Soaped, by thunder!" he exclaimed.

He hastily shut down the engine and hurried to the boiler-room tube.

"Draw the fire and start the pump!" he cried to Wilks. "Don't lose a minute! We 've been soaped!"

A whistle blew at the tube which led to the office.

"What 's the matter?" asked Wells, at the other end, "Why have you shut down?"

"We 've been soaped," answered Lanigan, too much absorbed to reflect that this probably meant nothing to Wells.

"What?" impatiently demanded Wells.

"Somebody's put soft-soap in the boiler," explained Lanigan. "We 'll have to shut down for the day at least. Maybe longer."

Wells closed the tube with a snap, and told Tremont, somewhat vaguely, what had happened.

"It 's an old trick," said Tremont. "The water in the boiler froths and lets the crown-sheet burn out if allowed to go on. The suddsy steam gets into the engine, cuts the oil, lets the piston and valves scrape and scratch and plays the devil generally. We had it happen at the Chicago plant once, if you 'll remember. Discharged engineer did it for spite."

"This comes of our delay in having duplicate engines and boilers," commented Wells testily. "Somebody is responsible for this, and I 'm going to find out who it is."

He started for the engine-room, followed by Tremont and Underwood. Red Coleman limped in just before them and sat down, still holding his stomach.

"When was this soaping, as you call it, done?" demanded Wells.

Lanigan looked up impatiently from the bolt he was deftly unscrewing.

"Last night, of course," he answered.

"Who was the last man in the boiler-room, Red or the other fireman?"

"Leave me out of it," Red suddenly broke in. "I have n't been near the boiler. Last night the old fireman was relieved by — "

He suddenly paused.

"Well, by whom?" angrily urged Wells.

"Well, by — by Lanigan," Red admitted with apparent reluctance. "He finished the day's trick and locked up, while I rested from that car ride. He can be a witness for me for this morning, too, for he was there when I opened up, and I had to leave him in charge when I got these cramps."

Wells turned to Lanigan, pale with passion.

"Is this true?" he jerked out.

"Yes, sir," answered Lanigan, dazed, "but — "

"That will do!" roared Wells. "I suspected you from the first. You came in here to do this trick, and for that purpose only. Go get your time and get out. Hurry up, you cur, or I 'll have you thrown out!"

Lanigan was dumb. To go among the mob outside the stockade meant nothing short of death in the present humor of the strikers. Oh, well, suppose it did, he wearily reflected. He was tired of it all, anyhow, and Maggie and Danny would be better off. He had the insurance policy safely in his pocket.

IX

While Lanigan was being accused of a double treachery, Tremont had been narrowly watching Red Coleman, and, as Wells furiously ordered the engineer off the company's property, he saw Red's eyes light up with a gleam of satisfaction.

"Wait a moment," suddenly interposed Tremont. "There 's something queer here."

"Queer?" snorted Wells. "I should say there was! After Lanigan goes we 'll investigate this thing to the bottom."

Wilks, the Wilks whom Lanigan had thrashed, all at once displayed a new and surprising side of his character.

"If Lanigan goes I go, too!" he declared, smacking his big fist in his hand. "He no more soaped that boiler than Mr. Wells did. If he 's got to face that mob he 'll find me right with him. I guess we can wade through!"

"I don't think it will be necessary," said Tremont. "Lanigan, have you had soft-soap about the place for any purpose?"

Lanigan had not. Wilks had not. The old fireman, called over from the foundry, had not. Underwood could remember no such item in the expense account, "unless," he added, "that swell dinner you gave the Eureka company's purchasing agent would come under the head of 'soft-soap'."

"Then, Red," suddenly demanded Tremont, "where did you get that smear of soft-soap down the seam of your overalls?"

Red gave a startled glance down at the seam. The brown streak was there.

It's engine grease," he declared. "If it ain't, I suppose it rubbed off on me down in the boiler-room this morning."

"More likely, it came there through the overalls being wrapped around the can that brought the soap into the place," Tremont coolly charged.

"I don't see why you are trying to lay it on me," Red indignantly replied, springing to his feet and forgetting his cramps. "How would I get in, in the first place? Why, I had to go to Lanigan for the key this morning. He had it all right, and he's got it now."

Tremont looked nonplussed. Underwood whispered to Wilks, unobserved, and the big fellow slipped along the wall back of Red.

"You might have had a key of your own, you know," drawled Underwood. "Come Red, give it to us."

"It's a lie!" shrieked Red, and at the same moment Wilks sprang on him from behind and dragged him sprawling to the floor. Underwood jumped to help him, and in a moment he arose, breathless but triumphant, from a search of Red's pockets, holding a key in his hands.

"Shake, Sherlock Holmes, we are brother detectives!" he gasped to Tremont. "Behold the fatal key!"

Red saw Lanigan searching vainly in his pockets and brightened.

"It's the one Lanigan gave me," he protested. "I forgot."

Lanigan raced down and brought up the padlock with the key still sticking in it.

"I can't help it if Lanigan had two keys," said Red, shrugging his shoulders. He had the better of it so far.

Wilks allowed him to clamber to his feet. In the tussle, the bib of Red's overalls had been torn loose. His flannel shirt had been torn open, and a bent red card protruded from an improvised inside pocket. Wilks and Red saw it at the same time, and there was a fierce struggle in which Wilks secured the card, though it was crumpled and torn in two. He hastily passed it to Underwood while still holding Red, who was now snarling like a wild beast. Underwood pieced the card together, read it, and with a significant smile handed it to Mr. Wells.

"Do not molest bearer, no matter where found," slowly read Wells, pausing to adjust his glasses. "He is acting for the good of the order — Evans."

Mr. Wells pondered on the matter with his habitual caution, and acknowledged himself beaten by curtly ordering Lanigan back to work, and Red off the premises.

"Gimme my card!" sullenly demanded Red.

Mr. Wells contemptuously tore the pieces across once more. Red sprang at him like a maniac, but Wilks stopped him. Mr. Wells was about to again tear the pieces across when Lanigan stopped him with a cry of terror.

"Don't!" he exclaimed, snatching the pieces. "It's murder! I know those men outside!"

Lanigan handed the bits of cardboard to Red and turned away. Released, Red hurried to the door, but there he turned and shook his fist at Lanigan, unmollified by the gift of his life.

"I was sent in here to do you up, you rat!" he frothed. "I 'll get you yet."

X

The Tremont, Wells & Tremont plant settled down into a distressing rut. The plant was short-handed, and the men they had were miserable substitutes for the intelligent workmen who had grown up in the place. They were falling hopelessly behind in their contracts. Wells wanted to give up, but Tremont held on with dogged determination, though even he had moments of wavering.

"It's suicidal to give up," he urged. "If we let these fellows get the whip-hand we shall never again be our own masters. The more we give them the more they will want. Two years ago they won every point. Today they are greedy in their demands, simply because they think they have the strength. Talk about the despotism of capital!" he went on angrily. "It isn't a circumstance compared with the despotism of labor. The whole meat of the matter, I guess, is that wherever there is an overbalance of power there is an abuse of power, whether capital or labor holds the mastery. Well, this time I mean to be master."

There was wavering without, as well as within, the stockade. The winter dragged on, hard and pitiless. The relief fund was kept drained, and there was untold suffering in households that had a right to good food and warm clothing. Evans ruled with an iron hand, but he had hard work to keep his forces in line. Argument, bitter complaint, and even fierce denunciation met him on every hand. One less experienced than he might have thought that they would desert in a body, but he knew them better. Singly, they could scarcely be held in check. but in mass they could still be swayed, enthused, deluded. Nevertheless the organization began to show signs of disintegration. A few of the men slipped inside the stockade and went to work. More left the city to search in other fields. The balance, as time wore on, grew desperate.

Down in the engine-room Lanigan was happy. Frequent letters from the country told that the wife and boy were getting along splendidly. Danny was playing outdoors, now, warmly clad and enjoying the snow like any other boy. Maggie, herself, had not believed it possible that she would ever be so well. If they only had him with them —

That was the black cloud on his horizon. When should he ever see them again? Obviously not so long as the strike held. When the strike broke, what then? His position would be gone that moment, and he was black-listed. Where could he get other work, except as a professional "strike breaker"? The future held out no hope to him, but none of this gloom crept into his letters, which were uniformly affectionate and light-hearted.

An epidemic of intestinal grippe broke out in the city. The men in the stockade, well-fed, well-housed, leading necessarily regular lives, suffered but slightly from it, but there was terrible havoc in the homes where want dwelt. In the families of the strikers, where both food and fuel were scarce and must be sparingly used, the conditions were pitiable. Evans battled on for a time, but a round of visits to the epidemic-stricken homes made him give way. It was just as well that he did so, for the men were frantic and would have taken matters into their own hands. Eloquence and argument failed to appeal to them as against the crying misery of that period. Enthusiasm was dead. They wanted work, and they would have it.

The strike was broken. In mass-meeting the men voted to concede every point except a minor one "that the company would be glad to grant them." Desperate as they were the men were united on making the ousting of the traitors a condition.

Tremont, Wells & Tremont agreed to a conference. The committee, when they came, agreed to accept the old hours and rate of wages and explained their one condition, which was that all the non-union men be discharged at once.

"How many union men can you furnish to take their places?" asked Tremont. Wells was at home with the grippe.

"Three hundred, just now. The men are scattered, you know."

"Not enough," answered Tremont. "We are behind on our contracts and need the entire three hundred in addition to all we have now. But I 'll tell you what we 'll do. Give us until spring and we 'll lay off all these men and unionize the shops again. Or, we 'll replace them with union men as fast as you can secure them for us."

The committee agreed that the course suggested was reasonable.

"But there are a few of our own deserters among the lot," Evans went on. "We must insist on those men being discharged."

Tremont studied gravely over the matter.

"Look here, Evans, what you really mean is Lanigan, is n't it?"

"Well, yes, it 's Lanigan, I suppose," Evans finally confessed.

"You can't have him," curtly replied Tremont. "He shall have a job here as long as the plant runs if he wants it."

There was more than merely Lanigan behind this contention. Tremont was bound to achieve a complete mastery, Evans bound to gain some concession, no matter how slight.

"Then we can't come to an agreement," declared Evans.

"Good-day," gentlemen," suavely remarked Tremont, and they filed from the office.

XI

Out in the front a throng had gathered, impatient for the report, and as the committee emerged from the office, glum and disconcerted, a sullen roar went up. Their faces had told the tale all too plainly. Evans raised his hand for silence and briefly explained what had happened. The contention, he told them, had narrowed down to

"'I WAS SENT IN HERE TO DO YOU UP, YOU RAT! . . . I'LL GET YOU YET'"

the discharge of one man, Lanigan, and the company would not even grant that. The men must come back as abjectly as whipped slaves, if they came back at all.

The roar began again, hoarse and angry, rising and falling in gusts like the misty drifts of a wind-tossed rain-storm, ominous, reckless, savage. These men were despairing and desperate.

The roar penetrated to the office, found Tremont with hard-set jaws, and Underwood idly drumming on the window-pane.

"Looks as though we might have a scrimmage," observed Underwood. "I 've got six lines of hose ready and I 'll bet I could clear the street in five minutes. Wonder if they 'll do anything?"

"No!" said Tremont shortly. "I 'm looking for the committee back in half an hour."

"Don't you believe it," Underwood quickly replied. "You could n't get them to come back now at any price—except just Lanigan."

Tremont made no answer.

The telephone bell rang. The chief of police wanted to know if he wished a detachment of police sent around. The patrolman had just 'phoned in that things looked squally.

"No," replied Tremont. "I don't want to see a brass-button on this block until I give the word. It would mean a riot."

"Right you are," agreed the chief. "I 'll mass them at the Oak Street station. 'Phone there if you want them."

The roar echoed back to where Lanigan sat with his head bowed in his hands. It had come at last, this thing that he had been expecting. When Underwood had told him, the day before, that the men offered to yield every point, "with one minor exception," he knew what the exception was as well as if he had heard the words. He knew what the roar meant, too. The "minor concession" had been refused, and he felt a thrill of gratitude toward Tremont, toward all of them — they had been very kind to him.

What was to be the end of it? He looked the thing squarely in the face. He, only, stood in the way. Perhaps there were half a dozen others, but he was the chief offender. Was it within reason that the company would hold out for long on account of one, or half a dozen, easily replaced men? A week or two, at most, of reflection over that folly would end it. Then what should he do? See his family starve while he, ostracised, execrated, an outcast, branded among his fellows as a traitor, might wander houseless and friendless from ocean to ocean, picking up such meagre crumbs as dropped, disdained, from the table of organized labor? What could he do for Maggie and Danny, or they for themselves? They were neither one of them strong enough to do anything but beg, and he suddenly remembered, with grim irony, that there were laws against begging, as well as against working. There was no law against their dying, though. They *should* not!

What then was he to do? Die!

The answer leaped to his brain like a lightning-flash, clear and persistent, not to be evaded.

Living, he could not help them. He had tried it for nearly fifteen years and he had been a failure. An utter failure! He had been only able to keep them alive to suffer and endure. From now on he must be a worse failure than ever, and he must see them perish before his very eyes. They should *not!*

What then was he to do? Die!

Dead, he could give them life. Dead, he could protect them from the want and misery of the world. Dead, he could restore to Maggie some measure of the health and happiness he had ruined for her. Dead, he could educate Danny and have him grow up a strong, sturdy man to defend and guard and comfort his mother.

What then was he to do? Die!

There was another phase of the question. Throughout the city there was a myriad of homes where want and misery abode because of him. Women and children were huddled together, freezing because of him. The potter's field was being filled because of him. Hundreds of hungry mouths gaped open, empty, because of him.

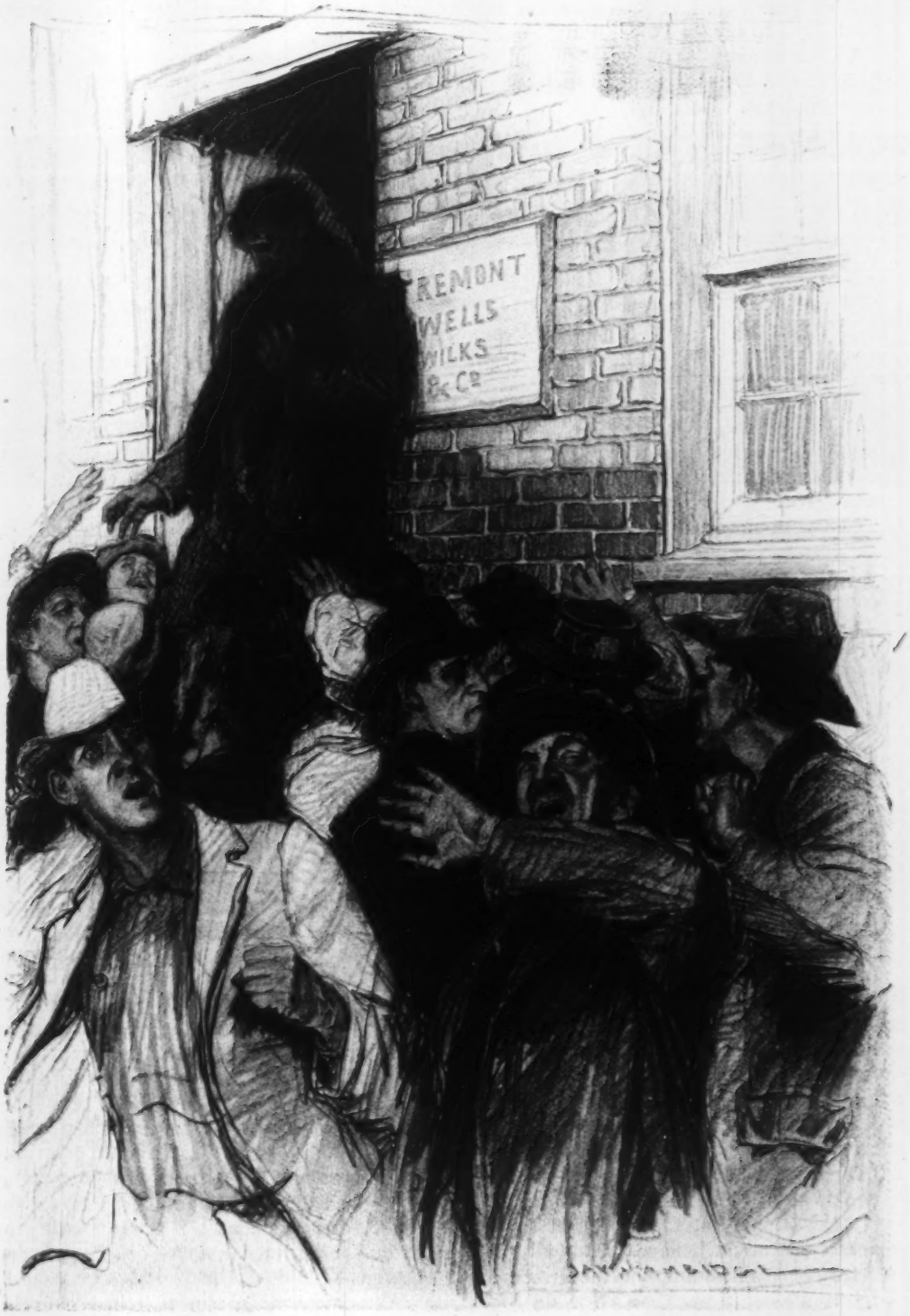
He seemed to see them in a throng about him, set in wan, pinched faces, the faces of tiny, helpless babes, the haggard faces of young girls grown old and gaunt, their beauty withered before it had even bloomed, the faces of anguished mothers, of neglected orphans, of despairing widows, all, all with pleading eyes upturned to him who alone could succor them.

What then was he to do? Die!

XII

Lanigan had donned his street garb and was shaking hands with Wilks.

"Where are you going?" Wilks sharply demanded.



"THERE WAS A DULL BOOM, A QUICK REVERBERATION, AND LANIGAN SWAYED"

"To quit." It had been upon the tip of his tongue to say "To die!" but he checked back the words. "You 've been a mighty good fellow, Wilks. I want to thank you for your kindness. Good-by."

He had reached the door before the slow-witted helper could grasp the meaning of it all.

"Hold on!" cried Wilks, but Lanigan had closed the door behind him and hurried on.

The roar sounded much louder outside the door, swelling up suddenly like the blare of a band turning a corner. He smiled as this queer simile flashed through his mind, and went steadily on into the office.

"Hello, Lanigan, what do you want?" asked Tremont, not unkindly.

"Excuse me for asking, Mr. Tremont, but was not the strike committee just here?" he asked with simple directness.

"It was," replied Tremont.

"And they made my discharge the sole condition of settlement?"

"Well, yes," admitted Tremont.

"And you refused?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you." Lanigan laid some papers on Tremont's desk. "Here is my policy and a letter to my wife. Will you kindly take charge of them?"

"Of course I 'll take care of them, Lanigan," agreed Tremont in surprise, "but what are you going to do?"

"Quit."

Lanigan walked quietly to the door that led out on the street.

"Lanigan!" cried Tremont, jumping from his chair, but he was too late. The engineer had already gained the steps.

For a moment the roar died down but, as he was recognized, it broke out in redoubled fury, and there were loud cries of "Scab!" and "Traitor!" mingled with it.

Lanigan raised his hand and order was restored in an instant. They were curious to hear what he had to say — what any one had to say.

He was pale but calm, even at thorough peace, one might believe.

"Boys," said he simply, "the strike is over. I 've quit."

His voice was low, and only those nearest heard him. These raised a faint cheer, but cries of "Traitor!" broke out again in the edge of the crowd, and the new sound of a snarl was in the savage roar that suddenly welled up.

Lanigan looked slowly over the crowd, waiting. Presently, with that prescience which seems sometimes vouchsafed to men on the brink, he shifted his glance square around, unerringly to the point where the sun caught the fleeting glint of polished steel. He was the only one in all that throng who saw it, and he saw, too, behind the glint, the malicious eyes of Red Coleman. There was a dull boom, a quick reverberation, and Lanigan swayed, fell against the door and slid slowly down.

It was Underwood who rushed out and raised him up.

"You curs!" he cried, his eyes blazing with rage. "He was the best man among you. He gave up his job, just now, that you wolves might have work. And you 've killed him! Go home, you cowards!"

Tremont was out now, and he helped Underwood to carry in his burden. They laid the engineer upon the huge leathern couch, and his eyes sought Tremont.

"You 'll look after Maggie's affairs, won't you?" he plead, and Tremont nodded. He could not speak. "Tell Maggie I want her to do as I said about going into the country to live," Lanigan went on with difficulty.

"I 'll see to it, old man," faltered Tremont, grasping his hand. "Rest easy about your family."

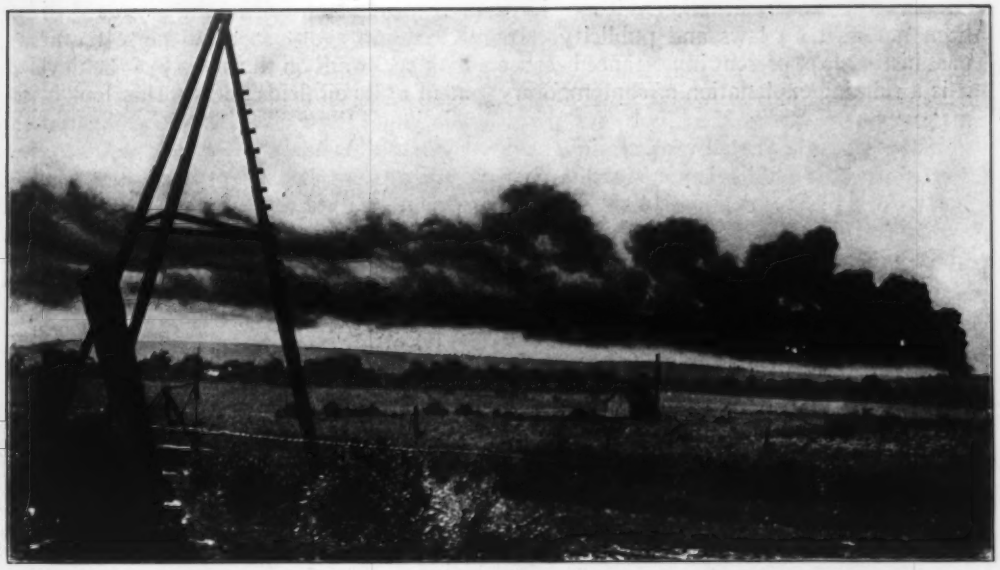
Underwood, careless, flippant Underwood, was weeping like a woman.

"God bless Maggie and Dannie," Lanigan murmured, then he sank into a stupor. They thought he was past further speaking, when he opened his eyes and again addressed Tremont.

"Tell the boys I meant right by them," he said, with a gathering animation that for a moment deceived the watchers. "It 's better for all to have work than just one. I 'm still a union man, you may tell them. The union is right — first, last, and all the time. Tell the boys I said that, won't you? But say," he added with a smile, "I broke the strike, Mr. Tremont. I guess I win the strike-breaker medal, eh? Tell Maggie and Dannie — "

A momentary spasm twitched over his face. It was only momentary, and they waited for him to speak again.

But he merely smiled and lay gazing up at the ceiling. Lanigan was dead.



THREE MILES OF SMOKE

Five hundred barrels of oil burning on a Kansas oil farm

KANSAS AND THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

A NARRATIVE OF TO-DAY

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

AUTHOR OF "JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: A CHARACTER STUDY," ETC.

PART I—WHAT THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY DID TO KANSAS

"WE admit," says a decreasing group of sophists who in press and pulpit defend the commercial operations of Mr. John D. Rockefeller and his associates, "We admit that in earlier days the Standard Oil Company did conspire to prevent its rivals getting crude oil with which to manufacture refined, did manipulate the railroads so as to secure profitable rates for itself and unprofitable for everybody else, did track shipments and wheedle and bully customers of independents to come over to itself, did indulge in predatory competition, did by these combined methods throttle all outside refineries, pipe lines and jobbers, was, if you please, a 'conspiracy in restraint of trade,' but this is past history. Since its monopoly was achieved it has reformed. It depends now only on the impetus gained in earlier years, on its superior knowledge of the trade, on its splendid and efficient organization. That it did wrong in those earlier years we admit. Its candid members themselves admit it. But why harp on these old stories? What concerns the country is what the Standard Oil Company is doing now."

Agreed: What concerns the country is what the Standard Oil Company is doing now; and what it is doing now is exactly what it did thirty years ago, twenty years ago, ten years ago — adapting always its old and

tried methods to the situation as it may have been modified by laws and publicity. Its past history is of present importance because it is a running explanation of contemporary manoeuvers.

If one wants a neat demonstration, complete to the last detail, that the Standard Oil Company is to-day, as always, "a conspiracy in restraint of trade," he should go to Kansas. The "oil war" in that state, which in turn amused, bewildered and excited the country during the earlier months of the present year, was the direct result of a sudden realization by the Kansans that the Standard had been playing in their territory a game thirty years old, playing it under their very noses so quietly and deftly that keen as they pride themselves on being they had not realized its meaning until they began to feel the pressure!

To understand what the Standard did to Kansas to evoke so big a noise requires a look backward on the history of the development of its oil fields and another look at the relation of those oil fields to the oil supply of the world at the time when they were first proved to be valuable. That there were oil springs in Eastern Kansas was known back in the fifties and pioneers over the Santa Fé trail were familiar with them, depended upon them in fact to furnish a lubricant *en rou'e* for their creaking wagons. With the discovery of oil in quantities in Pennsylvania these oil springs assumed a new importance. The poor settlers began to dream of wealth, and as early as 1865 a few wells were drilled in the northeastern part of the state, though none of them ever resulted in more than traces of oil, just enough to keep alive a tradition that the stuff existed.

The "Standard" pipe line at Caney

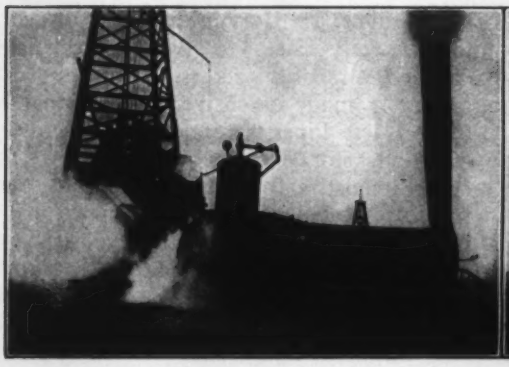
In the '80's the tradition was revived by the excitement caused by the opening of the rich Ohio and Indiana oil fields. Drilling went on all over the eastern part of the state. But all it had resulted in up to 1889 was an annual oil production of 500 barrels. Nevertheless the work kept up, and rather more hopefully than ever for the incessant testing of the strata was beginning to tell. It pointed more and more conclusively to large veins or pools of oil. Logs were kept and carefully studied, maps were made out. By 1893 southeastern Kansas had been fixed as a future oil field although only 18,000 barrels of oil were produced in the state in that year. The showing, though small, was sufficient to attract the adventurous outsider, and that year he came in the shape of a firm famous in the development of Eastern oil fields, a pair of audacious wildcatters, Guffey & Galey. They made a bold plunge into the state, leasing 700,000 acres it is said, and in two years they had drilled over 150 wells — they found oil but not in great quantities, and it is only great quantities which will hold the Guffey & Galey type of oil producers. Unless their gamble quickly realizes they have neither money nor patience to hold on. They unloaded their Kansas property after two years' work and their successor was the Standard Oil Company. The company organized their new purchase as the Forest Oil Company, sent out a superintendent, established a headquarters at Neodesha, the center of the oil leases they had purchased, put up there a little refinery of 500 barrels capacity, connected it by pipe line with the wells and soon were refining oil and shipping it by rail to local markets. It was a profitable enterprise for them. They were able to supply a large market with local oil and to sell it at the same price which they would have received for oil refined in the East and shipped West. They were also able to buy the oil produced outside of their own territory at market price and make the seller pay the freight to the refinery — while in the Eastern field it is the practice for the refiner who buys the oil to pay the cost of getting it from the wells.

For several years after the coming of the Standard, the Kansas oil situation remained almost stationary. The Standard itself had little or no success at opening new territory. But outsiders were hard at work, and suddenly, in 1901, they raised the annual oil production of about 75,000 barrels to nearly 180,000 barrels. They were "getting hot" as the children's game has it. "Hot" indeed, for the next year the production was raised to over 330,000 barrels; the next to over a million, and there were plenty of hopeful souls who declared that it would soon be ten times that!

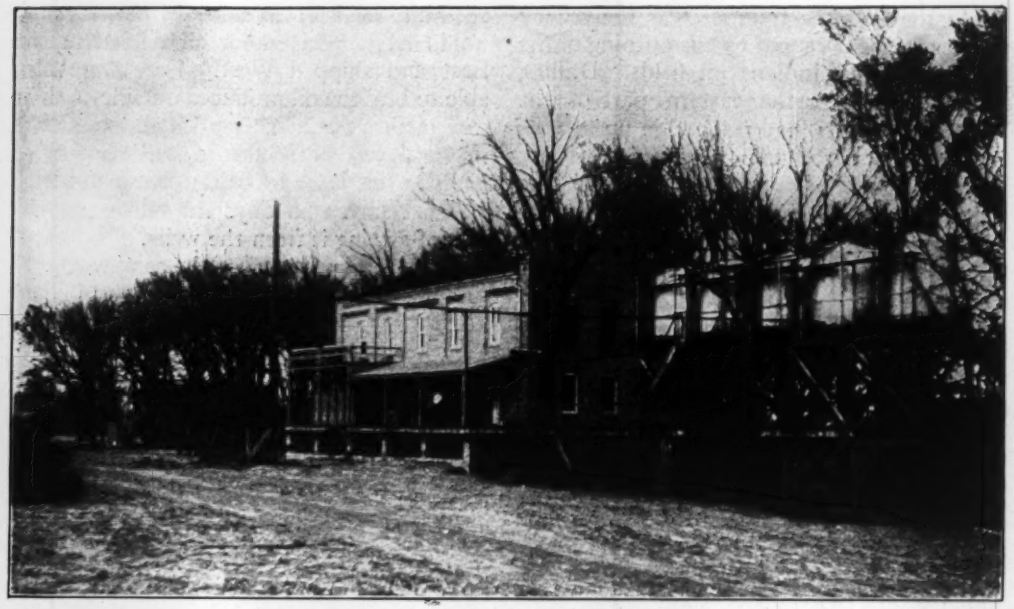
But what were they going to do with it now that they had it? They were 500 miles from the Gulf — 1500 miles from the Atlantic seaboard. How were they to get their oil into the world's market? So far the outlet had been local, the Standard's refinery at Neodesha taking most of their product. A few producers were trying to work up fuel markets in neighboring cities and others were supplying gas companies with the oil. The railroad connections of the field were so excellent* that it seemed reasonable to suppose that a very large amount of the oil could be handled directly in these ways by the men who were taking it from the ground. Several projects for independent

* The Kansas oil fields are tapped by three great railroads: the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Missouri Pacific.

Drilling an oil well



"Blowing" an oil well, or pumping with compressed air



The Webster refinery at Humboldt, Kansas. This little independent enterprise, which the Standard fought, is kept going by local public spirit

refineries were under discussion, and, in 1903, one began building in Humboldt. There was talk, also, of pipe lines. It was generally conceded that they must have both if their oil field was a great and permanent one, as all the signs seemed to indicate.

Now, it was no sooner clear that the Kansas oil field was reasonably sure to yield a large production, than the Standard Oil Company came forward and offered to take all the oil produced, at market prices, and to furnish the extensive equipment of pipe lines, tanks, and refineries which was needed to gather, transport, store, and refine the oil. As a matter of fact the Standard Oil Company at the moment it made this offer needed the Kansas oil, and needed it badly. For over thirty years it had drawn its oil supply from the Eastern oil fields.* It controlled them, and controlling them ruled the oil world. From these fields it supplied the Orient, Europe, Africa, as well as the Americas. But, in 1901 and 1902, the sure, economically-placed, easily-gettable supply it had always depended upon — which it had located its factories and pipe lines to take care of at the least expense — began to show signs of decrease. In West Virginia alone the decrease was 2,000,000 barrels in 1901 and 1902. In 1902, the Pennsylvania stocks were reduced nearly 4,000,000 barrels — in Ohio nearly half a million.

* Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, West Virginia and Kentucky.

What was to be done? There was no lack of oil in the United States, if the Eastern supply *was* decreasing. There had only recently been vast deposits developed in both Texas and California. Indeed, these two states in 1902 became second and third, in quantity of oil produced, in the United States; the first yielding over 18,000,000 barrels, the second nearly 14,000,000. But this oil was, most of it, heavy, fit only for fuel. It was badly placed for the European market, and it could be connected with the Standard's great plants only at heavy expense and big delay. In the dilemma the Standard did its utmost to secure a large supply of cheap foreign oil, seeking a connection in Burma, buying production in Russia, sending plants and refiners to Galicia and Roumania. But none of these foreign ventures sufficiently supplied its needs. The opening of Kansas and Indian Territory promised, however, to do exactly that — to give it a great field of good oil easily accessible, and it immediately made extensive preparations to control it. Pipes were run in a hundred directions, storage tanks built as fast as the crews imported from the East could put them up. A refinery of 4,000 barrels capacity was begun at Kansas City, early in 1904, in addition to the one at Neodesha which was enlarged, and by the end of the year was ready for work. In the meantime this plant had been connected by pipes

with the field. Before the end of the year an eight-inch line was started northeast, a distance of 600 miles, to Whiting, Indiana, the location of one of the Standard's greatest plants. This line, when complete, would connect the Kansas field with the Eastern fields and literally put Kansas oil in the world's market. But all this took time, and in order to take care of the oil in the interval the Standard erected scores of huge iron tanks holding 30,000 to 50,000 barrels of oil each. It was a tremendous outlay of money, $15,000,000 they calculated that it would be before the equipment was complete, and the expenditure was made with the splendid, quiet efficiency which characterizes the Standard Oil Company's great operations.

The announcement that the Standard was really coming into the state with facilities to care for all the oil — the fact that the production was increasing daily and that the territory was now so well defined as to make drilling comparatively sure — all this threw Kansas into a fever. The state went oil crazy; never had it seen such a boom. Stock companies by the score were formed and the newspapers were filled with flamboyant prospectuses. All over the state, investments were made; school-teachers, day-laborers, widows, farmers, editors, politicians, everybody took oil stock. Production increased so rapidly that in November, 1904, the Standard Oil Company purchased and either shipped or stored over 21,000 barrels a day. In January, 1905, this amount had been increased to over 25,000.

Now, if as its defenders claim the Standard Oil Company has ceased to depend on anything but its size, its superior organization and its superior knowledge for its power, that is if it lives and lets live, then it certainly would not be expected to bother itself about the few small independent ventures which had grown up in the state in the tentative period of its oil history. But to-day, just as thirty years ago, it is an anomalous and unendurable thought to the Standard Oil Company that anybody, outside of its organization, should be able to get a barrel of the oil produced in a field into which it has laid lines and where it has built tanks. One has almost a feeling that it is *afraid* of little efforts — afraid of them because little things grow! At all events, no sooner had the company announced its intention to take care of all the oil in Kansas than it put its machine for killing off competition to work — put it to work automatically, it seems to the writer — with no particular thought and no particular effort at concealment. The Standard has been so long in this business of crushing budding independent efforts that it apparently thinks no more of the process than the gardener who snips off the extra buds from the rose-tree. "The American beauty rose can be produced in its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it" the youthful scion of the House of Rockefeller has declared, and this truth is the essence of Standard Oil greatness. It was necessary to lop off the "early buds" in Kansas, and it promptly and methodically applied the good old Pennsylvania machine for such work invented over thirty years ago and constantly improved and adapted since until for smoothness and noiselessness and general efficiency it is unquestionably the most perfect instrument in the world for doing up a would-be competitor.

As has been said, certain producers had built up independent markets for their crude oil. The chief of these was I. E. Knapp of Chanute. Mr. Knapp had gone into the Chanute field in 1899, and almost before the town knew what he was doing had secured a number of paying wells. He had also found a market for his oil with the Omaha and Kansas City gas companies. He transported the oil to these concerns in tank cars of his own, each of which held about 7500 gallons of oil, and he had enlarged his market until he had twenty cars in transit. The railroad charged him ten cents per one hundred pounds from Chanute to both Omaha and Kansas City, and they counted the weight 6.4 pounds per gallon. They also allowed Mr. Knapp three-fourths of a cent rental per mile for the use of his tank cars. The price at which Mr. Knapp sold his product was not brought out in the testimony in which the above facts were developed, but presumably it was a reasonable one for this arrangement went on with apparent profit to Mr. Knapp until May, 1902, when suddenly he was informed that henceforth the weight of crude oil would be reckoned at 7.4 pounds per gallon. It was equivalent to an advance of $7.50 per car load. This change came two weeks after Mr. Knapp had signed a year's contract with the gas companies he was supplying. But while the freight on crude oil had been raised $7.50 a car by this new weight

classification, the freight on the products of crude remained unchanged. That is, the Standard was able to ship gas-oil, a product of crude, from Neodesha at the old weight of 6.4 pounds a gallon.

Of course, Mr. Knapp and his agents protested loudly. They pointed out the anomaly — the injustice. They did not hesitate to call it manipulation. The railroad agents were evidently ashamed of the tricky business. They admitted it an arbitrary classification — admitted it was not general, even on their own roads. They did succeed even in getting it reversed but for only a very short time, when back it went and the Kansas agents, goaded by Mr. Knapp to still further protest, were told by their superior officers that they were *tired* of the correspondence, that the rate was fixed and it was unnecessary to discuss the matter. For eleven months Mr. Knapp had to fulfill his contracts at this disadvantage. Independence at an expense of $7.50 a car may mean bankruptcy. Whether it did or did not Mr. Knapp felt it was too costly, and, in May, 1903, he turned over his crude oil to the Standard; and henceforth that concern filled the contracts of the Omaha and Kansas City gas works. Thus the very small breeze of competition which was freshening the air of Chanute was stilled! Mr. Knapp's twenty cars were side-tracked, and in March last, 1905, they still stood idle at Chanute.

What had the Standard Oil Company to do with this manipulation? One who knows the history of the Standard Oil Company will not ask that question. That is why its history is useful to-day! What happened to Mr. Knapp happened to scores of Pennsylvania refiners and shippers back in the '70's and '80's, and left hundreds of tank cars side-tracked as his were. Read, for instance, the testimony of various New York refiners given in 1879 in a case brought against the Pennsylvania Railroad by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania. These men had to sell or side-track their cars, in 1872, because the Standard Oil Company prevented their getting living rates over the railroads. They had to go without oil at many different times because the Standard Oil Company prevented their getting cars, when hundreds were known to be standing idle on switches. In 1878, they had to ship their oil *knowing* from Mr. A. J. Cassatt himself that the Standard Oil Company was shipping at a rate they could not get. And why was this? The same testimony which brought out the specific examples of these unfair and illegal discriminations brought out the reason from Mr. Cassatt who was at that time the official of the Pennsylvania road in charge of transportation. It was he who explained the rebates granted the Standard — he who gave the proof of the drawback his road was paying to the Standard on every barrel of oil shipped over it by independents, and it was he who told the reason. "We made our first contract with the Standard Oil Company," Mr. Cassatt said, "for the reason that we found that they were getting very strong and they had the backing of the other roads, and, if we wanted to retain our full share of the business and get fair rates on it, it would be necessary to make arrangements to protect ourselves"; and the Pennsylvania did protect itself by refusing to the New York independents the same rates as the Standard had, even in case they could ship as much oil.

If Mr. Paul Morton who, in 1902, was second vice-president of the Santa Fé road, in the same relative position as that of Mr. Cassatt in the Pennsylvania in 1878, had been put on the stand and required to explain the reasons for the manipulation of the weight classification of oil on his road, it is probable that he would have been as frank as Mr. Cassatt was so long ago. He probably would have given, too, a similar explanation to that of Mr. Cassatt. Mr. Morton has already made one similar explanation. Only five months before the oil manipulation took place he had been one of some ten railway traffic managers to testify before the Interstate Commerce Commission as to the rebate their roads were giving, contrary to law, to the members of the beef trust. These gentlemen all frankly confessed to rebate-giving, one of them even told how all the vouchers and checks and book concerning these illegal transactions were destroyed because it was an "unwise thing from a railroad standpoint to have such matters going about!" Mr. Morton said with perfect candor that he had made a contract with a packer for rebates. "It was illegal when we made it and we knew that," but "our justification was that we were carrying less than ten per cent of what we thought we were fairly entitled to."*

* Orders and Testimony Before the Interstate Commerce Commission In the Matter of Transportation of Dressed Meat and Packing House Products.

How like to Mr. Cassatt's reason of twenty-five years ago!

Mr. Morton was also traffic manager of the Santa Fé railroad for at least a part of the period when, according to the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, such illegal rebates and privileges were being given to the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company that no other concern could compete with it. If "business interest" required the Santa Fé road to break the law of the country to help the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company (a concern largely owned and managed by the Standard Oil "crowd") run out its competitors, it is quite probable that it required the Santa Fé to manipulate weight classification in Kansas to help the Standard do up its competitors there.

The weight classification had worked with Mr. Knapp, but there were a few smaller independent shippers who lived in spite of it. Another tack in freight was necessary, and in August, 1904, it came — a schedule was put out raising the rates on crude oil and all its products on all the railroads passing through the Kansas fields. Thus, while it had cost ten cents a hundred pounds to ship to Kansas City from Independence, Chanute, Neodesha, Humboldt, etc., it now cost seventeen cents; and while it had cost fifteen cents per hundred pounds from the same points to St. Louis, it now cost twenty-two cents. It was absolutely prohibitive. For instance, a director of the Moran Gas & Crude Oil Company testified in March last that his concern which had been shipping oil in its own tank cars to a Kansas City firm was obliged to discontinue business at once under the new schedule and to shut down its wells. Everywhere this was true. It is easy to understand how inevitable this was, for, counting a car load as 55,000 pounds, the advance to Kansas City was actually $38.50.

Now, this rise in oil freight was not made in connection with a general readjustment and advance of rates. It was made alone. It was not made to bring oil rates up to or somewhere in harmony with freight on other commodities. It put it out of all proportion to other freights as a matter of fact. For instance, while it cost $30 a car to ship a car of fruit (perishable goods) from Chanute to Kansas City, $50 for a car of wheat, $40 for corn, $28 for cattle, $66 for machinery, it cost $94.35 for oil, the least valuable of all!*

* Rates furnished at freight depot in Chanute.

It also made the rates on oil from Kansas oil shipping points all out of proportion to the rates on oil from Pennsylvania oil shipping points. For instance, from the common points, Bradford, Titusville, Oil City, to St Louis, distances of 868, 770 and 753 miles respectively, the rate is twenty-six and one-half cents; from the Kansas points to St. Louis, points whose distances vary from 354 to 437 miles, the rate was twenty-two cents, only four and one-half cents less! It cost only four and one-half cents more to ship from the Pennsylvania points to New Orleans than from the Kansas points to New Orleans; and while oil freight to Chicago from Kansas was from thirty-seven to forty-eight cents it was only nineteen and one-half from Pennsylvania, the distance being about the same.

This advance in rates was made just at the time the Standard Oil Company finished its pipe line to Kansas City; and it was freely charged that it was the result of a pooling of oil freight between the Santa Fé and the Standard line. At a recent Kansas investigation the examiner presented the following letter:

> The reason the Santa Fé and the "Katy" railroads raised rates on oil after the pipe line was completed was because the Standard's companies arranged with them to do so, by agreeing to give them a per centum upon every barrel of oil that was run through their pipe lines on condition the railroads would increase the freight rate on oil to a prohibitive rate, so that all oil would be forced through the pipe line. Now the railroads have no oil, but get about ten cents per barrel for all oil going through the pipe lines.

No testimony was presented to show how much or how little truth there was in this letter, but the agreement it charges is nothing more or less than what we know existed from 1884 on, for several years at least, between the Standard Oil Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1884, when the seaboard pipe line was first completed, the Standard Oil Company made a contract with the railroad that twenty-six per cent of all oil shipped eastward from the Pennsylvania Oil regions should belong to the road whether it transported it or not. If it did not carry it, the Standard was to pay it a fixed sum per barrel* as compensation. In return the railroad was to put up the freight rates on oil, and was to allow the pipe line to go under its track. The case seems parallel to

* Report of Industrial Commission VI., pp. 663–665, contracts.

the Kansas case. That is, there seems every reason to believe that the Santa Fé and the Standard were working together to keep up oil freights, and so to check the few independent oil movements on foot and prevent the birth of others. It was the honored community of interests. The Standard crowd was largely interested in the Santa Fé road. A few months later it put one of its most prominent members, Mr. H. H. Rogers, on the board of directors of that road — Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Mr. William Rockefeller were directors of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas road, which had joined the Santa Fé in the freight manipulations. The Missouri Pacific road which was also in the deal, has long been known as a "Rockefeller road." A portion at least of the Standard pipe line in Kansas is on the Santa Fé's right of way, and the trunk line to Whiting uses that road's bed for almost the entire distance. The person who, knowing the history of the oil business, would doubt that there was collusion between the railroads and the Standard would be the victim of a credulity which unfits him for intelligent contemplation of our present commercial situation. Railroad rates do not of themselves go up so high that they drive away business, nor do railroads allow their rights of way to be used for a song. It is childish to expect us to believe that there was no understanding between the corporations. It was an understanding made, undoubtedly, as the Pennsylvania contract of 1884 put it, for "considerations mutually interchanged," and all that was needed was to get the proper official on the stand to find out what the considerations were!

But the railroad could not do all the work of exterminating competitive efforts. The Standard was obliged to do a share of it directly, itself. And it at once made use of an instrument even more powerful than the railroad — its pipe line system. As fast as each new field had proved its worth the Standard had connected it by gathering-pipes with its trunk line, and had begun to take the oil. Now, according to the theory of the pipe line admitted by the Standard in the East, it is a common carrier and so obliged, like the railroad, to take all oil at certain admitted gathering points, to run it as the owner directs, and to deliver it to whomsoever he sells it to — but it is a well-known fact that in operation the pipe line system of the Standard Oil Company has never carried out the theory of a common carrier — any more than the railroads have lived up to their obligations. Moreover, in Kansas the Standard Oil Company did not admit itself a common carrier. It gathered oil, but the oil belonged to it by contract at soon as it passed into the lines. In practice it was exactly as if the railroad in gathering wheat or hogs, or what not, contracted that the commodity became its property if it carried it away. That is, the man who was producing one hundred barrels of oil a day in Kansas, was obliged to sell to the Standard — now the only shipper, the railroads having put themselves out of the business by extortionate rates. He might have found a better market, perhaps, in Kansas City — a market of his own at least — but he could not avail himself of it for the Standard pipe line carried only for Standard factories.

The control of the pipe line as if it were purely a private undertaking, that is, in no way effected by the laws governing common carriers, gives the Standard another powerful club over independent efforts. It could endanger their supply of crude oil. If they could not get crude, they would not make refined. But how could this be done? You have wells let us say at Humboldt, Kansas, near the small refinery built there in 1903. The Standard also has a tank farm at this point and it has connected, or is in the process of connecting all the wells in the vicinity — by its pipe lines. You have been giving oil to Mr. Webster who runs the independent refinery, but only a small portion. You want the Standard to connect with your tanks. "No," the Standard says, "you have been giving oil to *our competitor*. You know our rules." You will stop feeding the Webster refinery or you can't sell to the Standard, and as the Webster refinery cannot possibly use over one-twentieth of your oil you are in a dilemma. This is exactly what happened near Humboldt, Kansas, in 1904, when the Standard began its campaign to shut off the Webster refinery.

The same thing happened in Muscogee, Indian Territory. At Muscogee, the most southerly point of the Kansas-Indian Territory field, there had been developed a small production of high-grade oil — altogether the best oil yet found in the field. Hither came in the summer of 1904 a young refiner — Charles Madison — and built a plant of perhaps 200 barrels capacity. Now the Standard had already put up a storage

tank at Muscogee, and had connected with the wells. One of the producers made a contract with Mr. Madison for a certain proportion of his oil. The day that the first oil was delivered to the refinery ten of that producer's wells were disconnected by the Standard. See what this means: I have made myself the only transporter of your product. I mean to be the only manufacturer. If you raise corn or wheat or hogs you must sell them *all* outright to me, or I will take none. If you sell a portion to the local man who is trying to manufacture also, the balance of your product can go to waste. I, the only transporter, will not carry it out of the country!

Not only was there a refusal in these cases to handle the oil of the producer who wished to give a percentage to an outside manufacturer, but, in at least one case, the producing company was obliged to bind itself to *pay a penalty* if it sold to anybody else. The contract in question is the one between the Standard and the Cherokee Oil & Gas Company. This company held oil leases in Cherokee County covering about twelve square miles. They had some big wells with promise of more, and wanted the Standard to connect their field with its tanks. This it was arranged to do on the condition that if the Cherokee Company failed to sell and deliver to the Standard all of the oil produced by it from the twelve-square-mile tract within three years of the date of the agreement, it should pay as "liquidated damages" for such failure twenty cents per barrel for each barrel produced and delivered to other parties. The writer has been told that other similar contracts were in existence but this is the only one she has seen. It is possible this contract was made because the parties interested in the Cherokee Oil & Gas Company are eastern independent refiners and the Standard may have suspected them of intending to build a refinery of their own in the West, and wished to head off such a project.

To prevent a rival refinery getting crude oil has always been a favorite device of the Standard. Go back to 1878 when it was intent on destroying the group of independent refiners in New York City, we will find a situation very like that in Kansas in 1904. The Bradford region had suddenly increased its production from about 8000 barrels daily in December, 1877, to over 18,000 in July, 1878 (Kansas production in December, 1903, was nearly 8000 daily, in July, 1904, 16,400). The Standard was working night and day to take care of the Bradford oil — but do its best it could not provide facilities as rapidly as the production increased. Thousands of barrels were running on the ground. Now, at this moment of over-production, the Standard Oil Company was interfering even by violence with the completion of independent pipe lines which were under way, and it was doing its utmost to prevent the independent refiners in New York from getting cars in which to transport crude oil. That is with oil running on the ground in Bradford, the Standard would allow nobody to get a barrel if it could help it, and actually two of the New York refiners had to shut down at this period of over-production because of lack of crude. The case is entirely analogous in its intent and its methods with the Kansas operations. It is history repeating itself.

The two refineries did continue to secure oil, however; Mr. Madison, at Muscogee, by making an offer to pay considerable more than the then market price, and Mr. Webster through the feeling at Humboldt that it was not fair under the conditions to shut him off. They also continued to ship, even at the exorbitant prices caused by the rise in rates. But there was still another point of attack, and that was in the market. For instance, the Humboldt refinery attempted to build up an independent trade at Emporia, Kansas. The writer has tickets of the Standard Oil Company before her showing that oil which in January and February, 1904, was sold to Emporia dealers at fourteen and one-half cents a gallon in sixty-gallon quantities, six months later was sold at ten cents in thirty-five-gallon quantities. The price in adjoining towns, where the Humboldt people had not penetrated, was still fourteen and one-half cents. At Muscogee the entrance into the market of the oil made by the local refinery was the sign for a general cut. When the first independent illuminating oil appeared, in the fall of 1904, the Standard was selling to dealers at seventeen cents a gallon — they cut rapidly from seventeen to eleven. Mr. Madison, the independent refiner, followed to twelve, and there stuck. In March his dealers were still standing by him at twelve cents on the theory that it was only his coming which had brought down the price, and if he were driven out they would have seventeen-cent oil again.

Of course, this kind of temporary cutting has always been used vigorously by the Standard Oil Company. Kansas had a vivid illustration of what it could do in this line a few years ago when the independents of Florence, Colorado, were put out of business. At that time Colorado and certain points of Western Kansas bought oil at five cents for which they had been paying twenty-five, and for which "after the war" they paid twenty and twenty-five again! To-day all over the country the appearance of an independent dealer is sure to bring down prices. In February of the present year, 1905, oil (150°) was sold from tank wagons in Augusta, Georgia, when there was competition, at nine and one-half cents; at Macon (no competition) at thirteen and one-half cents; and at Atlanta (no competition) at thirteen and one-half cents. At Troy and Albany oil has been dropped this year to seven cents, which is bringing from eight and one-half to eleven and one-half in neighboring towns. This cutting is liable at any time to degenerate into selling at a loss and when it does, it is the small man who goes to the wall.

It was, of course, only a question of time under the conditions now established by the Standard before the two independent refineries would have to cease to do business for themselves, just as Mr. Knapp and Mr. Moran and every other man who had tried to do anything for himself in Kansas had been obliged to do. If you cannot get crude you cannot make refined; if it costs you your profits to ship, you eventually must stop; if your market is cut down to the losing point, you can only hold out until your surplus is exhausted.

But although the machine for making away with competition was in full operation by the spring of 1904, it is doubtful whether it would have attracted much attention from Kansas oil producers if about that time the price of crude oil had not begun to fall with suspicious rapidity. It has been the history of the oil business that the producer has to be squeezed himself before he will aid the shipper or refiner. His turn came in the spring of 1904. That there should be a decline in price at this time under the increase of production was, of course, inevitable. Kansas produced in March, 1904, 1000 barrels a day more of oil than ever before. There was no radical change of conditions in the East, however. The shipments there were greater than the deliveries. But in thirty days a cut of twenty cents a barrel occurred over all the oil field. It was arbitrary and demoralizing. In the East it was accepted with the sullen silence which oil men generally have come to give the vagaries of the market. The Standard it was known had a great price war on in Europe — had, indeed, been cutting export oil to the quick for months. It was short of a supply of cheap oil, and as has been pointed out had been for two years doing its utmost to increase its supply of crude by buying Russian oil and putting up refineries in Galicia and Roumania. Kansas had been encouraged until she was producing oil enough to furnish the supply the Standard needed. But she must not only furnish it, she must furnish it cheap. That is, it was the producer who must help carry on the Standard's fight in Europe. In the East he might grumble, but he was used to it. It was the Kansas producers' first great demonstration, however, of the power of the Standard Oil Company over prices. They looked about them and saw that while they had gained a splendid organization for handling promptly and efficiently all the oil they could produce, they were entirely at the mercy of this organization. The railroads had been taken from them. They had lost practically every tiny independent effort started. More serious, a condition had been evolved so dangerous to independent effort that only a very rash man would be inclined to risk it. Independent capital and men were excluded from all branches of the oil business in Kansas, except producing!

The producers began to get together. Their first move was to form an association. But the association did not affect prices. They continued to fall, and more exasperating even than the fall was the sudden utter disregard of the standard of prices which they had been educated to accept.

It has been customary always in the oil world to grade the price of oil according to the quantity and quality of kerosene it produces. Thus the Pennsylvania oil, producing a larger percentage of high-grade luminants than the Lima (Ohio) oil, brings a better price. Again there are two grades of Lima oil. That from the north of the field is better than that from the south, and it brings accordingly a higher price. Now, in Kansas, it was early found that the oil in the northern part of the field was heavier in quality and

yielded less illuminating oil than that in the southern part of the field and in Indian Territory. The Standard in buying for its Neodesha refinery soon drew an arbitrary line through the field calling the oils North and South Neodesha, and fixing the prices according to the prices it was paying for South and North Lima oils respectively. Soon after the drastic cut of twenty cents a barrel in March, a cut which as has been said applied to Eastern as well as Western oils, a new cause of dissatisfaction was introduced into Kansas. The Standard ceased to rank Kansas oil with Lima. The first discrimination was between the poorer grades of the two fields. The North Neodesha was suddenly quoted fifteen cents less than South Lima. The whole field protested. They had been told for eight years that their oil was as good — even better than South Lima, because it had no trace of sulphur and here was a discrimination of fifteen cents. But what could be done about it? South Neodesha was next to suffer: in July it was quoted at eighty-eight cents while its former equal the North Lima was selling at $1.00. It was juggling pure and simple the bewildered Kansans declared.

As the Kansas production increased, and it did increase rapidly, the price continued to fall. By the end of 1904, the production was 24,231 barrels a day and the prices eighty-seven and sixty-seven cents respectively for the two grades of the oil. Their old gage, the Lima oils, were $1.07 and $1.02.

The excitement and discontent fostered by the unsatisfactory condition of the market was greatly increased in January, 1905, by an order the like of which had never been known in any oil field. It stated that the price of all Kansas crude hereafter taken by the Standard Oil Company would be based upon its specific gravity. For oil of 32° and over, a certain fixed price would be paid. For oil gaging less than 32°, five cents would be deducted for each one-half degree of decline. Thus, at the end of January, seventy-two cents was paid for 32° oil, fifty cents for 30° oil, thirty cents for 28°. The order threw the whole field into disorder. Many a man who had sold his oil for years to the Neodesha refinery was told his product was now too poor for them. Others who had received the price of the high grade for years now found themselves classed at thirty or even forty cents below. It was perfectly well known that all the oils from 28° upwards were being run into the same tanks and that they always had been; that for eight years it was the mixture of oils which had been refined. All of the dissatisfaction which the sudden and arbitrary reversal of an established custom, however reasonable it may be, always causes, now broke out. It was the more bitter because, in many cases, the persons who were shut out of a market by the new order had been encouraged personally, they claimed, by Standard representatives to develop their field, and had been assured all the oil they produced would be taken at South Lima prices.

The rapidity with which prices had fallen and standards had been changed forced on the Kansas producer afresh his absolute helplessness in all matters regarding oil. He had nothing to say about it. He had no alternative, no redress, no escape. It was take what we give you or die. He realized that he might have been just as badly off even if the railroads were open to him, even if conditions had not made rival refineries and markets out of the question, but at least there would have been a chance to try to do something. Now there was none. It is hardly to be wondered that facing this situation he should have taken one step farther and made up his mind that the Standard Oil Company had a still more sinister purpose in view — that just as it had deliberately connived to put an end to independent transportation, refineries and markets, it meant to put an end to the independent producer. That it was going to grind him down until he sold. There was no reason for this belief but the historic parallel. The Standard Oil Company had done exactly that thing before, and why should it not do it in Kansas. It certainly had accomplished the work of buying in the Lima oil fields by a series of operations very like those from which Kansas was suffering. The story is a familiar one to all oil men and runs something like this:

Sometime in the '80's there was discovered around Lima, Ohio, a new oil field. There was evidently a great deposit there, but the oil was of an inferior quality, and when refined had an odor so unbearable that it could not be sold. When the Lima field was opened the Standard Oil Company was practically the only refiner and transporter of crude oil. It immediately extended its pipe lines into the Lima field, and put up tanks and began to buy the new oil. It bought thousands

upon thousands of barrels, storing it because there was no market for it. The sulphur in the oil was so strong that it rotted the tanks. The quantity increased so that there was a continual outlay to take care of it. Many of the Standard directors are said to have expostulated. Why pile up the useless stuff? But Mr. Rockefeller, with his fine smile, said only: "It 's all good grease, gentlemen, it 's all good grease." And the "grease" continued to accumulate.

But work was going on at the same time. If the oil could not be refined it could be used as fuel. In and around Chicago were many factories willing to buy oil as fuel. Contracts were made to supply some of them and a pipe line was laid from Lima to Chicago to carry the oil. But while this was being done there was work going on in the Standard laboratories. A chemist had been working on the Lima oil, and believed he could find a process of deodorizing it. The Standard spent thousands of dollars over this experimenting, and just about the time the pipe line to Chicago was completed, it was successful. Lima oil could be refined sufficiently to make a cheap illuminant; mixed with Pennsylvania, Lima could be sufficiently disguised to pass for a high-grade illuminant. Of course, what had been done in the laboratory was known only to the Standard Oil Company, and it used the information skilfully.

The Lima oil field had been developed by scores of different oil operators. The belief that the oil could not be refined profitably had, of course, reduced its price far below cost of production, but the operators had gone on in hopes that eventually some use would be made of it. But they were, naturally, discouraged. The Standard knew this and as soon as it had conclusive proof that Lima oil could be refined, planned a splendid stroke. Calling in an agent who had been prominent in the Ohio field, he was told: "We want to *buy up the Lima field!* Go quietly through the country putting options on everything and do it as soon as possible." The agent went out. The pipe line to Chicago was quietly shut down. The new process lay idle, while the agent worked. After a few weeks he came back and spread before the directors and their advisors a map of the Lima oil-producing territory. With the exception of perhaps a dozen properties marked in yellow on the map, he had bought the entire territory at the low values the apparent worthlessness of the oil had created. The agent explained what he had done. One who was present at the meeting once told the writer that Mr. Rockefeller made no other comment on the report than to point to first one and then another of the yellow spots and ask: "Why did you not buy this?" "Why did you not buy that?" He was told: "This man has faith in the future of the oil and asks too high a price." "That man thinks there is something suspicious in my buying everything and asks a prohibitive price," and so on for the dozen yellow blotches. Mr. Rockefeller swept his hand across the map, clutching at each yellow mark as he did it and uttering the single command. "Take it!" "Take it!" "Take it!" They took it and within a week after the deal was complete the price of Lima oil went up. And from that day to this it has been one of the most paying investments of the Standard Oil Company.

It is not surprising that the Kansans listening to this tale from the lips of Eastern drillers and producers, a tale reinforced, no doubt, by stories of hard transactions in West Virginia and Pennsylvania, said: "That is what they mean to do here. They are trying to freeze us out of the territory we have developed." It was nothing, to be sure, but a suspicion. But a suspicion backed by historical parallels has often the force of a proved fact with men smarting from what they believe is an injustice. "We have spent years," they said, "in opening this territory; spent more money compared with our resources than you are doing, and we have no control over our property because you have, by your time-honored methods, made free trade in oil impossible in Kansas. If you will conspire to put Mr. Knapp and the Humboldt refinery out of business, to prevent independent efforts starting in this state, why should you not conspire to get our property?" Piece by piece they put together the operations against outsiders and their businesses which have been related above. They began to understand their relations, to see their place in the great purpose of controlling the Kansas oil field. The fact that the enterprises against which the manipulations were directed were small ceased to have importance. The principle embodied was too great. As the Kansans began to see what the Standard Oil Company had really done in the state, there went up an indignant cry of: "You

shall not do these things in Kansas. You may be investing $15,000,000 for taking care of our oil. You may do the work more promptly and perfectly than any other concern ever could, but justice is more important than millions, and every man shall have a chance in Kansas. Pipe lines and fifty-thousand-barrel tanks and great refineries and unlimited capital are important; we want them, but it is vastly more important to the future of Kansas that Mr. Knapp and every other man be able to ship his oil without fear of molestation; that every producer should sell his oil to whomsoever he pleases; that any man can build a refinery and sell his product without fighting a battle of your millions against his tens in any little town he may enter. These are the fundamentals of fair play. They are things worth more to the material development of Kansas, than all the money the Standard Oil Company can command in the markets of the world. We are going to stop your game. You must play fair if you stay in Kansas."

But what could Kansas do? For thirty years state legislatures and the Federal Congress had been saying the same thing to the Standard Oil Company, saying it often even more vigorously. For thirty years they had been passing laws aimed at its head and there it was playing calmly the same old game it had played all these years! What *could* Kansas do to the Standard Oil Company?

(To be concluded)

QUEEN EDAINE

BY

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

FIRST MUSICIAN

"WHY is it", Queen Edaine said,
"If I do but climb the stair
In the tower over head,
When the winds are calling there,
Or the gannets calling out
In waste places of the sky,
There 's so much to think about
That I cry, that I cry?"

SECOND MUSICIAN

But her good man answered her
"Love would be a thing of naught
Had not all his limbs a stir
Born out of immoderate thought,
Were he anything by half,
Were his measures running dry.
Lovers if they may not laugh
Have to cry, have to cry."

A SCARLET FEVER LETTER

BY

NORVELL HARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

CADMUS dropped the letter into the black box designed for the hotel mail, with the feeling that his future was settled. The step which for three years his people had been anxious for him to take, had been taken; in a week, maybe sooner, the step which *her* people had been equally anxious for a corresponding length of time for *her* to take, would also be a thing of the past. In the fall, perhaps, he and Jean Bannister would be married.

As he turned away from the office he espied Leglets moving in his direction.

"We have all got to take baths," she cried unexpectedly, "Mama and the hotel clerks and everybody; and nobody can go farther than the golf-links. *Won't* the lame black ice-cream man wonder what 's become of us!"

Behind Leglets came the other man who sat at Cadmus's table.

"It is all perfectly true," he said. "The chambermaids who were taken away *did* have scarlet fever. And the hotel is quarantined for three weeks."

Cadmus groaned. How in Heaven's name was one to get through the twenty-one days that went to make up three weeks? . . . And suppose one had to be in New York at the end of two weeks?

As he moved irritably away with downbent head, and a feeling of helpless anger surging over him, he almost collided with a girl who was just entering the hall. "Why, Miss Beattie," he said, "I did n't know you were here! I 'm awfully glad to see you."

The girl stared at him in surprise. In an instant he had remembered himself.

"I 'm — I 'm afraid I 've made a mistake," he said, reddening. "I — you see — I 've seen your picture so often — up at the Athertons', you know, and heard them talk about you so much that I thought for the moment I had met you. I really did. I — I hope you 'll forgive me."

The girl hesitated, and then flushing, held out her hand.

"It 's Mr. Cadmus, is n't it?" she said. "Delia Atherton has your picture too, you know. I have heard her speak of you often."

He drew a breath of relief.

"How good of you to take it like that," he answered gratefully. "We ought to be friends anyhow, you know. Delia has often told me that if I met you — I — that is — that we would be awfully good friends. I — I did n't know you were here."

"We only came last night, meaning to stay the week. But now" — she shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

"Is n't it a beastly shame?" Cadmus poured forth a vindictive torrent of words. She stopped him presently, with upraised hand. "That won't do any good," she reminded him. "Tell me, instead, what sort of things the Athertons said about me."

"It would n't be fair," Cadmus demurred. Then, meditatively: "It 's apt to be the case, is n't it, when they 've dinned it into you that a girl is pretty or that a play is going to make you cry, that you find after you 've paid your call or your money, that neither arouses any emotion."

"Did they tell you I was going to make you cry?" she questioned gravely. Her eyes were compelling. He hesitated.

"Perhaps they told you I was pretty," she murmured.

"Perhaps," he admitted. Then he laughed suddenly. "Let 's sit down," he said.

She shook her head. "I must go and get ready for luncheon."

He stepped aside to let her pass.

"After luncheon," he suggested, "you will find me — er — chatty and communicative. All that the Athertons have told me in confidence, I shall be ready to reveal. I shall — I shall really have a great deal to say."

"It was really very nice of you to ask me to go rowing," she said, leaning back comfortably against the red cushions. "I am sure there are no bacteria in the lake. And how pretty it all is." She smiled at him through narrowed lids. The sun shining full upon her face, brought out the white and pink of a marvelously perfect complexion. Cadmus did not fail to notice this.

He leaned on his oars and looked at her. "I told you that I 'd heard lots about you," he said, "but besides hearing that you were — well — not repulsively homely, and that you had a sort of way with you, I really know nothing about you. I wish you 'd tell me some of your leading characteristics."

She considered, dipping her hand into the shining water.

"Well," she began finally, "it 's just a little bit unconventional, but I don't mind. I 'm — I 'm very absent-minded. I always stare into barber shops; and sometimes — very occasionally — I forget and put on the same dress I had on the evening before. Is n't that dreadful? And I — I hate to hear the minister *read* his sermon, don't you? I think it 's just as bad as having a proposal read to one would be. And I — I abhor being called enjoyable — as one would speak of a cup of hot chocolate or a comic opera. And"—

He stopped her with a forceful gesture. "You are engaging in parlor-conversation," he reminded her. "I have never fancied it. If you keep on, you will end by asking me whether I prefer the seashore or the mountains, and then I shall be bored. Tell me real things about yourself, please."

She shook her head.

"There are n't any real things," she said. "I — I teach in a Mission Sunday-school. Sometimes I give bridge parties. And I spend all my spare time deciding where I shall go next summer."

While she talked, Cadmus noticed some unusual things about her. The straight line across her shoulders and the sharply curved one beneath her arms pleased his critical eye; he liked the effect of slenderness without the obtrusion of angles. Until the flickering sunlight had gone from the surface of the water, he rowed her about the little lake.

At the end of the second week, the proprietor of Grove House gave a picnic for his disconsolate guests. It proved a great success. Of the four who did not accept, three were delicate and the fourth was the other man at Cadmus's table. When Cadmus came into dinner that evening he eyed him gravely.

"Did you take cold?" he asked.

"I think not," answered Cadmus, smiling. "Was it fear of catching cold that kept you at home?"

The other man nodded. "Let us change the subject," he said. He broke his grassini into small pieces. "I find your tastes diverting," he went on. "They are always totally at variance with mine."

Cadmus looked at him interrogatively.

"Behind me," the other went on, "there is a girl in red ribbons or possibly a red hat — or with a bit of bright color somewhere about her person; I forget where. She is plump and round and slightly red herself. If I had the leisure time — if I had not decided to read 'Les Miserables' during the quarantine, I should ask her to play billiards with me."

Cadmus returned his look composedly. "You think you would find it diverting?" he asked.

"Tremendously," replied the other. "I have never cared about thin women. If I had a wife, I should rather have her deceitful than thin. If she grew thin after we were married, I should leave her." He threw Cadmus a shrewd glance. "Perhaps," he suggested, "you call it slenderness."

"I do," Cadmus answered calmly.

"Or," said the other man the next day, "if she did not care about billiards, I should ask her to read aloud to me."

"Her voice," agreed Cadmus, "is doubtless round and full, like her figure; and possibly — we may only conjecture, of course — loud like her dress."

"It is the less effort to listen when one reads distinctly," the other man looked casually past Cadmus. "You were reading aloud this morning, I believe," he remarked. "'The Bride of Lammermoor,' perhaps, or some such romance."

"No," said Cadmus, "'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix' and other assorted poems."

The other meditated.

"A pleasant pastime, reading aloud," he conceded.

"Another amusement which has stood the test of ages," he remarked, "is listening to a band on a starlit evening with another music-loving soul." He fixed questioning eyes upon Cadmus. "And you did not take cold?" he asked enviously, after a pause.

Cadmus shook his head.

"Nor the young lady?"

"Nor the young lady," Cadmus repeated.

The next morning Cadmus came into breakfast late.

"Dancing," said the other man, laying his napkin on the table and rising, "tires you. Give it up. Don't imperil —"

"See here;" Cadmus paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips. "Don't you ever do anything but watch? Have you no amusements of your own?"

"Only watching," replied the other, "and 'Les Miserables.'" He stopped by Cadmus's chair. "Slender women," he observed, "are better dancers than fat ones. I give you that."

"O, shut up!" enjoined Cadmus.

Cadmus determined that morning, that after breakfast he would tell Miss Beattie about Jean.

Miss Beattie was sitting with a number of ladies on the lower piazza. The party were discussing early marriage. As Cadmus approached, one of them observed, "I think it is wrong — a real crime — for a girl to wait till her tastes are entirely formed — her way of living established — and then expect somebody to conform to them. I married Paul when I was nineteen: we think alike, act alike, feel alike. I should be simply miserable if we did not."

"Don't you think," Miss Beattie said, slowly, rising from her seat, "that it's much the best idea — it simplifies things so tremendously — just to let other people decide for you? About whom you're to marry — and when — and why?"

As she spoke, she flashed a look upon Cadmus. Then he became suddenly, uncomfortably conscious that she knew about Jean already. He did not stop to think how it could be so. He only knew that it was so.

When she had gone, he strolled down the clean lawn to the little lake.

She had spoken contemptuously, scornfully. Why? Did she accept it as a certainty that his marriage with Jean Bannister would be merely a marriage of convenience; one suggested, enforced perhaps, by other people? A resolution took shape within his mind. He would go to her and find out what she knew — and thought. He would tell her how much he really liked Jean in spite of the suitability of the match. It would be fair to himself, certainly.

He found her in a corner of the writing-room, with a big dictionary spread out before her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, trying to speak unconcernedly. "And why have you got the dictionary to do it with?"

"I am looking up a word," she said without raising her eyes. "I find that I am very ignorant."

"But you don't have to know things when — when" — he floundered hopelessly. The back of her head, with its knot of rough brown hair, was disconcerting.

"No, I don't have to, I suppose." She still kept her eyes on the pages of the dictionary. "A drug store does n't have to keep stamps, you know, but people expect it and like it. Besides I want to find out what that man meant."

"What did he say?"

"He said — the man who is a friend of the girl with blue side-combs, you know — that — Do you know the meanings of any big words?"

"Of scarcely any," Cadmus replied mournfully. He was still admiring the coil of bronze hair.

"Well, perhaps you know this one." She turned and faced him. Cadmus caught his breath sharply. Her eyes were very close — closer than they had ever been before — and very blue.

"He told me last night," she explained, "that my mouth was dehiscent. What did he mean? Is it dehiscent?"

Cadmus considered — that she evidently had no knowledge of how blue eyes — big ones — when seen close, may affect one. . . . In time he brought his eyes from them to her mouth. . . . It was a small mouth with a dimple in one corner and none in the other.

"What does it mean?" she repeated. "Is it?"

Then, quite without volition of his own, it happened.

She stood up gasping, and, after a minute, turned and walked uncertainly from the

room. He did not follow her. He could not say he was sorry, with the breath from her lips setting on fire all the blood in his veins. And he could not look into her angry, quivering face and say that he was glad. Perhaps she did not know, when she put her mouth so close to his and asked him what he thought of it, that he would be insane and selfish and cowardly and brave and wise enough to kiss her with all the passion of a passionate man's nature.

No more, he told himself, did he.

"Enforced companionship," said the other man at Cadmus's table impressively, "somehow reminds me, in its results, of a fatal mistake we sometimes make — that of taking another saucer of ice-cream. We find invariably, in such cases, that the salt has gotten into the second freezer." His glance fastened for a moment upon the table at which sat Miss Beattie and her aunt. "Oh, by the way," he said, turning once more to Cadmus, "I meant to tell you. I have with me, by accident, another copy of 'Les Miserables.' Would you care to — to see it?"

Cadmus, feeling helplessly, uselessly enraged, returned his look wearily.

"I saw it long ago," he answered shortly, "I suppose I studied it at school."

There was no reason really to be angry; still Cadmus longed to fall upon this man and choke him.

Across from him, at the table by the window, he could see Miss Beattie quite plainly, sitting beside her aunt, an impassive figure in black and green stripes.

Miss Beattie herself wore lavender.

Cadmus had fancied, when she appeared that morning in the gown he had told her he liked, that she meant it as a signal of forgiveness; but she had taken no notice whatever of the note he had written her yesterday. In it, he had allowed himself more freedom of speech than he had used in the note he had sent her the day before. Then, he had only apologized. Yesterday he had attempted to explain. And she could not fail to understand his few words about "his honor alone preventing him from justifying himself in her eyes," as a tardy confidence concerning Jean Bannister.

The lavender dress had seemed to Cadmus so unmistakable in its significance that he had questioned Leglets concerning it.

"If you and the little red-haired boy who brings you tadpoles had a scrap," he said, cornering her after breakfast and holding both her hands, "and afterwards you put on the dress he thought was pretty, why would you put it on?"

"Which dress does he think is pretty?" she inquired unexpectedly.

"The — pink one you wear to donkey-parties," Cadmus lied promptly. "Would you put it on because he thought it was pretty?"

Leglets shook her head.

"No? Why, then?"

"'Cause it was clean, I guess."

Leglets, it appeared, could not help him.

He came into lunch, on the last day at Grove House, early. Early as it was, however, two other guests had preceded him. At Miss Beattie's right hand, sat a man who had not been there yesterday — a man who looked at her as Jacob might have looked at Rachel when his seven years of waiting were ended. And all of a sudden, Cadmus seemed to know that he had always been there. Yesterday — and that night he had so wantonly insulted her — and long ago, before he had ever thought of asking Jean Bannister to marry him.

. . . He got away from the dining-room, and going down to the lake, pushed off in the boat she and he had so often used together. Away off to the west, four miles away, the church steeples of the little village where one took the train for New York could be seen lifting their naked spires to the brilliant sky. Cadmus wondered vaguely as he dipped and splashed which one of the two daily trains he would take to-morrow.

To-morrow — a day that meant separation — loss — infinite, eternal loss.

. . . If they met in the years to come, he would be married to Jean. . . . She would be married too, beyond a doubt. . . .

He could not have told why he fastened his boat and dipped into the woods. Restlessness brings no reasons with it. Two hours later he turned back. The gilded shadow falling athwart the tree-tops had gone. But by the water's edge, zigzagged by low-growing leaves and showing a formless patch through the trees, was a gleam of another color. It was lavender and it moved lightly. And as Cadmus looked, even as he knew that it could not possibly be, he saw that it was.

She spoke as he came up, a little breathlessly, but with her smile full upon him.

"I thought" — she said — "that you would not mind rowing me back. The — person who brought me was obliged to catch a train and he — he left me here."

Her smile was turned away before she finished. Cadmus unmoored the boat and turned to help her in.

"It was good of you to wait for me," he said as he helped her in, struggling to speak naturally.

"It is our last afternoon," she said dreamily: then added hastily, "the last for most of us I suppose. . . . How — how much we have enjoyed it, haven't we?"

Cadmus rested on his oars and looked at her; and looking, tried to put into words the last three days.

"When — you said that it was a good idea — to let other people select for you whom you were to marry — you meant really, that it is an unworthy thing to do — a — a — thing that makes light of one's highest feelings?"

She flushed.

"I think that you could not find a word too dreadful to describe it," she said speaking very low.

Cadmus breathed hard.

"Yet when we have not known what love is," he said uncertainly, "when we do not know how different it is from the other"— He broke off, his voice vibrant.

For a time they drifted in silence. "Then you think —" he began again presently — "that there are never any reasons — any real reasons — for — for deciding to marry where you do not love?"

"No," she said, in a barely audible voice.

The band at the hotel stopped playing; the last echoes of its music trembled in the air for a moment, then died altogether. When she spoke again her voice sounded as if it too came from a distance.

"What you have said — and — and something else you said in your note — leads me to think you imagine I am — am engaged to the man who came here to-day. People have taken it for granted that I would marry him just because it seemed such a suitable thing to do." She did not look at him; without looking at her, he was conscious of her averted eyes. "I am ashamed — ashamed to tell it." She hurried over her words as if they hurt in the telling — "but I, after I came here — I wrote him I would. It seemed easy then and — my parents — wanted it so much; I did not think I should mind. Afterwards"— she drew a long breath — "afterwards — I knew it would kill me. When he came to-day, I thought of course it was to — for that. But he had never gotten my letter. I wrote it after the hotel was quarantined — I forgot about that — and it had never been mailed! A few hours ago, I found out that it was in the box. And — and I saw the clerk burn it unopened."

On the down-trodden grass of the bank now close at hand, Leglets and a little red-haired boy in knickerbockers marshaled a number of other children in some youthful sport. Cadmus was vividly conscious, as he looked at them, of recalling his conversation with Leglets that morning. After that he became filled with a wild, wholly unreasonable desire to tell somebody how funny it all was. . . . And, after that, he looked at her.

. . . She knew nothing whatever about Jean. She had never known anything about her. It was herself she had been abusing — condemning — her own action, not his. Oh, if there were only some one to tell her . . . some one to go to her and make her understand why he did not cry out his love from the house-tops.

Then suddenly, a wonder of why she had told him, together with a wild, senseless desire of her, and a staring, stupid marvel at her beauty took possession of him, and he lost the power to think calmly.

"There was a man — who had done like that"— he said, leaning at once nearer to her — "He was more to blame, perhaps, so nothing — nobody intervened." He broke off. Where were the words — the right words — "He was wretched — but —"

The boat struck the shore sharply. Stiffly he turned his head and saw the landing; and presently brought the boat close to it. When she was on the shore, she turned, hesitating, as if about to speak to him; then changing her mind apparently, passed swiftly up the slope of the lawn, and was gone.

At dinner the man opposite Cadmus looked at him critically.

"You are sorry to leave Grove House?" he questioned. "Your stay here has been edifying — exhilarating?"

Cadmus said that it had. It was easier than saying nothing.

"For my part," — the other begun — he broke off abruptly. Cadmus had risen, and without a word or look in his direction, had

gone to the door, and on out of it into the hall beyond. The man could see him quite plainly making, with long strides, for the door that opened into the office.

The idea that had suddenly come to Cadmus was overwhelming; at its birth, it was so dominating that it left him no time to consider. When he spoke to the clerk behind the office desk, his voice was deep and compelling.

"I believe there was a letter found to-day," he said, "in your letter-box. It was burned, I understand. I wanted to know if — if you came across more than one letter that had not been mailed."

"Half a dozen," the clerk returned promptly. "Letters written on the 16th, I suppose, the day the quarantine began. I only found them there to-day."

He waited. Cadmus, drawing a long breath, came a little nearer.

"Was there one among them addressed to — to Miss Jean Bannister?" he asked.

A hall-boy, sweeping behind the counter, suddenly raised his head.

"There was a letter addressed to Miss Jean Bannister, or something like that, on the floor this morning," he said. "I found it and put it in the box."

"Then it has gone to the post-office," the clerk interposed briskly. "I must have dropped it," he said, "and the boy took the mail this afternoon for the first time. There is n't any real danger," he added consolingly, "germs are ——"

"Where can I get a horse?" interrupted Cadmus. "Who has got a quick, fast horse that I can get at once?"

He dashed out upon the piazza. And, there, standing a little apart from a group of people close to the steps, under the hanging light, he saw Miss Beattie. It did not matter, of course; it might not help him in the least, but he went to her.

"There is a chance," he said brokenly, "the barest ghost of a chance — that everything will be all right. . . . If — if it is so — if my letter, too, was never mailed — may I say what I could not say this morning. If there is no one else?" His voice dropped to a whisper. "You know that I have loved you all my life." . . . He said. "All my life, and three weeks besides. I have known it for days, and I have kept it to myself for years and years. . . . If . . . if I find that it is all right, will you let me tell you about it?"

She stood perfectly still, not looking at him, but understanding so perfectly, seemingly, all that he said, that when he had finished, she did not ask him any questions. . . .

"If," she said, presently, raising darkened eyes to him, "if there is no one else — it will not be — wrong to say it."

The bell-boy touched Cadmus on the elbow.

"You can't get a horse till Mr. Bunting comes back," he said. "He 's got the key to the stable with him. He ——"

"God bless you," said Cadmus uncertainly. He turned away. "In two hours," he said, "I shall . . . know," then he lifted the boy to one side and went down the steps of the piazza.

The wheel, to which he helped himself under the eyes of the group on the piazza, might have belonged to any one of the group, but he did not stop to think about that. The road that stretched rapidly behind his rubber tires was a very bad road, one full of rocks and ruts and ditches, and the darkness prevented him from seeing these pitfalls until too late. It might not even be the road to the post-office. Before long, he made a startling observation to a colored girl whom he met tramping towards him with a lantern. "The retrospect of life," he said, eyeing her intently, "swarms with lost opportunities." The colored girl did not contradict him, and in due time he arrived at the post-office.

"The mail has been taken over to the train," said the village postmistress, fixing a small, suspicious eye upon him.

At the depot the impatiently panting engine had begun to draw the train after it. In the wide side door stood a young man in his shirt-sleeves. Cadmus, gauging the distance from the gravelled walk running alongside the platform to the opening of the car, suddenly, with a mighty effort, hurled himself into the opening. As the train rolled out into the open country, he stood, a little breathlessly, facing the young man.

"Well," said that individual, "what 's this for? Get out, won't you?"

"Oh, how do you do?" Cadmus spoke with extreme politeness. "I have come," he said, "to — to talk to you."

"To talk to me?" The young man eyed him suspiciously. "I don't like the way you came."

"I was late — late getting here," Cadmus explained. He looked vaguely around. "I want to talk to you," he repeated.

The man kept his shrewd eyes fixed upon him. "About what?" he said presently.

"About — about scarlet fever, you know; about that and about death and — and disappointment."

"Sounds like a gloomy conversation," the young man said. He came closer. "Say," he asked, "you've got bats in your belfry, did you know it? I think you'd better clear out."

Cadmus laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Did you ever have scarlet fever?" he asked.

The young man shook his head.

"You do not know, then, what a loathly disease it is? You do not know enough about it to know that for a young and beautiful girl to catch it would be distressing — and perhaps fatal?"

"Say," the mail clerk returned confidentially. "Do you know enough about being pushed out of a car to know that for a sandy-haired lunatic to be suddenly sent flying, would hurt him like thunder, and like as not spatter these iron rails with gore?"

Cadmus did not wait to answer. "In one of those bags," he said, waving his hand towards the interior of the car, "you have a letter which has scarlet fever. It — it contains germs, you know. If it gets to the lady it's addressed to, it may — it may kill her."

"Oh — ho," said the clerk. He moved towards the bag nearest him. "Mailed at Grantham? Your letter?"

The young man slid the letters deliberately from the mail bag and took them in his hand.

"Who was the letter addressed to?" he asked.

Cadmus told him.

The young man ran the letters over. Presently he stopped with one between his thumb and forefinger.

"Miss Jean Bannister," he said slowly. He put the others back into the bag.

"Now, see here," he said, "you may, or you may not, have a right to this letter. I know that there was scarlet fever at Grove House. I know the mail was stopped for a time — But that does n't prove that this letter is yours."

Cadmus looked at him. He was conscious of wondering whether the mail clerk knew enough about being pushed from a car, to know that for a pale and anemic young man to be suddenly hurled out into space, would be likely to batter him with some suddenness onto the Government retired list.

"Now," said the clerk again, "the only way to prove your right to this letter is for me to open it and for you to tell me what's inside."

"All right," said Cadmus, calmly. He sat down on a mail bag.

There was only one sheet inside the envelope. The young man studied the first page carefully.

"There is n't any beginning," Cadmus explained, knitting his brows. "I may not know the words, but this is — the idea."

"There comes a time in the life of every man," he repeated, "when what has satisfied him before, no longer fills and enriches his hours. He feels the need — all at once of — er — of something else — some one else to — share his life." Cadmus hesitated. He knew the feeling, but — well, he could not tell the mail clerk about it.

"Such a time, dear lady," he went on slowly, "has come to me. . . . I — I have begun to realize that I am lonely. . . . To realize, in short, that I want to be married. Will you marry me?"

Cadmus's earnest eyes never left the other man's face. . . . "There are several — a great many — reasons why we should be married. Er — consider. . . ." Cadmus considered for some time. It had all come glibly up to this point, but what reasons had there ever been for his marrying Jean Bannister?

"Wait a minute," said the clerk. He read the letter through, silently, asking no questions. When he had finished, he folded it up, and restored it to its envelope.

"Of course that was n't necessary, strictly speaking," he said at last, "reading it all through like that. But it 's been such a rare chance for a young fellow like me. This letter 's a gem, it is. It 's learned me a lot." He leaned back in his chair; Cadmus drew a long breath.

"My friend," said the clerk, "I give this letter back into your hands freely and gladly. It is, if you will excuse my language, the durndest love-letter I ever read. It might not give the young lady the scarlet fever, but, if I know the sex at all, it would certainly give her the jim-jams. Here you are."

Cadmus stood up.

"And now," said the clerk, with a sudden change of manner, and springing up briskly, "if you will make yourself take up as little

"CADMUS CONSIDERED—THAT SHE EVIDENTLY HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF HOW BLUE EYES—BIG ONES—WHEN SEEN CLOSE, MAY AFFECT ONE"

room as possible, I 'll get to work. Government does n't pay me to indulge in this chatty conversation, however pleasant the company is."

. . . A little later, Cadmus swung himself down from the hospitable door of the mail-car to catch the down train which would put him back in Grantham at 10:10. As he stepped upon the platform of the depot, the clerk leaned suddenly forward.

"When you go to write it again," he said, "get somebody else to do it for you. For a young and beautiful girl to get a letter like that — would be — h—l, you know."

When Cadmus entered Grove House, the other man who sat at his table caught sight of him from the water-cooler, and, setting down his glass, came promptly towards him.

"You will not believe it," he said, speaking in a confidential undertone, "but her voice is thin — emaciated; I finished 'Les Miserables,'" he added, "and so I asked her to play billiards. She plays — er — not well, not well." He stretched out his hands expressively. "If we should be quarantined again," he said, "I should choose the thin one. There would then be no room for disappointment."

"Perhaps," suggested Cadmus, kindly, "before that happens, some one else will already have chosen her. One can never tell."

And then she came into the hall. Walking in front of her and her partner came a very plump young lady in a great deal of red ribbon. Seeing Cadmus and the other man, she advanced towards them.

"We have been having such fun," she announced, smiling broadly. "We played billiards — five games — and he beat me every time. Was n't that dreadful? It was fun, though," she conceded; "only he does not think I shall ever make a good player." Then seeing that Cadmus's eyes went past her, she turned and skilfully included Miss Beattie in the conversation.

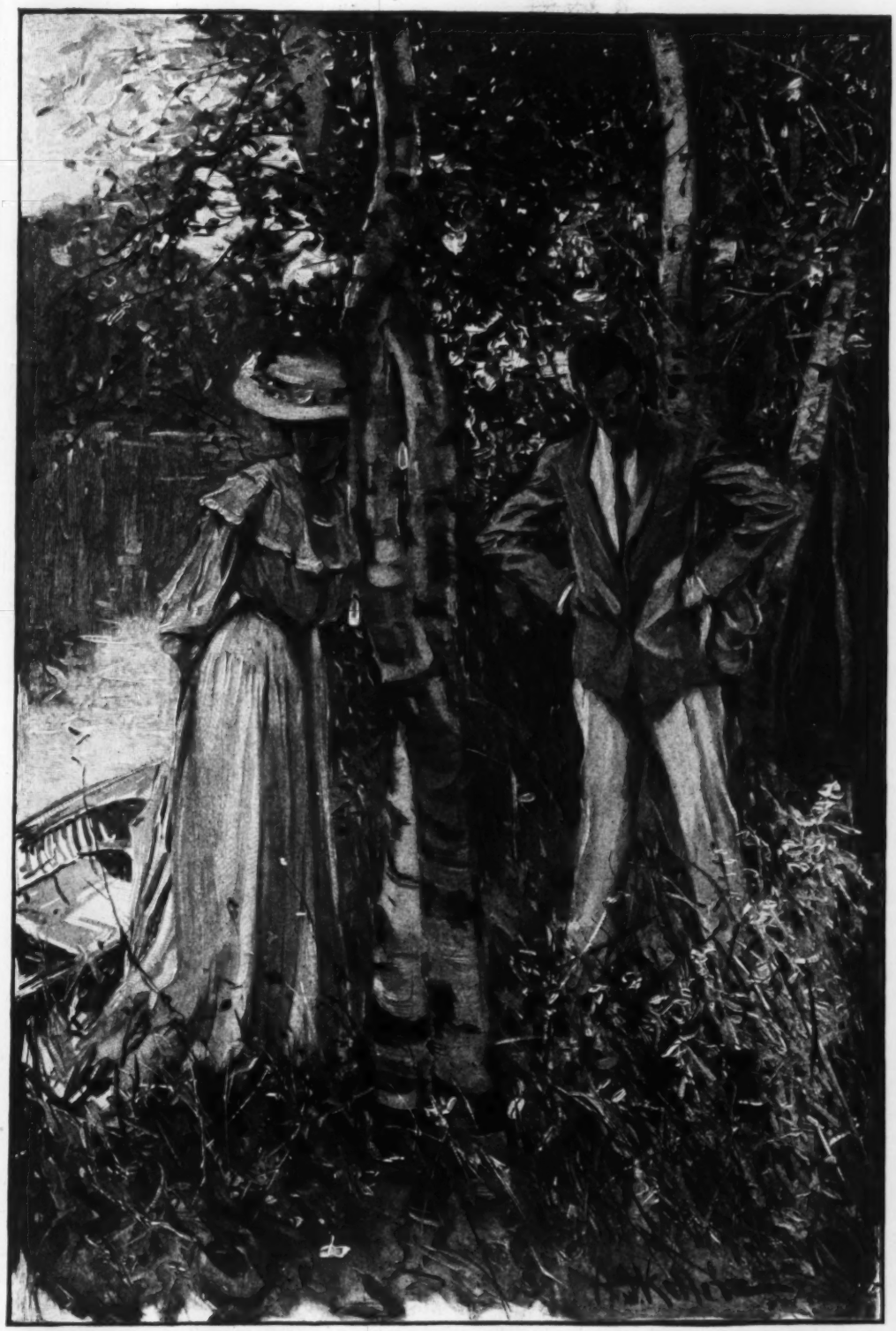
"That is unkind of him," said Miss Beattie, flushing a little as she met Cadmus's eyes.

"I have been doing better than that," said Cadmus, "I have broken arrest, and have ventured out into the world."

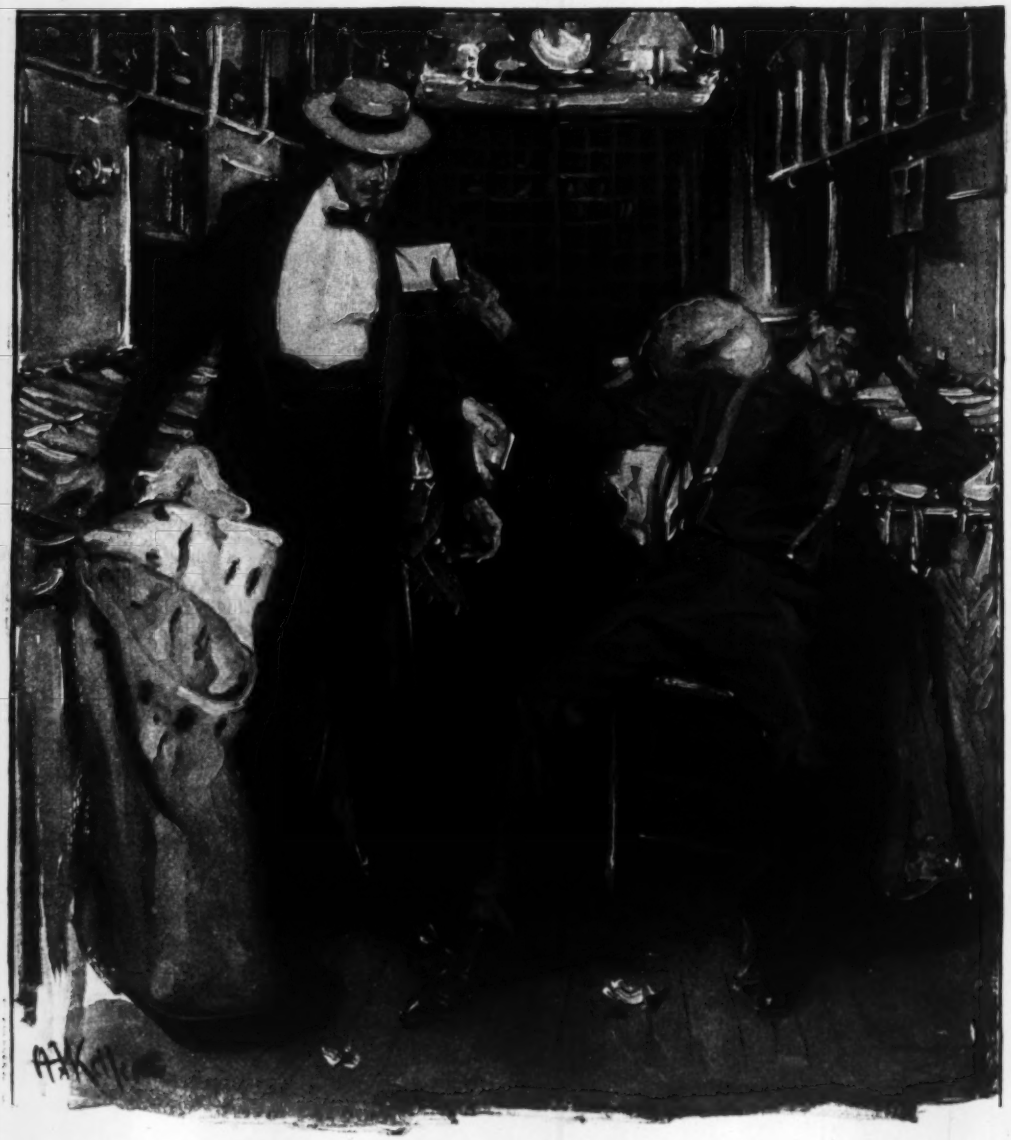
"Really!" cried the girl with red ribbons. "Were n't you scared to *death?*"

"At first," answered Cadmus, "I was afraid. You see, so many unkind, cruel things might have happened. But they did n't." He spoke earnestly. "Have you forgotten?" he asked of the rest — "I am sure we all have — what a beautiful place the world is? To-day I seemed to find out for the first time — that there is no

"'O, shut up!' enjoined Cadmus"



"'THE—PERSON WHO BROUGHT ME WAS OBLIGED TO CATCH A TRAIN AND HE—HE LEFT ME HERE.' HER SMILE WAS TURNED AWAY BEFORE SHE FINISHED"



"'My friend,' said the clerk, 'I give this letter back into your hands freely and gladly'"

unkindness, no cruelty in it. It was made for us — for us to enjoy, for us to be happy in."

Before the flame which leaped into his eyes, Miss Beattie's fell. The other man watched her shrewdly.

"You have made a great discovery," he said to Cadmus. "A greater one than ever Columbus made." He turned to the girl in the red ribbons. "Let us play billiards again," he said, "and again and again, until we too find out that there is nothing wrong with the world."

She moved off at once with a brisk nod, in the direction of the billiard-room. The man who had been dancing with Miss Beattie had been annexed by an elderly lady with a pince-nez.

"I think," said the other man slowly turning to Miss Beattie, "that I should like to shake hands with you. And," he went on, "if we should be quarantined again, I should — I think I should like to — to talk to you — to ——"

"In the meantime," suggested Cadmus laying a gently compelling hand upon his shoulder, "the girl with the bit of bright color about her person is waiting to play billiards with you."

THE BOTANIST AND THE MACHINE

BY

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

AUTHOR OF "THE NEW MISSIONER," "OLD MAN JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

ZENITH was fairly throbbing with events, and not unnaturally excited over them; for a small mining village, situated on the very edge of timber line, is singularly dependent on its own resources for interest and entertainment.

In the first place, it was drawing near the season for the community to choose a mayor, always a circumstance of sufficient importance to create a vast ripple in the stagnant waters of twice-told village gossip — gossip which deals exclusively with the affairs of one's neighbors and the varying output of the different mines.

This year, moreover, the momentous political event was invested with certain extraneous elements which had developed a spirit of more than ordinary partizanship among the voters. The contest for the office lay between two young miners of the place, Harris Creamer and Dave Bascum; and both were fully on their mettle.

At first glance this might seem difficult to understand; there being no salary attached to the position and few duties, it could hardly be regarded as a political plum. But this election differed from previous campaigns in that through the dun-colored woof of party policy, ran the golden thread of romance.

In fact, the situation was instinct with sentimental interest, and this was contributed by Birdie Green, the village seamstress and the village belle, who although she had arrived at her twenty-sixth year in a Colorado mining camp was still unmarried. And this in spite of certain obvious attractions consisting of curly, red hair, laughing blue eyes, and a frank and gay manner All sunshine and daylight was Birdie Green; yet, in the village mind, there was something sinister attached to her personality, and her name was never mentioned without the blasting title of "Hoo-doo!" accompanying it, for three times had Birdie been on the very eve of marriage when sickness or accident had bereft her of a bridegroom.

She, however, being a normal and natural young woman of a temperament to let willingly the dead past bury its dead, accepted without any particular apprehension Harris Creamer's manifestly timid attentions, which had ultimately led to an engagement, although the date of the wedding suffered continual postponement because of her lover's superstitious fears.

Creamer, a conceited, weak-chinned fellow, had never overcome certain distinct misgivings concerning the evil spell his promised bride was supposed to exercise, and he held many uneasy communings with himself over the fate of her former suitors. On the whole, he viewed it as a grievous destiny that he should have been irresistibly drawn to Birdie Green; and to add to his mental dismay she had recently proved so alluring that in a rash moment, when trepidation was temporarily swallowed up in ardor, he had urged her to "name the day."

As if in punishment for his temerity, the very next morning he received an intimation that by stretching forth his hand for the prize he stood an excellent chance of being nominated as the candidate of his party for mayor. In that hour all his fears came home to roost. He argued to himself and to Birdie that, since the question of his election must be decided within a few weeks, it were unwise to hasten the preparations for the wedding, and thus tempt the malign influence which delighted in hurling thunderbolts at her admirers.

With a certain shrewd insight, he also discerned that she might be made to serve an excellent purpose in the campaign; and so, it was announced from headquarters and quickly disseminated through the camp that, "if Harris Creamer 's 'lected, him an' Birdie Green is goin' to get married right off."

"Well," remarked the bluff and burly Mrs. Nitschkan, after commenting on this fact in an across-the-fence conference with some of her friends, "what we got to do now is to hustle right out an' 'lect Harris."

"I say so, too," affirmed Mrs. Thomas. "I think it's kind o' bold of Birdie, stalking 'round here unmarried to all the dances an' everything; an' her twenty-six years old. She's been waitin', Lord knows how long, on Harris; an' now if he ain't 'lected, an' they don't get married, why they ain't no show of her ever gettin' anybody. All the boys is dead scared of her anyways. It 's her last chance, girls; an' we 'll have to make a house-to-house canvass."

"You remember what happened the last time we made a house-to-house canvass," said the tiny but indomitable Mrs. Evans with icy significance. "More 'n one of us got our jaws slapped. But," briskly, "that 's neither here, nor there. What I want to talk to you girls about is this. My man, Sile, is chairman of the committee that 's workin' for Harris, an' he 's goin' over to Mt. Tabor this morning to get some bills printed. Now, I think I 'll go along, an' see if that printer won't throw in Birdie's an' Harris's weddin' invitations for the same price; an' then, as soon as Harris is elected, we can spring 'em on the folks. Harris won't dare back out, if he knows we 've got the invitations."

"You certainly are got a head full of ideas, Evans," cried Mrs. Nitschkan, slapping her heartily on the back. "You just go right along an' do that. But see here, girls, there 's a new vote in the camp to be looked after."

"Who iss dat?" asked Mrs. Landvetter, leaning against the fence like a great feather bolster.

"That 'Lunger' that 's been here all winter, takin' the open air cure — that magpie, with his black hair, an' eyes an' clothes, an' his white face an' shirt. A bot'nist, they call him. Well, he 's awful thick with Dave Bascum."

"I don't care how thick he is with him, so long as he don't vote for him," said Mrs. Evans with determination. "And us girls have got to see to that. I guess we ain't worked some in politics for nothing."

That this was no idle boast, and that these ladies had not been inept scholars in the school of practical politics may be adduced from the fact that shortly after this conversation took place one of the Solons of the village summed up the situation with due finality from his cane-seated chair in Tom Houston's assaying office.

"As far as I can see," he announced oracularly, "Harris Creamer's got the matter cinched. The bossy women in this camp is determined to see Birdie Green married an' settled; and this is her chance. Maybe Harris ain't the fellow we would have chose for her; but he suits her, an' with the women all workin' for him, I don't see how they's any show for him to get beat."

Thus was the mayoralty almost unanimously conceded to Creamer, save by his enemies and a few intimate friends of his opponent. It was the opponent himself who finally determined to divert the tide of public opinion into his own channels, although the manner of doing so had not yet suggested itself to him.

Dave Bascum was a gay, devil-may-care fellow, optimistic and happy, handsome in a gypsy way, and a general favorite of the gods and men, one not used to being gainsaid by fortune, and it went hard with him. He had gone into this village contest on the insistence of his friends, and without giving the matter any particular thought. But having once accepted his candidacy, he found himself possessed of an unexpected but earnest desire to win the game.

As the passion of emulation stirred within him, he assured himself that he did not mind being beaten in a fair fight, but he did object to a tame, spiritless walk-over. Another source of irritation was Creamer's crowing air of victory, his cock-sureness, his swaggering certainty of success.

But, although goaded to fresh activity by this stinging thorn, Dave Bascum's wits worked to no purpose. In the present state of super-sentimental village consciousness, his cause seemed hopeless even to himself.

One evening as he sat brooding over the fire in the cabin where he "bached" alone, the "Lunger Bot'nist," as Mrs. Nitschkan had nicknamed him, dropped in, according to his frequent custom, to smoke and talk. Naturally, they soon fell into a discussion of

'Bascum gazed at him a moment with a dawning apprehension of his meaning"

the present topic of absorbing interest in Zenith — the political situation; and Bascum spent himself in telling Professor James MacMillan, lounging opposite him, long and lank and somewhat saturnine, of the joy it would be to get up in the Town Hall packed with miners, and tell Creamer what he thought of him.

"Oh, I 'd make him a speech," he cried, "I 'd say, 'If a man can't get elected without shieldin' himself behind a petticoat an' a girl's natural longin' for a home of her own why he 'd better stay out of the runnin.'

"'I 'll tell you what I think of Creamer, boys,' I 'd say, 'I think he's a d—— coward. I don't care whether a girl's a hoo-doo or not.

"IN TRUTH, HE FELT BOTH COMFORTABLE AND WELL ENTERTAINED"

I don't care whether Tom Ward an' Slim Barker an' Joe Rafferty all died or got killed after they was engaged to Birdie Green, or not. They was good fellows an' gentlemen, an' probably glad to die for a lady. But if Miss Green has consented to marry Creamer, why the dickens don't they get married now? 'Cause he 's afraid, my friends. 'Cause he cares more for the office than for the woman he loves. That 's why, my friends, that I oppose this man.'"

He paused with uplifted arm and then knocked the ashes from his pipe into the grate. "Aw, what 's the use;" he murmured, "they would n't listen. But it 's a shame. Birdie Green is too nice a girl to get such a skunk. A nice, good girl an' pretty too. Yes, I always thought Birdie was——"

"Well," asked MacMillan leaning forward with a sparkle of fun in his somber eyes, "why do not you ——"

Bascum gazed at him a moment with a dawning apprehension of his meaning and then fell back in his chair with a sudden burst of laughter.

"By Gad, I 'll do it!" smiting his knee, "I 'll fix his clock for him. Since they 're making Birdie Green a campaign issue, I don't see what copyright Creamer's got on her. Let 's see, there 's goin' to be a dance at the Town Hall to-morrow night. I 'll see then what can be done about cuttin' Mr. Harris Creamer out. All 's fair in love an' war, Professor, an' as far as I can see, this is both."

MacMillan smiled into the fire. "You 're bucking against the machine, my boy, and petticoat government is as subtle as Indian warfare."

But his warning fell upon barren soil, for the next night when the lamps upon the unplastered, gray-painted walls of the Town Hall threw their smoky radiance over the carefully waxed if slightly uneven floor, Birdie Green, bewitching in a dark green skirt and a white shirt-waist, her curly hair tumbled, her cheeks aglow and her eyes brilliant with excitement, danced the "Boston," the "Princess" and the "Bon-ton" with Dave Bascum, in addition to various polkas and waltzes.

It is needless to state that there was a storm of comment throughout the assemblage and considerable rallying of Harris Creamer, who, with difficulty, concealed his emotions and received it with a lofty smile.

"Truth is, boys," he explained, "Birdie's kind-hearted an' she tried her best to-night to be nice to poor Dave. It was my special request."

He also deemed it best to ignore the subject as he and Birdie walked home through the velvety, black night, for there was that in her manner which did not invite reproof; but when he and all Zenith had the further surprise of seeing Dave Bascum and herself stroll up the mountain road together the following Sunday afternoon, he felt the necessity of a dignified expostulation.

To his dismay, this was received in anything but the spirit that he had anticipated. Hitherto, Birdie had always accepted his provisos as to the time of their marriage, and his frequent and somewhat complaining references to her alleged baleful tendencies with a subdued and proper meekness; but now he found her wilful, impatient of restraint, resolutely opposed to slighting Bascum, or treating his attentions as the insult which Harris contended they were. All of his arguments, remonstrances and reproofs, she met with a feminine and, to her, perfectly satisfactory, "I don't care."

As a consequence, Creamer left her more in anger than in sorrow; but as he walked away from the house with the trill of her careless and offensively joyous song in his ears, he realized the real insecurity of his position and the sickening fact that owing to Bascum's "dam' foolin'," as he called it, Birdie now had the whip-hand, for he was fully aware that his sole hope of election rested on his ability to keep up the sentimental interest which encompassed him.

He therefore repressed his natural inclination to lay down the law in regard to Birdie's acquaintance with Bascum in no uncertain terms, and, instead, forced himself to mention the subject with an uneasy jocularity.

To add to his discomfiture, the Silver City Mills, of which Bascum was foreman, had laid off their men for a few days so that Dave had the leisure to persist in his attentions with an ardor which was far from being simulated and which caused Harris the liveliest apprehension.

Now it happened that the third afternoon that Bascum and Birdie sauntered up the mountain side together, the Ladies' Aid Society had assembled at Mrs. Landvetter's home. It was an event of unusual importance, for Professor MacMillan had consented

to accept the hospitality of this politico-religious organization, although he fully realized that there was probably more design than hospitality in the seemingly innocent desire for his presence.

"We kind o' feel that we ain't showed you the respect that had ought to be showed a college perfessor," cooed Mrs. Thomas, who had been deputed to present the invitation, for as Mrs. Nitschkan trenchantly remarked, "We all know Marthy Thomas is a d— fool; but they's no denying that she can get around any man that ever lived."

"There won't be no one there but jes' a few women," continued Mrs. Thomas, letting her long lashes sweep her pink and white cheeks and dimpling engagingly, "but we knew you would n't mind, bein' a Perfessor and used to classes of 'em."

And MacMillan accepted and sat among the feminine group with an ease and nonchalance which would have aroused the envy and admiration of every miner in Zenith. In truth, he felt both comfortable and well entertained. The sunny kitchen was filled with the fragrant and mingled aromas of tea and coffee. Upon the table were several plates containing various kinds of cake to be partaken of when the tea was brewed and the coffee boiled. In anticipation of this refection, Mrs. Nitschkan was noisily setting out cups and saucers while the other members of the Society plied their needles.

"Your cold 's considerable better, ain't it, Perfessor?" asked Mrs. Evans, by the way of making polite conversation.

"Very much better, thank you," returned MacMillan. "My lungs were only slightly affected."

The women glanced covertly at one another with faintly shocked expressions on their faces. The wayfarers in the mountains, sent thither by order of their physician, speak lightly of their "colds," or "slight affections of the throat;" and such brutal facts as diseased lungs are never mentioned.

Mrs. Thomas shook her head mournfully. "It 's funny," she said; "but scarce anybody comes here for their lungs that they don't get better for a spell, an' then they give out sudden, an' we girls is got to take turns nursin' 'em."

Mrs. Evans stirred uneasily. The trend the conversation had taken did not appeal to her native sense of tact. His vote was yet to be won.

"Oh, you 'll be all right as soon as you can get out of doors, an' dig your flowers," she said to create a diversion, "spring 's comin' up fast. Look." She drew aside the stiffly-ironed, white muslin curtain before the window and let them gaze out upon the timid radiance of spring in the mountains, the tender gray of the sage bushes against the pink rocks, the tender green of the unfolding leaves of aspen and maple against the blue sky.

Suddenly she started violently, "Well!" explosively. "If here ain't Birdie Green an' Dave Bascum out together again."

There was an immediate craning of heads. "I do' know what to think of Birdie," deplored Mrs. Thomas.

"Perhaps she likes Bascum the better of the two," murmured MacMillan idly stirring his tea.

"Umph," sniffed Mrs. Evans, snapping off a bit of thread as she picked up her sewing again, "We all know how it is with Birdie an' I 'll jus' explain it to you Perfessor. It 's this way, Birdie Green ain't talked to me again and again without my knowin' some of the workin's of her mind. Me an' Mis' Thomas has been right with her through all her afflictions, ain't we, Mis' Thomas? When Joe Rafferty was blown to bits in the "Gold Bug" because he waited too long after he lit his fuse, it was us that had to get her fitted out for the funeral. An' a time we had of it. Birdie's a funny size, you know. Well, her hips took up my black skirt so it would n't reach to her shoe-tops, an' a skirt like that would n't do for a girl that was almost a widow. Certainly, we was in the devil of a fix; but I shut my jaws like this, an' I says:

"'Marthy Thomas, there 'll be folks from Mt. Tabor, from the Springs, from Diamond City, an' all around; an' Birdie Green's goin' to this funeral, an' she 's goin' right.'

"Well, to make a long story short, we took Mis' Thomas's black skirt and pinned it up in front so she could walk, and let it trail in the back. Then we got her into my black waist. 'Course, it would n't meet by six inches, so we pinned a piece of black silk in, makin' a sort of a vest. Her veil dropped over it so it did n't show; but the last words I said to her before she went to the church was:

"'Birdie, no matter what your feelings are, don't sob hard or you 'll bust that vest, an' the pins 'll be flyin' all over the church.'

"When she got home after it was all over, her hands was as red as beets an' swollen up like pincushions from her tight sleeves. 'Oh, well,' she says, 'I did n't care; the pain in 'em kind o' took my mind off poor Joe.'— Yes, thank you, Mis' Landvetter, jes' lay me off a piece of the lemon-jelly layer an' some of the sunshine cake.

"Then when Slim Barker passed away with the tyfroid, three days before him an' Birdie was to been married, you all remember how it was, there was n't a black skirt in the camp, an' Mis' Barker had to keep the dye-pot boilin' the whole day before the funeral to get her an' Birdie skirts to wear.

"'Now, Birdie,' I says, 'let this be a lesson to you. Always keep a good black dress on hand. Get it of nice stuff an' make it nice, an' it will do to wear to the dance, an' if anything does come up, you 'll have it.' Sure enough, when Tom Ward was drivin' that load of ore down 'Excelsior' an' the brake broke an' the horses run an' poor Tom got his head whacked against a tree, she was ready for the occasion. Now I 've told you all this to show you that I ain't so dumb but what I can see through a three-foot plank; an' it 's this way. Birdie Green is jus' so scared for fear that she 's goin' to hoo-doo Harris Creamer's chances that she 's workin' to have the lightning strike the other man."

"I had not thought of that," said MacMillan seriously. "You have really presented a new view of the matter to me, Mrs. Evans."

"It 's true as gospel, Perfessor," fervently corroborated Mrs. Thomas. "Birdie Green's a noble girl, an' we all got to rally at the polls fer her. Drat you, Nitschkan, you know I don't take sugar in my tea."

"Pass him the cake an' coffee, Landvetter," murmured Mrs. Evans in a low, rapid aside, emphasizing the remark with a push of her foot. "Keep him filled up. You know men."

"A leedle more cake, Perfessor?" urged Mrs. Landvetter. "Mis' Nitschkan, you gif him anodder cup of coffee."

MacMillan extended himself like a cat in his chair, and almost purred.

"Now, Perfessor, that you 've learnt the truth of this matter," said Mrs. Evans, speaking with emphasis, "I 'm a comin' out fair an' square, to tell you how much I want you with us. I know you 're a friend of Dave's, an' maybe you think that because Birdie's been a cuttin' around with him, p'rhaps she likes him better than Harris; but all girls is that way, if they get the chance. Truth is, Perfessor, your man's sense ain't good in a case like this. We 're women, an' we know the ways of women. 'Course, Birdie ain't entirely without blame in the matter ——"

"No, she ain't," interrupted Mrs. Nitschkan. "We 've talked to her more 'n once; but she only shuts her mouth like a mule, an' won't say nothin'."

"Oh, Birdie 'll come around all right," said Mrs. Evans carelessly, darting a baleful look at her coadjutor. "But we all know, Perfessor, that you want to be right in this; an' it 's doin' right to vote fer Harris. He 's Birdie's last chance; for Dave don't mean nothin' serious, an' anyway, we got the weddin' cards all printed, an' that 's jus' as bindin' as if Birdie had taken her oaths before the altar. The day 's set two days after election, an' we 're goin' to send the cards out two days before. Now, you will vote for Harris, won't you Perfessor?"

MacMillan smiled. "I could n't refuse my vote to a lady," he said chivalrously, "the only question is, which lady?" with an enigmatic smile.

"Don't you worry over that," said Mrs. Nitschkan, slapping him heartily on the back, "Please one, an' you please all of us."

But as the days went on, in spite of the efforts of the machine, the delicate barometer of public sentiment proved fluctuating and uncertain. Nevertheless, even if Creamer's supporters were becoming a little less confident of the results of the approaching election, the camp, in the main, was enjoying to the full a situation which daily became more complicated.

Birdie, for certain feminine reasons best known to herself, persisted in openly and flagrantly accepting Bascum's attentions; and Creamer, observing that the hints, admonitions, and remonstrances that he dared venture in the present delicate state of his affairs, had fallen upon stony ground, had apparently accepted the situation.

By this very attitude, he lost prestige. "If Harris don't like Dave Bascum setting around at Birdie Green's every night, why don't he kick him out. 'Course, Birdie's tryin' to throw the hoo-doo on poor Dave, but it does seem small of Harris to let another man be the sacrifice," was the universal masculine comment.

Thus they reasoned, not realizing Harris's inward dread of his rival, and his fear of Birdie openly stating a preference for Bascum before the important day.

"I don't care so much after I 'm 'lected," he said to himself. "The way Birdie's treated me, Dave Bascum can have her and welcome; but I ain't a goin' to let him beat me all around."

As if to add force to his fears, a few days before election it was rumored that Bascum's attentions were not merely for the devilment of Creamer; but that he had succumbed to Birdie's attractions and was pursuing his suit with ardor.

As this report gained credence, the Ladies' Aid Society knew moments of panic. "He told Sile, Dave Bascum did," related Mrs. Evans, "that he started in to make Birdie Green a campaign issue; but he had n't no such thoughts now. All he wanted was Birdie an' he meant to have her. An' Sile's give me the devil for havin' the weddin' cards done with the campaign printin'. We never had such a political muddle as this before."

"An' they look so nice too," deplored Mrs. Thomas. "Mayor Harris Creamer an' Birdie Green as big as life on 'em."

"Gosh A'Mighty! Birdie's got no right to make a scandal like this," cried Mrs. Nitschkan emphatically. "Her duty 's as plain as the nose on her face. The Bishop he says to me when he come down from the Range las' week:

"'Zenith's got a pretty little romance on hand now. It isn't often that love an' politics go hand in hand.'

"Then I passed by Mis' Creamer's this morning. She was sittin' on the front step stonin' raisins. 'What 's up now?' I says. 'Oh, I 'm a makin' the bride's cake,' she says. 'It 'll be the best you ever put a knife into.'

"No," bringing her fist down on the table with a bang. "Birdie's made trouble enough in the past. I don't say it 's her fault; but what I do say is that us girls has got to keep her from makin' any more. We 've talked an' we 've talked, an' it ain't done no good, an' now we 've got to make her do what 's right. Them weddin' cards is not goin' to be wasted."

But even while they held counsel as to the next move on the political chess-board, a message was brought them from MacMillan requesting their presence at his cabin that evening and urging them to bring the wedding invitations with them.

"He 's goin' to help us address 'em, thank the Lord!" said Mrs. Nitschkan joyously, as in the pine-scented dusk of the early spring twilight they bent their footsteps toward the Botanist's cabin. In answer to their knock, MacMillan himself opened the door and ushered them into his far from uncheerful quarters.

A small wood fire crackled merrily on the hearth, skins covered the floor, and Navajo blankets and Indian baskets decked the walls, giving the long room an aspect of comfort which savored delightfully of the wild.

"I shall have to ask you ladies to make the tea and coffee for me," said MacMillan pleasantly, while they divested themselves of cloaks and hoods. "I should never dare offer any of my brew, after having tasted Mrs. Landvetter's."

Mrs. Nitschkan carefully placed a square pasteboard box on the table. "Weddin' cards," she announced. "We thought we 'd take 'em around to-morrow."

"All addressed, are they?" asked MacMillan interestedly.

"No, only about half. I wisht you 'd a seen Mis' Landvetter when she was writin' hers. She had her tongue stuck clear around in her ear."

"Us poor women's got a lot to bear," sighed Mrs. Thomas. "In other states, they can sit peaceful in their homes, but here we 're drug into politics."

At this moment there was a sound without of approaching footsteps and of laughter, light, happy, woman's laughter, mingled with man's deeper mirth.

"Ladies," said MacMillan quickly and nervously, "I hope you won't be angry; but I 've a confession to make. I 've asked you here this evening to be present at the marriage of Miss Birdie Green and Dave Bascum."

There was a moment of stupefied silence — the gasps of realization — a babel of clamoring, and then the door was thrown open and there entered Birdie flushed and merry in a new gray alpaca gown, Dave in Sunday clothes, and the whiskered and brawny minister from Mt. Tabor.

Mrs. Evans, quick to act, faced them defiantly. Mrs. Nitschkan too had sprung to her feet. Mrs. Thomas had subsided into soft weeping, and Mrs. Landvetter rocked to

and fro murmuring disjointedly, "You can't neffer tell."

"Well, Birdie Green!" cried Mrs. Evans shrilly, arms defiantly akimbo, "I wonder you got the nerve to come where you are. After we 've let you help with our sewin' all these years, too. Such ungrateness! An' I 'll jus' tell you, Mr. Lunger Bot'nist, that I 've heard of pizen deceit; but not like this, not like this! Did n't you promise me your vote? Did n't you, did n't you?" her voice rising to a scream.

Oh, Mis' Evans, keep ca'm, keep ca'm," wailed Mrs. Thomas, pulling her friend's skirt. "You 'll have one of your attackts, sure."

"I said I could n't refuse my vote to a lady; but I never said which lady," explained MacMillan with a smile at Birdie.

"Aw, now, Mis' Nitschkan," placated Bascum, as that energetic lady expressed her view of the matter to him with preparatory rollings up of the sleeves.

But Birdie had her arms about her, and was weeping on her shoulder. "Oh, don't treat me so hard," she wailed. "You ladies have always been so good to me that I could n't get married without you bein' here to see." At her words an electric comprehension of something new in the situation seemed to communicate itself to the disaffected.

"Birdie," said Mrs. Evans slowly and impressively, "Answer me, an' answer me true. Who else is invited? Every hobo in the camp, I s'pose?" bitterly.

"No indeed, Mrs. Evans," interposed MacMillan hastily, "Miss Birdie would have no one but you four ladies. She said she would n't feel married without you."

Mrs. Thomas dried her tears. "Is Caroline Barnes comin'?" suspiciously.

"No, Mrs. Thomas."

"Nor Jane Waters?" threateningly from Mrs. Nitschkan.

"No one but yourselves."

"I only wanted you," sobbed Birdie.

A mollified expression stole over the faces of MacMillan's guests. Their importance had merely been added unto, not decreased; and the game was still in their hands.

With a quick recognition of this fact Mrs. Evans allowed her face to relax into a reluctant smile. "Dump them invitations into the stove, Nitschkan," she said briefly. "They 'll think we been aimin' for this right along. We 've worked our fingers to the bone to get Birdie married an' now I guess we can turn in an' 'lect Dave."

COOM, LASSIE, BE GOOD TO ME

BY

CHARLES McILVAINE

COOM, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye dear?
Ye 've taen a' my hairt, ye shall hae a' my gear:
I wadna be gangin' aboot all alane
If the warld were a' siller, an' you not my ain.

The birds are a' matin', the flowers wed the grass,
An' you are my springtime, my ain bonnie lass:
Like kiss o' the sun to the life-springin' sod,
Put your lips to my ain; were I you I wad.

My hairt is a thumpin' like sticks on a drum,
Just rantin' wi' hunger; coom, gie it a crumb;
My eyes are a' thirstin' like night for the dew,
Let them drink, my ain darlin', in one look frae you.

Coom, fill up the crook o' my long waitin' airm,
I 'll huddle ye close an' I 'll shiel' ye frae hairm,
Put your han' in my ain; let me spier in your ear;—
Coom, Lassie, be good to me. Winna ye, dear?

ON BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

BY

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE COURT OF BOYVILLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FERNAND LUNGREN

ONCE an artist who loved the wilderness brought his bride to the head of the Bright Angel Trail. It was night when they came to their journey's end, and the man persuaded the woman not to look upon the Grand Cañon until morning. When the sun was high, he blindfolded her and led her out of the log hotel that stood upon the brink of the precipice to a point of rock that overhangs the abyss. For two days and nights they had been riding through the desert, flat and gray with blue mountains flicking in and out of the horizon, with a few jarring crevasses and buttes and bluffs to emphasize the tranquillity of the scene. The desert, with its somber serenity, had charmed her soul, and left it in a fine repose. As she stood blindfolded, she could think of nothing but the great level stretches of sand and sage and cactus. The man had told the woman little of the Cañon, and when he took the bandage from her eyes he held her very tightly as she looked out across the miles and miles of tumult of form and riot of color that seemed to swirl thousands of feet below her and around her. As from the clouds she looked down into an illimitable, red-tinged, ash-colored hell, abandoned and turned to stone aeons and aeons ago. She stared amazed at the awful thing for a long minute, and then, as the tears of inexplicable emotion dimmed her eyes, she turned and cried vehemently at her artist husband:

"If you ever try to paint that, I 'll leave you."

To define in terms of miles this great gash in the earth, to say that the granite gorge section is sixty miles long, that it is a dozen or more miles wide and more than a mile deep, merely emphasizes the inability of the human mind to focus dimensions really vast. It seems shameful to put these figures down. They have their basis in the reaches of the human eye, in the short goings of man's intellect; but the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River, in Arizona, is one of the forces that makes the measureless inexpressible impressions of this life There are few of them in the world — great primal things — the ocean, the desert, the mountains, the forest, the sky, and the great crowded cities of men. During the thousands of years of recorded time men have found some sort of halting expression for these mighty externals of the soul; the ocean has come to us in ten thousand sea songs most of which the race has long since forgotten; the desert and the mountains have been translated into language, even if imperfectly; the sky, which must have been man's first conscious source of terror when he rose from all-fours, has taught men to fear and then worship until now its moods fit into human moods, "with a mild and healing sympathy"; the woods, "man's first temples," still mean to the children of men all that is mystic, all that is vague and illusory in the groping human heart; cities for thousands of years have meant toil, injustice, and bondage — vanity, vexation, and woe. So this Cañon some day must have its special meaning to mankind, for it is like nothing else on earth. It is neither mountain nor desert nor sky, though it takes from all of them; but rather is it like the ocean in the eternality of its existence. For the Cañon seems infinitely old, and as permanent as space. But what it is and what it means to the world, other ages will have to say. They must discover it. For hundreds of years the Indians and primitive peoples have known of this Cañon, yet no

mention of it is found in their religion or their folk-lore. The gold-seeking Spaniards of the Conquest, went to the brink; looked over and marched on, apparently unimpressed. One of their chroniclers calls the Cañon a "rent in the earth," and lets it go at that. The American pioneers saw it; but its strange and monstrous shape was beyond their ken or care, and they passed by without permanent word to attest that they saw it at all. The thing has not even been named; the title Grand Cañon is trite; it is a name that might have come from off a cigar-box, or from the dress-goods counter of a department store. The man who really discovers this profound expression of God in Nature will name it, and the name will mean something.

Last year thirteen thousand people saw the Cañon, according to the auditor's report of the "railroad to the rim." The year before last only six thousand persons visited the place, and before the railroad came, the number was counted in terms of hundreds rather than of thousands. It is safe to assume that within the coming decade the number of visitors to the Cañon will be twenty thousand a year. The writers, and painters, and preachers, and leaders of thought in the land will visit the place in larger numbers than will persons from the materialistic walks of life. For these thoughtful people are the travelers and seekers after spiritual impressions, and also they are the givers of impressions to the multitude — they are veritable clearing-houses of the country's ideas and ideals. Through the world's thinkers the Cañon must speak to the world.

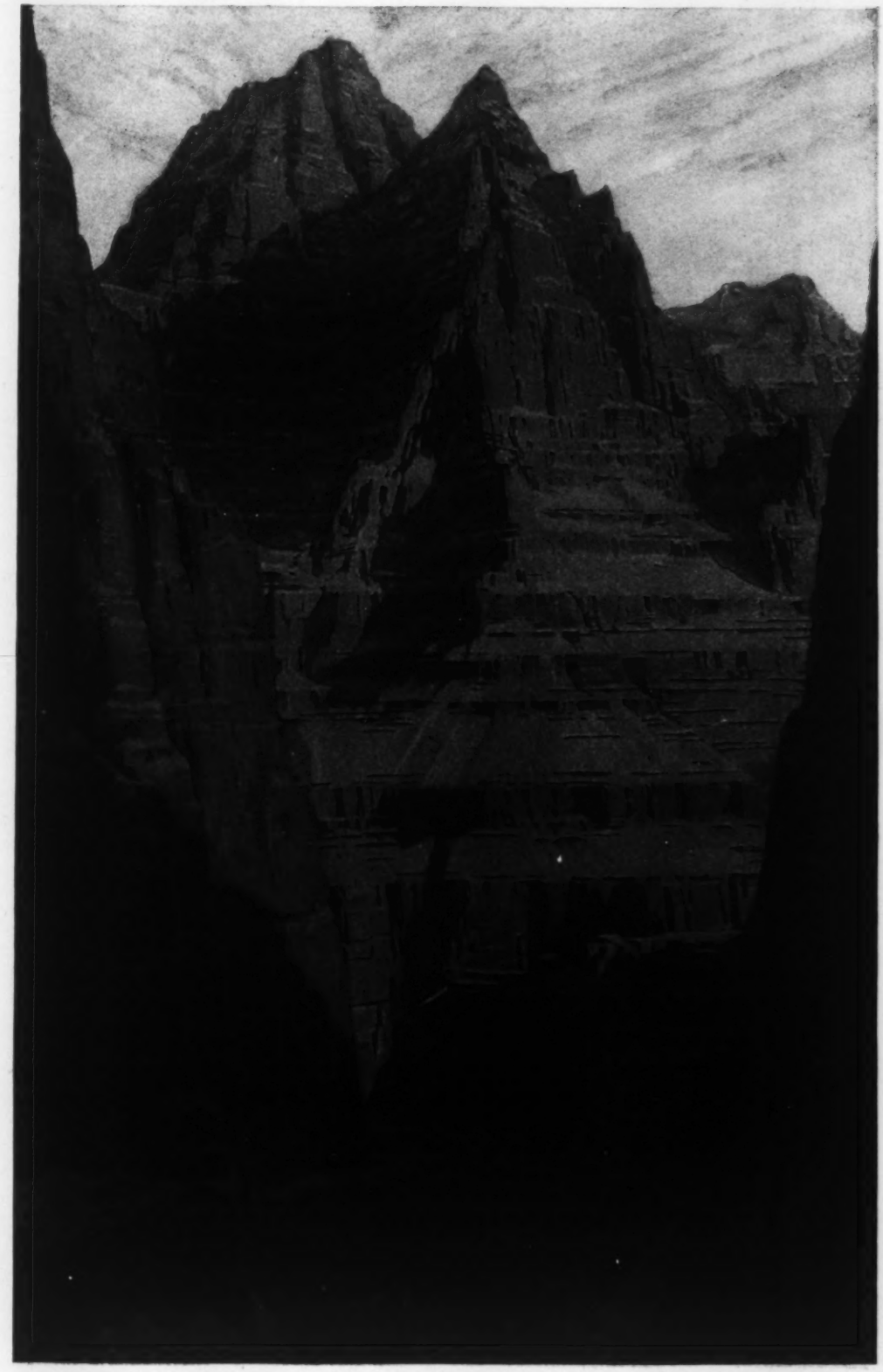
It cannot be that the fascination one feels in looking at this Cañon is a delusion having its root in idleness or mere self-mesmerism. The Cañon must have some meaning for men, as the other "visible forms" of Nature have. The sea, with its ceaseless motion and its changeless shores, may have taught men poetry and given them the first dreams of immortality; the woods have taught men to pray, and the sky has taught them hope. Here at this Cañon, the sun and the dry, clear air are painting a changing picture, full of color, full of the spirit of motion, full of mystery. One should not say that the Cañon is beautiful; it transcends mere beauty and passes into a "far more exceeding glory." But the heart of it is color. It is a rhapsody in color — great splashes and bands and daubs of color—blue shadows, deep and dead; tawny, strawberry-tinged layers of granite; all the yellows in the paint-box; greens and gray-greens and pinks and lavenders, with the half-tones floating on the sun wraiths that haunt the air. He who can look at this monster chasm and not feel his soul stirring in uncanny sympathy with its depth, is dead, and Gabriel's trumpet will do little for him. One may hold communion with it as with great music; with the monody of the ocean, or with any of those big primitive expressions of the force that moves the universe, whether through man in art or through what we call Nature, as God made it. No better proof is needed of the existence of a dominant mind through all the universe than the consideration of how, on the one hand, the great passionate outbursts of the masters are art — great symphonies, great paintings, great messages to men, through words or symbols — and of how, on the other hand, the sights and sounds of stark, untamed Nature rouse the human soul from its lethargy in the same miraculous fashion. The God that moves through "Lear" and "Lohengrin," is He who "plants his footsteps on the sea" and "rides upon the storm." The pilgrim to the Cañon must not go as one who visits a peep-show or a freak of Nature, but approach it as Moses came to the burning bush.

The best possible view of the Cañon is from the top. There the atmosphere piles up over the crags and peaks beneath one's feet, and through this atmosphere, when the day is at its height, the actinic rays of the sun paint marvels in the huge, gaping furrow in the earth. From the rim one gets two impressions — so strong that they seem almost too big for the soul to hold — like the soul-smiting terror that comes to one who gazes long at the stars. The two impressions are of numberless infinitely-reaching horizontal lines and of eternal silence. There are few curves in the stretches of stratified rock that make colored ribbons many miles long; and the human eye is not used to taking in so much. Over these vistas the dry air of the desert quivers with the heat. Perhaps it is the river mist rising, perhaps it is sheer delusion; but in the motion that seems to stir the radiant air, a white wraith floats, eluding the eyes that would locate it, yet ever present in the sunlight that falls upon the facing cliffs. One feels that this illusory apparition is the spirit of silence that

dominates the scene. And it is the silence of the place that appalls; for such a turmoil, even of rock, as rages beneath one, would seem in the nature of things to need some wild voice to release its wrath; but here is silence so deep that an engine's scream could not rend one corner of the measureless pall. One is bewildered with the maddening thrall of pulsing air, and throbbing color, and beckoning lines all leading to dreams of infinite life; and against that — the silence of infinite death. Indeed, the spirit of the thing below seems to creep into a man's soul through his body and lay hold upon his heart and his nerves. At night, as he lies in his bed, the terrific depths that strained his eyes by day reach up and grapple him. Many a man has clutched the bedclothes in a tremor of fright at the recollection of the scene. The phantasm of this red pit is real, as real as Nature's other manifestations that move her children.

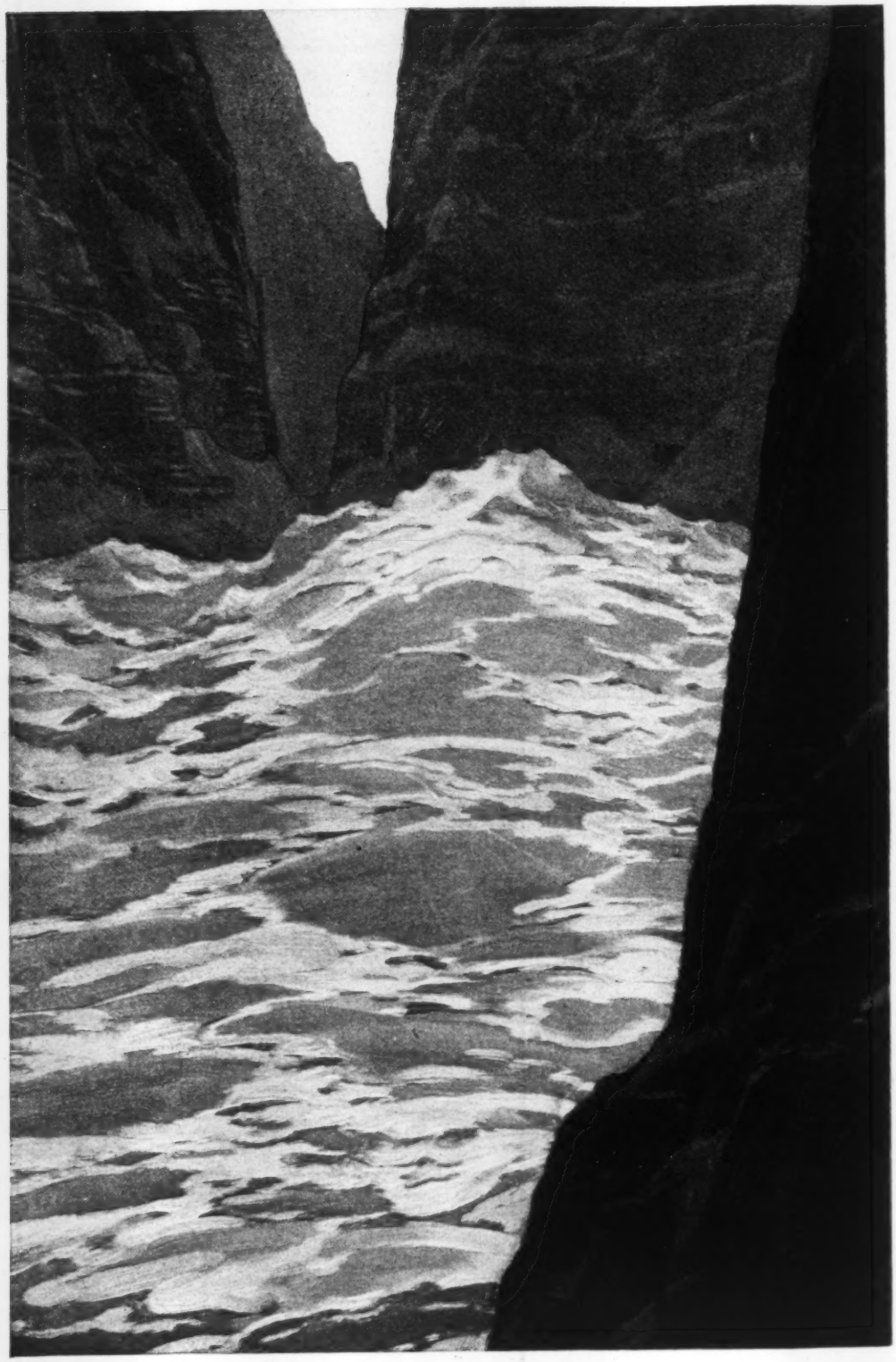
One might know the Cañon from the rim for years and not get tired of it; for as a whole its charm is exhaustless. But if he would break the entity, and know the Cañon in detail, one must go down into it; and of all the trails, they say Bright Angel is best. It winds down an amphitheater of white and red and gray-green rock, big enough and beautiful enough for a heaven. There is a curious thing about this trail, as about all mountain trails for that matter, that has its parallel in life. Although from every place along the edges the drop seems sheer for four thousand feet, wherever one comes to the actual drop, it is but a few feet, fifty or a hundred or so. There is no place where one may stand and look squarely down. The eye always finds a near-by rest. Just so the human mind may not look over the brink of life into immortality. The mind stops at death, and beyond that are the mocking mists and the impenetrable silence. Death is ever at our feet, a little further down the trail.

The Bright Angel Trail starts down the line of a sharp angle, and into what seems thin air; then it turns a corner and plunges down the face of the rock again. Until he has been on the trail an hour one does not realize that he is descending the walls of an amphitheater, for the way is so crooked and so narrow that it seems to have no general direction. Between the top and the bottom of the chasm there appear to be nine levels about five hundred feet apart; marking the widening of the gulf from the few hundred feet of the river bed to the twelve miles from brink to brink, but in going down into the Cañon by the Bright Angel Trail, these benches disappear, and one passes stratum after stratum of limestone, sandstone, marble and granite — the streaming ribbons that one sees from the top — and as the trail hugs the rock-walls, or zigzags across a steep incline of talus, all notion of the plan recognized before leaves the head. Unless he pauses many times to look back and about him, the traveler loses his course and bearing, and is conscious only of the dizzy depths beneath him and the danger that seems to lurk at his pony's feet. This is not the way to go into the Cañon, for an idea of danger and a sense of beauty may not occup the same mind at the same time. The way to make the Bright Angel trip, if one is not too lazy, is to walk down and ride back. On foot one can loiter and loaf and invite his soul. But a horse has his own ideas and no man can divide time with a horse and see the full grandeur of the place. Afoot, one may sit down every few hundred feet and look at the walls towering above him. There is a lift and mass about these walls that fills the soul with unutterable things. Out between the diverging walls, if the time be early afternoon, the sun is plying his paint-brush on the peaks and hills below, while up Bright Angel Creek the blue shadows seem to be smudged into the canvas, in a rough, crass silhouette, as though God's elementary drawing-class had been put in charge of the lines and angles. But the color — the great kaleidoscope of color that is streaked and splashed through this petrified silence, the symphony of blues and browns and grays and yellows and pinks and reds, with the faint green tints of the scant vegetation of the place — the color is the work of old journeymen angels, who know what delights men's souls. The black-blue shadows seen in the morning from above fade at high noon with the directly falling light and in the afternoon seem to grow bluer, losing detail, and become mere pools of color reflecting the sky in the shimmering air that is piled high over the desolation of the place; the reds become more vivid; the yellows more highly burnished and the green tints in the grays come out with greater definiteness. It is in the afternoon that the Cañon is at its best. And no more inspiring view may be had than is found on coming down Bright Angel Trail.



SUNSET

"AS THE AFTERNOON PALES INTO EVENING, YET LONG BEFORE THE SUN IS DOWN, THE FAR-OFF SHADOWS BEGIN TO LOSE THEIR BLUE"

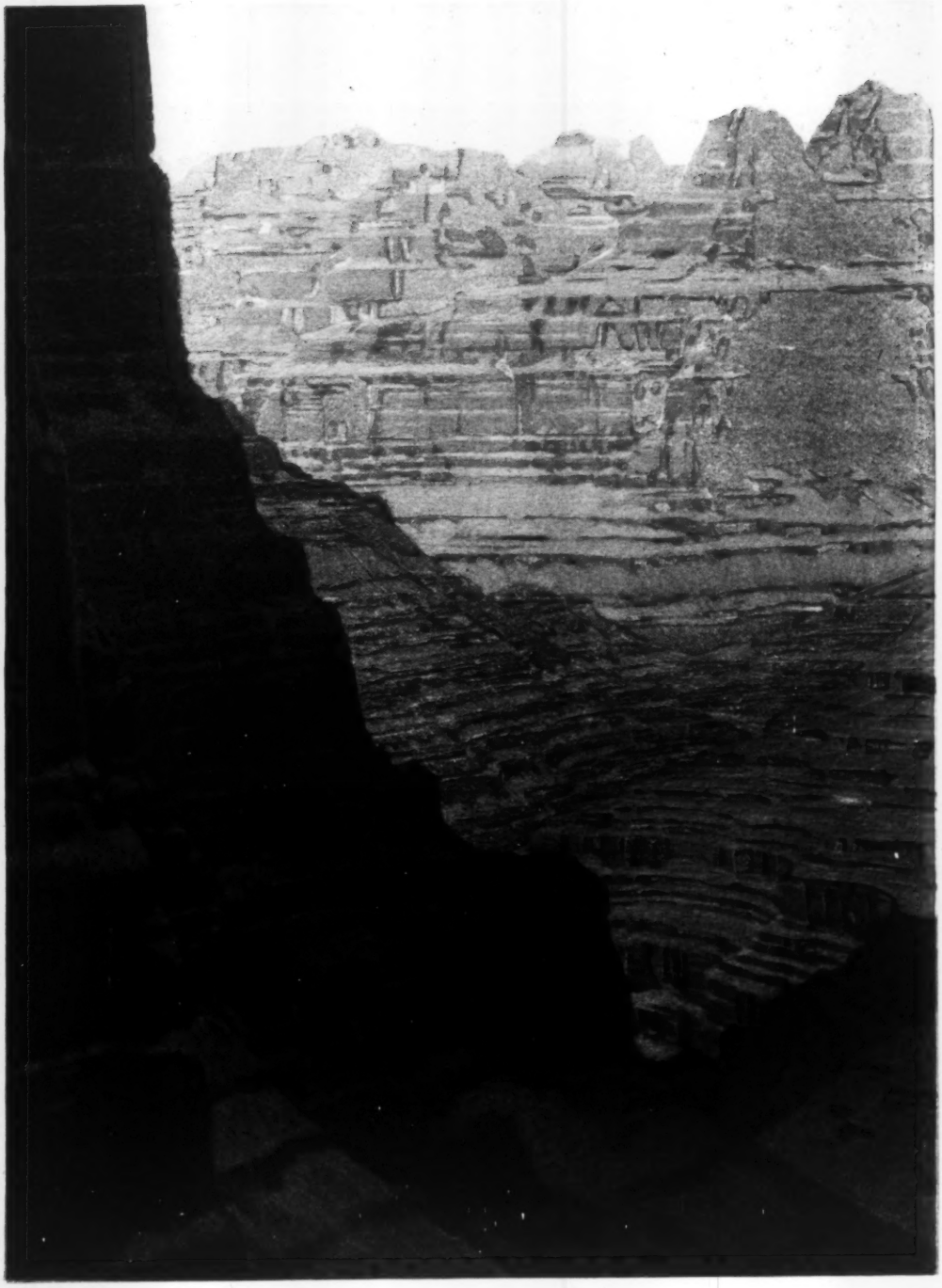


THE WATER KNIFE

"DOWN IN THE NARROW GORGE WHERE THE RIVER RUNS YELLOW AND TURBID"

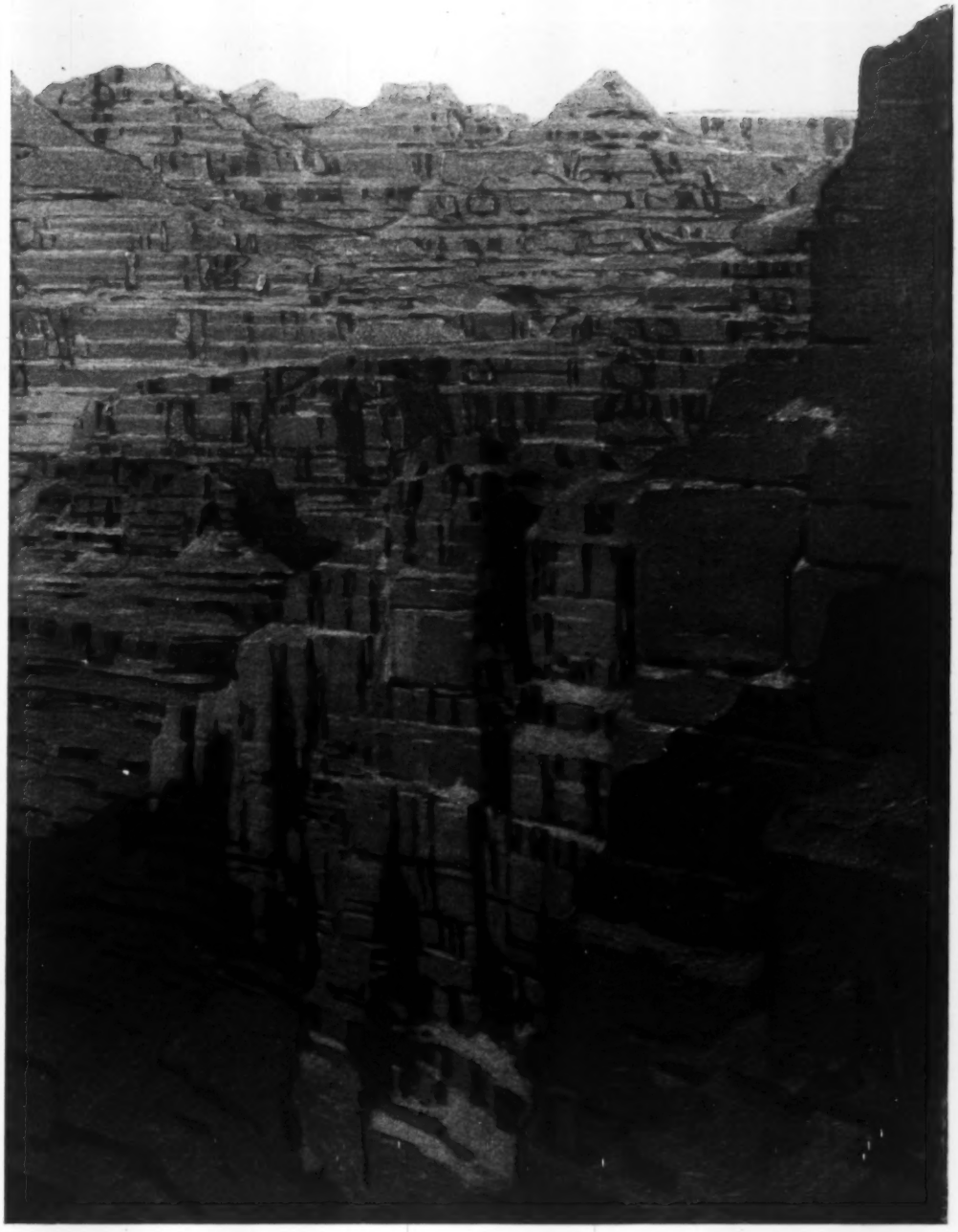
THE RIVER

"IT SLIPS LANGUIDLY THROUGH THE ROCK-WALLS THAT TRY TO HOLD IT,
WITH HERE A RIPPLE AND THERE A POOL"



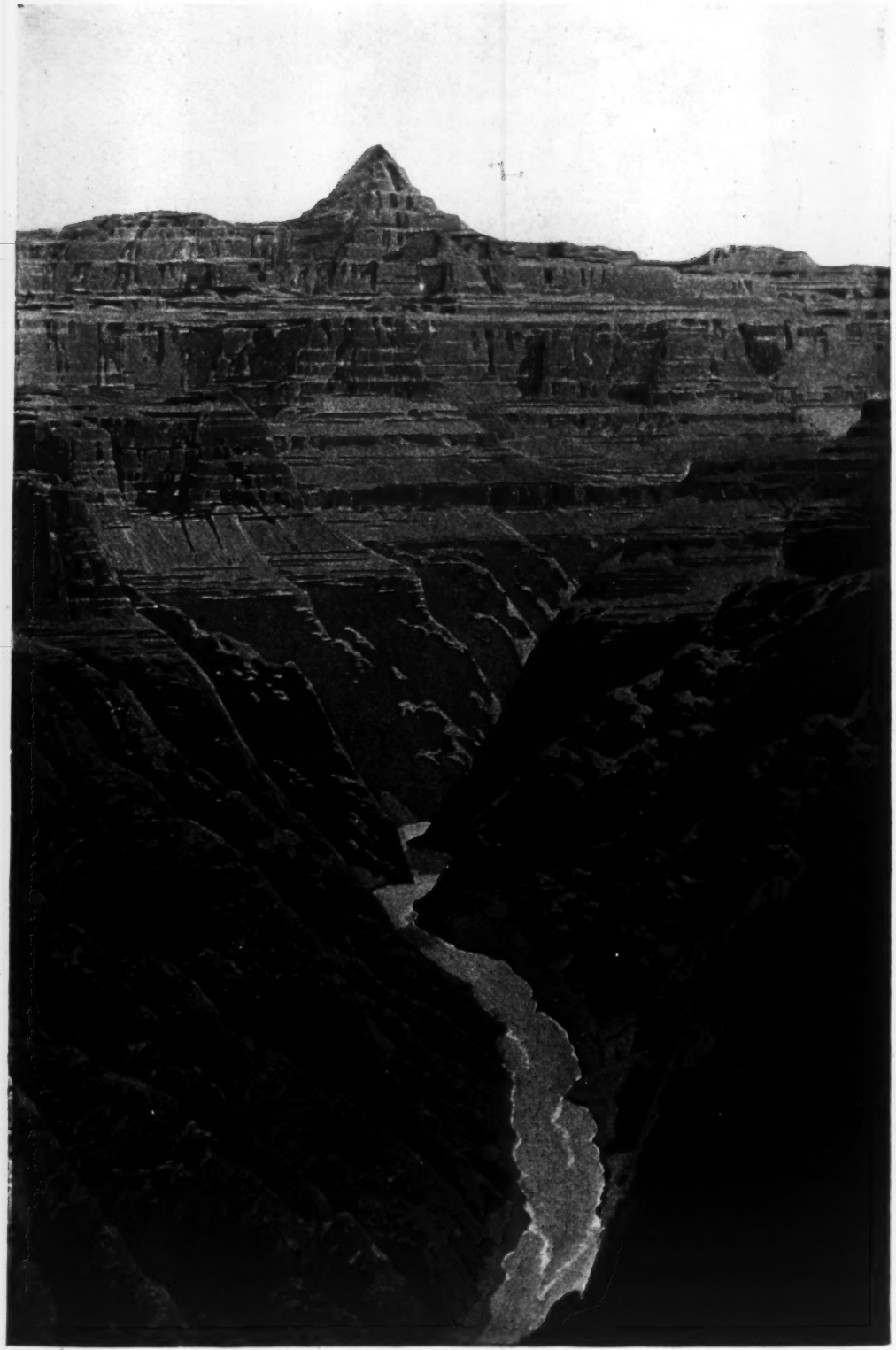
FROM A

"DOWN INTO AN IRREMITABLE RED-TINGED ASH-COLORED HELL"



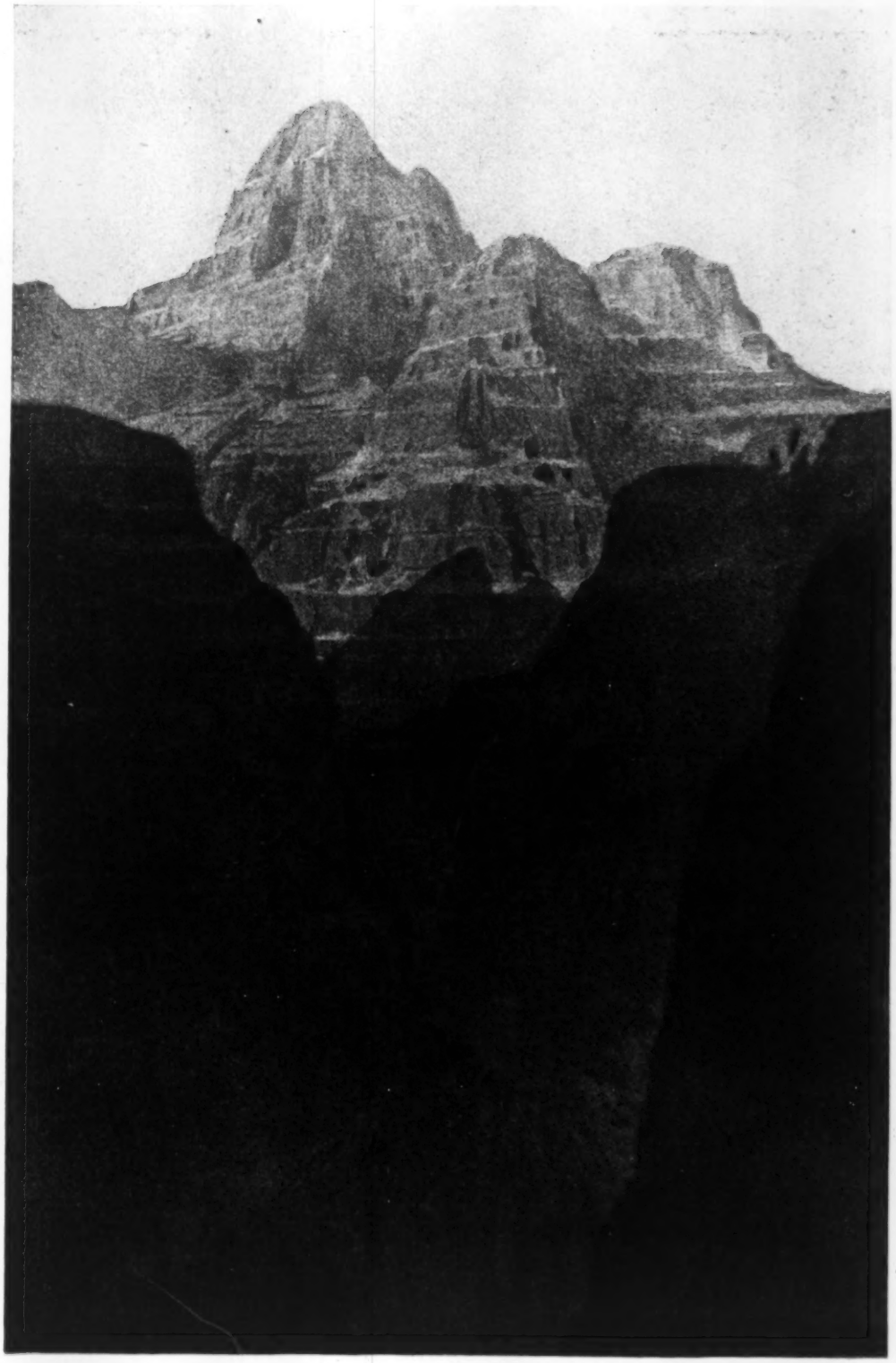
SIDE CAÑON

ABANDONED AND TURNED TO STONE AEONS AND AEONS AGO"



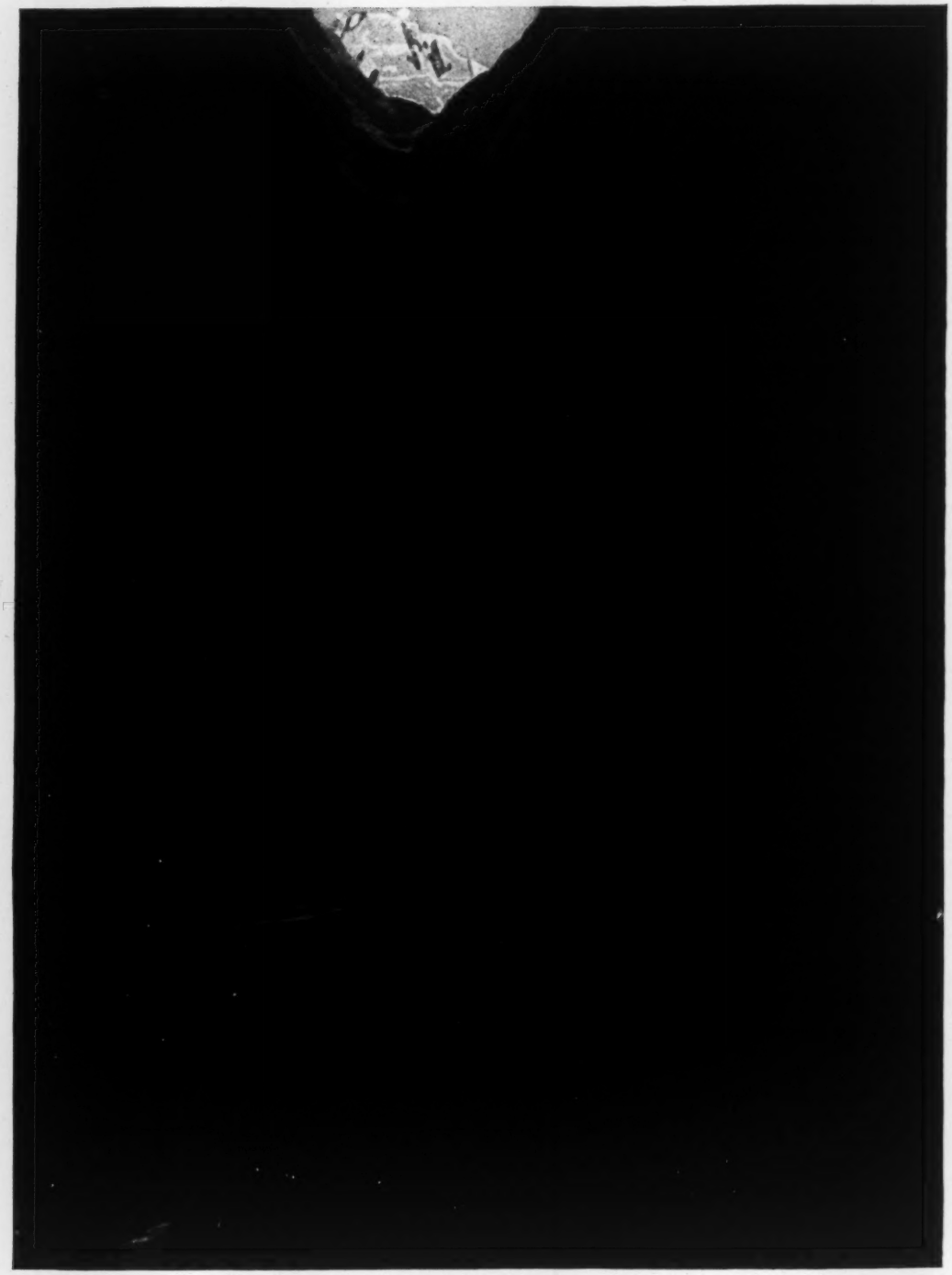
NOON

"THE BLACK-BLUE SHADOWS SEEN IN THE MORNING FROM ABOVE FADE AT HIGH NOON WITH THE DIRECTLY FALLING LIGHT AND IN THE AFTERNOON SEEM TO GROW BLUER"



MOONLIGHT

"THE SILENCE OF THE STARS AND THE SILENCE OF THIS PIT
MINGLE IN AN AWFUL SPELL THAT FALLS UPON THE SOUL
LIKE THE LONESOMENESS OF THE GRAVE"



IN THE DEPTHS

"THE BLUE-BLACK SHADOWS OF THE MORNING"

The details of the Cañon — its bits of composition, are marvelous in this, they tally so perfectly with man's idea of art in the arrangement of the lines, the balancing of form and the discipline of color. As one looks out of the mouth of the amphitheater toward the mysterious vista that stretches in the hazy distances many miles away, picture after picture forms and passes that might well have been made by some titanic human artist, so admirably does it conform to the rules of art. One is tempted to think that if the angel artist who planned these magnificent spectacles had half a chance in Paris or London he would make a name for himself; which reflection brings up a question. The ordinances and regulations for forms and line and color that men set up for their guidance and restriction in transcribing the beautiful, they call art. Is art reflected from the soul of men? Does it represent their spiritual desires, or is art the mirror of Nature? Looking out from the afternoon shade that is falling on the Bright Angel Trail, the panorama across the Cañon seems composed with accurate taste and artistic skill; the code of art is nowhere violated. Ten steps further down the trail, the thing we call symmetry in the picture vanishes, and the scene is awe-inspiring but almost formless. Whence come our laws of art? Why does the spectacle that exemplifies those laws give us more joy than the one that violates them? Yet the soul of civilized man is such that the thing he calls beautiful must conform to certain ideals. The savage who has no ideals has no sense of the beautiful. The Digger Indian, who has lived in most beautiful natural environments, is unmoved by them and has not even the pictorial sense. All lines and pigments on a canvas are jumbles to his eyes. He cannot tell a photograph of the most intimate object of his daily life from a blotch of brown and white. The Cañon and the desert are one to him. Beauty, then, would seem to be something in ourselves, and not something external. This Cañon, with its scenic crescendos and splendid concords of form and color, is only a litter of rock in truth, save when one brings to it some fragment of the soul of the Maker to interpret what the eyes record. The thing we call civilization must be a process of spiritualization, a creation of soul, and even though the process be slow and devious, it brings men more and more into unison with the law or force or God that called void space into form and being. If this premise be accepted, then we must believe that Art is God's handiwork as truly as are the foundations of the hills. The evolution of the souls of men and the erosion of this Cañon, alike are God's tasks, done in an infinite leisure that springs from a "peace that passeth understanding."

One who is alive in his heart or in his head may not go down the trail that leads into this great abyss without feeling the stir of emotions that never before have found speech. He is in the presence of big, simple, primordial things that go to the core of human nature, and seeing these things man may not babble of matters frescoed on the surface of life. This limitless scenic wonder moves men to their highest efforts, and painters, looking at it, strive to catch the incarnation of the scene and writers to set it down in words. It seems so plain, so evident — so trite almost that one should not fail to transcribe it. Yet no one has caught it, no one has described it. No one has ever carried away, in a book or on a canvas, even a true hint of it. The blue-black shadows of the morning, that mark so rudely the angular descent of Bright Angel Creek, facing the trail and across the Cañon, the evanescent mist, the glittering white frosting of the marble-rock band upon the distant rim, the old-rose banner beneath the white, the gray-green of the middle distance, and the somber brown-red frame of shaded rock-masses that make the outlooking doors of the amphitheater in the foreground—this picture seems so obvious that a child might make it. The plays of Shakspere and the world's masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and music have this same simplicity. The portrayal of any great fundamental passion seems just as easy as the painting of this Cañon landscape. But the artists who have put it in mimic form and color have made it complex. And the writers who have tried to tell of it have made mere muddles of words that mean nothing. The Cañon's master has not come to it.

It is easy to reproduce a night scene in a city; to bring home to the eye with lines or to the mind with words the lights, the shifting forms in the jostle of crowds, the frivolity and idleness of the passing hour. But to show jealous love burning Othello's soul to cinders, or to paint the agony of Christ upon the cross — these are deeds for giants, and the world has few of them.

The experience of those who try to paint or to reproduce the Cañon in words is invariably this: the thing they do upon the spot seems unspeakably bad; there is in it nothing to commend it to the man who sees before him the real subject. At Williams Junction, sixty miles away, the picture seems to have at least one or two good suggestions. When he uncovers it in his studio or in his office, the artist or the writer sees much that is commendable in the sketch, and six months or a year later, he comes to the conclusion, that, with a little retouching and fixing up and redrawing, his work is fairly good. In two years he considers it his masterpiece. And it is nevertheless what he saw it was at the Cañon's brim — a babel of ideas without form or resemblance to the great phantasm that lay so tantalizingly before him. The Cañon is too fresh from God's hand for man's mind to conceive it in terms of art.

As the afternoon pales into evening, yet long before the sun is down, the far-off shadows begin to lose their blue, and the details under these shadows to come out — the lines of crags and gulches and auroras that all day have been hidden in the pools of blue. The sky grows lighter and the yellows of the high rocks turn to buckskin. It is an afternoon's walk to the first long mesa — four thousand feet below the floor of the desert — and when one has descended to this level, twilight is in the place. The near-by shadows have turned from gray to black, and there is everywhere an evening coolness. Here are willows and sage-brush, and soon about the lips of a startling mesa rivulet one sees how the greens of these desert plants have deceived him; for by the water there is grass and underbrush that is real green and not yellowish-gray and greenish-brown. The green about the water seems to be part of the freshness of the evening, and the great dark-brown barriers that mark the break in the amphitheater are as the portals of night; for far out in the Cañon the day is still bright and full of dying glory, and the high white band of rock just under the further rim is shining in the sun. It seems a dainty strip in the distance, but back along the trail, at the top of the amphitheater, a white marble ledge rises five hundred feet to the roof of the world; it is a two-hours' walk down this cliff, yet it is the white ribbon that flashed in the sunset across the river, lending itself to mere decoration and losing its dignity in distance. And the fading rose-ribbon that stretched up and down the Cañon for miles — that is the forbidding brown precipice that rises in the dusk nearly a thousand feet directly behind one. The Cañon's spectacular effect grows dimmer in the consciousness, and one feels himself confusedly trying to comprehend the chasm's immensity. Yet this may not be done — except in meaningless figures. As well try to grasp the idea of God's origin, or the distance between the stars, as to put into finite comprehension the realities of this gorge. Looking backward up the walls of the great half-cylinder down which we have been winding the whole long afternoon, the hotel at the top is seen, a pebble on the heights; and looking forward through the slit in the cylinder toward the opposing wall of the Cañon, one faces such a spellbound stone sea, with enchanted waves and billows reaching into the blue distance so far that to bring it under the yardstick is a sacrilege.

Having come from the rim of the Cañon to the table-land that stands nearly a mile above the drop to the river, only one great experience awaits the traveler on the Bright Angel Trail, sunset on the mesa; and that is worth all the trip, even though the traveler came down to the mesa blindfolded.

Two hours before darkness settles upon the Cañon, the reflected rays of the sun give the place a yellow kalsomined effect. Perhaps a better semblance of the spectacle may be imagined when one says that the sunlight falls upon the great cleft in the earth, as through a yellow glass screen; everything is tinted with unnatural light and the place seen from out of the heavy gloaming of the towering rock cylinder is spectral and uncanny. For almost an hour this saffron glare glazes the Cañon. When the sun drops behind the metal line that gilds the sharp horizon, a faint pink light filters through the desert dust, flushing the tops of the peaks and the long, graceful, white rock ribbon that bands the distant cliffs. For in a few moments this pink glow mounts high in the sky, then it turns to gold in the zenith, but holds its blush upon the horizon and upon all the high places; long and with a lingering tenderness it rests in the Cañon, and glows like a soul trembling into eternity upon the far-away desert mountains. And then, when night has come to the lower planes and the shadows have grown wan and shallow, when the mists, which dwell

shyly in the caverns by day, rise boldly in the half-lights, from out of the cloudless brass dome shivers a pale star; and strange forms crowd into the gloom.

Sunrise in the Cañon is not important. There is a thrilling roseate moment of dawn and a commonplace appearance of the sun—as commonplace as the coming of the milkman. But to make the journey to the river from the mesa and back by noon, as most tourists do, it is necessary to get up for the sunrise. The trip from the mesa to the river is a trip to the underpinning of the earth. It is six hours in a realm of rose-brown rock, down a trail something less steep than a gun-barrel, but not much less. The rock is archaic; and the day's ride may be devoted to a study of world building; for in few other places on this continent is it possible to see so much of the real foundation of the earth's crust as may be seen in this last gouge of the river. There are more pictures in the morning's ride from the plateau to the river than are found in the afternoon's walk down to the table-land. But those in the morning are seen by looking up; while the afternoon effects are discovered mostly below one's line of vision or upon a level with it. Far away on the heights the white and cream and strawberry-pinks of the higher strata of rocks form themselves into graceful shapes against the blue background of the sky—the morning blue, deep and beating with life; in the middle ground of these stone canvases are the shadows, but from below they are full of detail and have little color; and as the foreground is always the rearing base of some opposing cliff, an over-nice critic might object that Nature was working too much detail into the foreground to make the effect of a landscape all that it should be. But cutting off the foreground, the pictures are designed with surprising discrimination. The whole morning is a picture-gallery. Down in the narrow gorge, where the river runs yellow and turbid, there is the most remarkable picture of all. It is seen when one stands near the water looking upward and eastward; the color scheme is fine and the lines are balanced as though a compass and rule had been used upon it. Some day an artist may catch a hint of this and make it his own, and it will become famous.

The river itself at the foot of the Bright Angel Trail is a disappointment. There it is muddy and not swift and savage enough to convey the idea of freedom. It slips languidly through the rock-walls that try to hold it, with here a ripple and there a pool, and with no sign of vegetation or life to relieve the stony monotony. A man is glad to get on his horse for the upward journey. There is nothing new in the upward journey to the mesa, and little that is beautiful, save as one pauses to look back. The morning light in the Cañon, viewed from below, is not pleasing. It seems to lack photographic strength, and the color does not come into the shadows until late in the day. But from the mesa it is a long, joyful ride up the trail to the hotel and, as the afternoon ripens, one may look back and review the sublimity of his first impressions by gazing across the depths of the Cañon, blue-shadowed and mysterious. Also by the time one has been in the Cañon a day he learns to take some pleasure in looking down and finding the worm-track of the trail thousands of feet below. The harmony of Nature is perfect; though there be a million details in the hillside or on the desert, though animals of the place may slip through the wilderness unnoticed, let a man appear, and he stands out big and obtrusive, and man's works strike a harsh, discordant note, and so the trail stands out of the hillside like a cruel welt on the face of Nature.

When one has climbed from the river to the top of the trail in a day, unless he is used to horseback riding, he is too tired to waste much time on the sunset. It is a beautiful sight, but is not so beautiful as midday from the rim, or sunset from the mesa. Nor is it so beautiful as the sunrise from one of the many peninsulas that jut from the top of the Cañon into its depths. Moonlight in the Cañon is a ghastly sight; the life goes out of the light, and one seems to be looking upon the face of death, for color is the soul of the place. At night the silence of the stars and the silence of this pit—each eternal and maddening to human consciousness—mingle in an awful spell that falls upon the soul like the lonesomeness of the grave. There is something of death in life and of life in death in the grim inevitableness of this silence, so changeless and yet so vital. The stars and the yawning Cañon grip the soul and draw it to a communion with something strong outside itself—something that escapes definition and analysis; something that the ancient people meant when they said that they walked with God!

IN THE COURSE OF JUSTICE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

AUTHOR OF "CATHERWOOD'S DATA OF ETHICS," "McALLISTER AND HIS DOUBLE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY DENMAN FINK

"The Law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it."

I

A TRIM, neatly dressed young man, holding in one of his carefully gloved hands a bamboo cane, sat upon a bench in Union Square one brilliant October morning, some ten years ago. All about him swarms of excited sparrows chattered and fought amongst the yellow leaves. A last night's carnation languished in his buttonhole, and his smoothly-shaven lantern-jaw and high cheek bones suggested the type of upper Broadway and the Tenderloin. In spite of this the general effect was not unpleasing, especially as his sparse curly hair, just turning gray at the temples, disclosed a forehead suggestive of more than usual intelligence in a face otherwise ordinary. A shadowy, inscrutable smile from time to time played upon his features, at one moment making them seem good-naturedly sympathetic, at another, sinister. The casual observer would have classed him as a student, or actor. He was both, and more.

From a large jewelry store across the way presently emerged a diminutive messenger boy, carrying a small, square bundle, and turned into Broadway. The man on the bench, known to his friends as "Supple Jim," rose unobtrusively to his feet. The apostle of Hermes stopped to buy a cent's worth of mucilaginous candy from the Italian on the corner, and then, whistling loudly, dawdled upon his way. The man followed, manoeuvring for position, while the boy, now in the chewing stage and struggling violently, lingered to inspect a mechanical toy. The supple one accomplished a flank movement, approached, touched him on the shoulder, and displayed a silver badge beneath his coat.

"Young man, I 'm from the Central Office, and need your help. About a block from here a feller will come runnin' after you and say they 've given you the wrong bundle — see? He 'll hand you another and tell you to give him the one you 've got. He's a crook — 'Paddy the Sneak' — old game! see?"

The boy was all attention, his jaws motionless.

"Yep!" he replied, his eyes glistening delightedly.

"Well, I 'll be right behind you. And when he throws the game into you, just pretend you fall to it an' hand him your box. Then I 'll make the collar. Are you on?"

"Say, that 's easy!" grinned the boy.

"Show us what you 're good for, then, and I 'll have the Inspector send you some passes for the theayter."

The boy started on in businesslike fashion. As his interlocutor had predicted, a hatless "feller" overtook him, breathless, and entered into voluble explanation. The messenger exchanged bundles and then, eyes front, continued up the street until the detective should pounce upon his victim. For some strange reason no such event took place. At the end of the block he cast a furtive glance behind him. Both Paddy and the central office man had vanished, to dispose in a Bowery pawnshop of the fruits of their short hour of toil, dividing between them a hundred and sixty dollars as the equivalent of the diamond stud which the box had contained.

Half an hour later, drawn by a fascination which he found irresistible, the hero of this legal memoir took a car to the Criminal

Courts Building, and made his way to the General Sessions.

"Forgot my subpoena, Cap'n. I'm a witness. Just let me in, please!" he said with a smile of easy good-nature.

Old Flaherty, the superannuated doorkeeper known as "The Eagle," eyed the young man suspiciously for a moment, and then, grumbling, allowed him to enter the court-room. The thief who had so easily secured admittance fought his way persistently through the throng, elbowed by the gruff officer at the inner gate, and selecting the best seat on the front bench, compelled its earlier occupants to make room for him with a calm assurance and matter-of-course superiority which they had not the courage to oppose.

Supple Jim listened with interest to the call of the calendar. A few lawyers, with their witnesses, whose cases had gone over until the morrow, struggled out through the crush at the door, with no perceptible diminution in the throng within. The clerk prepared to call the roll of the jury.

"Trial jurors in the case of 'The People against Richard Monohan,' please answer to your names."

The twelve, in varying keys, had all replied; the trial was "on" again, having been interrupted, evidently, by the adjournment of the afternoon before. A venerable complainant now resumed the story of how two young men, whose acquaintance he had made in a saloon the previous Sunday evening, had followed him into the street, assaulted him on his way home and robbed him of his ring. He positively identified the prisoner as the one who had wrenched it from his finger.

Next, an officer testified to having arrested the defendant upon the old gentleman's description, and to having found in his pocket a pawn ticket calling for the ring in question.

The case, in the vernacular of the courts, was "dead open and shut."

The People "rested," and the defendant, a miserable specimen of those wretched beings that constitute the penumbra of crime, took the stand. His defense was absurd. He denied ever before having seen his accuser, had not been in the saloon, had not taken the ring, had not pawned it, had bought the ticket from a man on the corner who, he remembered, had told him he was getting a bargain at three dollars. He could not describe this "man," or account for his own whereabouts on the evening in question. He had been drunk at the time. It was a story as old as theft itself.

The prosecutor winked at the jury, and the Judge once more summoned the apostolic-looking complainant to the chair.

"You realize, sir, the terrible consequences to this young man should you be mistaken? Are you quite sure that he is one of the persons who robbed you?" he inquired with becoming gravity.

The witness raised himself by his cane, and stepping down to where the prisoner sat, gazed searchingly into his stolid face.

"God knows," said he, "I would n't harm a hair of his head. But by all that 's holy I swear he 's the man who took my ring."

A wave of interest passed over the assembled attorneys. That was business for you! No use to cross-examine an old fellow like *him*. There was a great nodding of heads and shuffling of feet.

"Do you think you could identify your other assailant if you should see him?" continued the Judge.

"I 'm sure of it," calmly replied the witness.

"Very well, sir," continued His Honor, "see if you can do so."

Half of the audience moved uneasily, and glanced longingly towards the worthless means of exit. A woman tittered hysterically. The witness slowly descended and, escorted by a policeman, began his inspection, scrutinizing each face with care. Quietly he moved along the first bench, and then, gently shaking his head, along the second. The interest became breathless. A sigh of relief rippled along the settees after him. The only spectator unmoved by what was taking place was Supple Jim, who smiled genially at the old gentleman, as the latter glanced at him and passed on. Four rows — five rows — six rows — seven rows. At last there was but one bench left, and the excitement reached the point of ebullition. Would he find him? Were they going to be disappointed after all? Only half a bench left! Only two men left! Ah! What was that? People shoved one another in the back, craning their heads to see what was doing in the distant corner where the complainant stood. Suddenly the searcher faced the Judge, and, pointing to the last occupant of the rear settee, announced with conviction:

"Your Honor, *this* is the other man!"

A murmur traveled rapidly around the court-room. Honors were even between a judge who could thus unerringly divine the presence of a malefactor, and a patriarch who, out of so great a multitude, was able unhesitatingly to pick out a midnight assailant.

The "criminal" attorneys whispered among themselves: "Well, say! What do you think of that! All right, eh? Well, I guess! Well, say!"

This picturesque digression concluded, interest again centered in the defendant, of whose ultimate conviction there could no longer be any doubt.

Not that the identification of the accomplice had any real significance, since the man so ostentatiously picked out by the patriarch in court had been caught red-handed at the time of the robbery, within a block of the saloon, was already under indictment as a co-defendant, and being out on bail had merely been brought in under a "bench warrant" and placed among the spectators. But the performance had a distinct dramatic value, and the jury could not be blamed for making the natural deduction that if the complainant was right as regards the one, *ipso facto* he must be as to the other. That the complainant had already identified him at the police station and at the Tombs seemed a matter of small importance. The point was, apparently, that the old fellow had a good memory, and one upon which the jury could safely rely.

The Judge charged the law, and the jury retired, returning almost immediately with a verdict of "guilty of robbery in the first degree."

The prisoner at the bar swayed for an instant, steadied himself, and stood clinging to the rail, while his counsel made the usual motions for a new trial and in arrest of judgment.

"Clear the box! Clear the box!" shouted the clerk, and the jury, their duty comfortably discharged, filed slowly out.

The court-room rapidly emptied itself into the corridors. Supple Jim waited on the steps of the building until a young woman, carrying a baby, came wearily out, and, as she passed, thrust a roll of bills into her hand.

"Your feller's been *done dirt*," he growled. "Take that and put it out of sight. Don't give it to any *lawyer* now! You'll need it yourself." Then he sprang lightly upon the rear platform of a surface car as it whizzed by, and vanished from her astonished gaze.

Thus was an innocent man convicted, while crime triumphant played the part of benefactor.

II

The next morning Supple Jim, sitting in the warm sunshine in the bay window of his favorite restaurant, lazily finished a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, glancing casually, meanwhile, at the morning paper which lay open before him. At a respectful distance his attendant awaited the moment when this important guest should snap his fingers, demand his "damage," and call for a Carolina perfecto. These would be forthcoming with alacrity, for Mr. James Hawkins was more of an autocrat on Fourteenth Street than a Pittsburg oil magnate at the Waldorf. Just now the supple James was reading with keen enjoyment how, the day before, a quick-witted old gentleman had brought a malefactor to justice. At one of the paragraphs he broke into a gentle laugh, perusing it again and again, apparently with intense enjoyment.

Had ever such a farce been enacted in a court of justice! He tossed away the paper and swore softly. Of course, the only thing that had rendered such a situation possible at all was the fact that the aged Farlan was a superlative old ass. To hear him tell his yarn on the stand you'd have thought that it gave him positive pain to testify against a fellow being. Did you ever see such white hair and such a big white beard? Why, he looked like Dowie, or Moses, or some of those fellers. When Jim had tripped him up and slipped off the ring, the old chap had already swallowed half a dozen "County Antrims," and was n't in a condition to remember anything or anybody. The idea of his going so piously into court and swearing the thing onto Monohan — it gave you the creeps! A feller might go to "the chair" as easy as not, in just the same way. Of course, Jim had n't intended to get the young greenhorn into any trouble when he had sold him the pawn ticket. He had been just an easy mark. And when the police had arrested him and found the ticket in his pocket, there was n't any call for Jim to set them straight. That was just Monohan's luck, curse him! Let him look out for himself.

But to see the patriarch carefully forging the shackles upon the wrong man, had

filled Jim with a wondering and ecstatic bewilderment. The stars in their courses had seemed warring in his behalf.

Think of it! That feller, Monohan, could get twenty years! It made him mad, this infernal conspiracy, as it seemed to him, between judges and prosecutors. It mattered little, apparently, whether they got the right man or not so long as they got some one! What business had they to go and convict a feller who was innocent, and put him, Jim, the cleverest "gun" in the profession, in such a position? He wondered if folks in other lines of business had so many problems to face. The stupidity of witnesses and the trickery of lawyers was almost beyond belief. It was a perennial contest, not only of wit against wit, strategy against strategy, but, worst of all, of wit against impenetrable dullness. Why, if people were going to be so careless about swearing a man's liberty away it was time to "get on the level." You might be nailed any time by mistake, and then your record would make any defense impossible. You had the right to demand common honesty, or, at least, *intelligence*, on the part of the prosecution

But the main question was, what was going to become of Monohan. Well, the boy was convicted, and that was the end of it. It was quite clear to Jim that, had he been victimized in the same way no one would have bothered about it at all. It was simply the fortunes of war.

But twenty years! His own pitiful aggregate of six, with vacations in between, as it were, looked infinitesimal beside that awful burial alive. He'd be fifty when he came out — if he ever came out! Sometimes they died like flies — in a hot summer. And then there was always Dannemora! Worst of all Dannemora! It would kill *him* to go back. He could n't live away from the main stem *now*. Why, he had n't been in *stir* for five years. All his prison traits, the gait, the hunch, were effaced — gone completely. His brows contracted in a sharp frown.

"What 's the use!" he muttered as he rose to go. "He ain't worth it! I can stake his wife and kids till his time 's up! But, God! *I* could never go back!"

Yet the same irresistible force which had directed him to the court-room the day before, now led him to the Grand Central Station. Like one walking in a dream he bought a ticket and took the noon train alone to Ossining.

Following a path that led him quickly to a hill above the town not far from the prison walls, he threw himself at full length beside a boulder, and gazed upon the familiar outlook. Across the broad, shining river lay the dreamy blue hills he had so often watched while working at his brushes. Here and there a small boat skimmed down the stream before the same fresh breeze that sent the red and brown leaves fluttering along the grass. The sunlight touched everything with enchantment, the cool autumn air was an intoxicant — it was the Golden Age again. No, not the Golden Age! Just below, two hundred yards away, he noticed for the first time a group of men in stripes breaking stones. Some were kneeling, some crouching upon their haunches. They worked in silence, cracking one stone after another and making little piles of the fragments. At the distance of only a few feet two guards leaned upon their loaded rifles. Jim shut his eyes.

III

The day of sentence came. Once more Jim found himself in the stifling court. He saw Monohan brought to the bar, and watched as he waited listlessly for those few terrible words. The Court listened with grim patience to the lawyer's perfunctory appeal for mercy, and then, as the latter concluded, addressed the prisoner with asperity.

"Richard Monohan, you have been justly convicted by a jury of your peers of robbery in the first degree. The circumstances are such as to entitle you to no sympathy from the court. The evidence is so clear and positive, and the complainant's identification of you so perfect that it would have been impossible for a jury to reach any other verdict. Under the law you might be punished by a term of twenty years, but I shall be merciful to you. The sentence of the Court is — " here the Judge adjusted his spectacles, and scribbled something in a book — "that you be confined in State's Prison for a period of *not less than ten nor more than fifteen years.*"

Monohan staggered and turned white.

The whole crowded court-room gasped aloud.

"Come on there!" growled the attendant to his prisoner. But suddenly there was a quick movement in the center of the room, and a man sprang to his feet.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop! There 's been a mistake! You 've convicted the wrong man! *I* stole that ring!"

"Keep your seats! Keep your seats!" bellowed the court officers as the spectators rose impulsively to their feet.

Those who had been present at the trial two days before were all positive *now* that they had never taken any stock in the old gentleman's identification.

"Silence! Silence in the court!" shouted the Captain pounding vigorously with a paper weight.

"What 's all this?" sternly demanded the Judge. "Do you claim that *you* robbed the complainant in this case? Impossible!"

"Not a bit, Yer-onner!" replied Jim in clarion tones. "You 've nailed the wrong man, that 's all. I took the ring, pawned it for five dollars and sold the ticket to Monohan on the corner — I can't stand for his gettin' any fifteen years," he concluded, glancing expectantly at the spectators.

A ripple of applause followed this declaration.

"Hm!" commented His Honor. "How about the co-defendant in the case, identified here in the court-room? Do you exonerate *him*, as well?"

"I 've nothin' to do with *him*," answered Jim calmly. "I 've got enough troubles of my own without shouldering any more. Only Monohan did n't have any hand in the job. You 've got the boot on the wrong foot!"

Young Mr. Dockbridge, the Deputy Assistant District Attorney, now asserted himself.

"This is all very well," said he with interest, "but we must have it in the proper form. If Your Honor will warn this person of his rights, and administer the oath, the stenographer may take his confession and make it a part of the record."

Jim was, accordingly, sworn and informed that whatever he was about to say must be "without fear or hope of reward," and might be used as evidence against him thereafter.

In the ingenious and exhaustive interrogation which followed, the Judge, a noted cross-examiner, only succeeded in establishing beyond peradventure that Jim was telling nothing but the truth, and that Monohan was, in fact, entirely innocent. He therefore consented somewhat ungraciously to having the latter's conviction set aside and to his immediate discharge.

"As for *this* man," said he, "commit him to the Tombs pending his indictment by the Grand Jury, and see to it, Mr. District Attorney," he added with significance, "that he be brought before *me* for sentence."

Out into the balconies of the court-house swarmed the mob. Monohan had disappeared with his wife and child, not even pausing to thank his benefactor. It was enough for him that he had escaped from the meshes of the terrible net in which he had been entangled.

From mouth to mouth sprang the wonderful story. It was shouted from one corridor to another; and from elevator to elevator. Like a "wireless" it flew to the District Attorney's office, the reporters' room, the Coroner's Court, over the bridge to the Tombs, across Centre Street into Tom Foley's, to Pontin's, to the "Elm Castle," up Broadway, across to the Bowery, over to the Rialto, along the Tenderloin; it flashed to thieves in the act of picking pockets, and they paused; to "second-story men" plotting in saloons, and held them speechless; the "moll-buzzers" heard it; the "con" men caught it; the "britch men" passed it on. In an hour the whole under world knew that Supple Jim had squealed on himself, had taken his dose to save a pal, had anteed his last chip, had "chucked the game."

IV

Three long months had passed, during which Jim had lain in the Tombs. For a day or two the newspapers had given him considerable notoriety. A few sentimental women had sent him flowers, of greater or less fragrance, with more or less grammatical expressions of admiration; then the dull drag of prison time had begun, broken only by the daily visit of Paddy, and the more infrequent consultations with old Crookshanks.

The Grand Jury had promptly found an indictment, but when the District Attorney placed the case upon the calendar, in order to allow our hero to plead guilty, Mr. Crookshanks, Jim's counsel, announced that his client had no intention of so doing, and demanded an immediate trial.

Dockbridge, however, now found himself in a situation of singular embarrassment, which made action upon his part for the present impossible. He was at his wit's end, for the law expressly required that no prisoner should be confined longer than two months

without trial. And each week he was obliged to face the redoubtable Mr. Crookshanks, who with much bluster demanded that the case should be disposed of.

Thirteen weeks went by and still Jim lived on prison fare. Soon a reporter — an acquaintance of Paddy's — commented upon become an issue. The great American public, through its representative, the press, clamored to know why the wheels of justice had clogged, and the Campaign Committee of the Reform Party called in a body upon the District Attorney, warning him that an election was approaching and inquiring the cause of

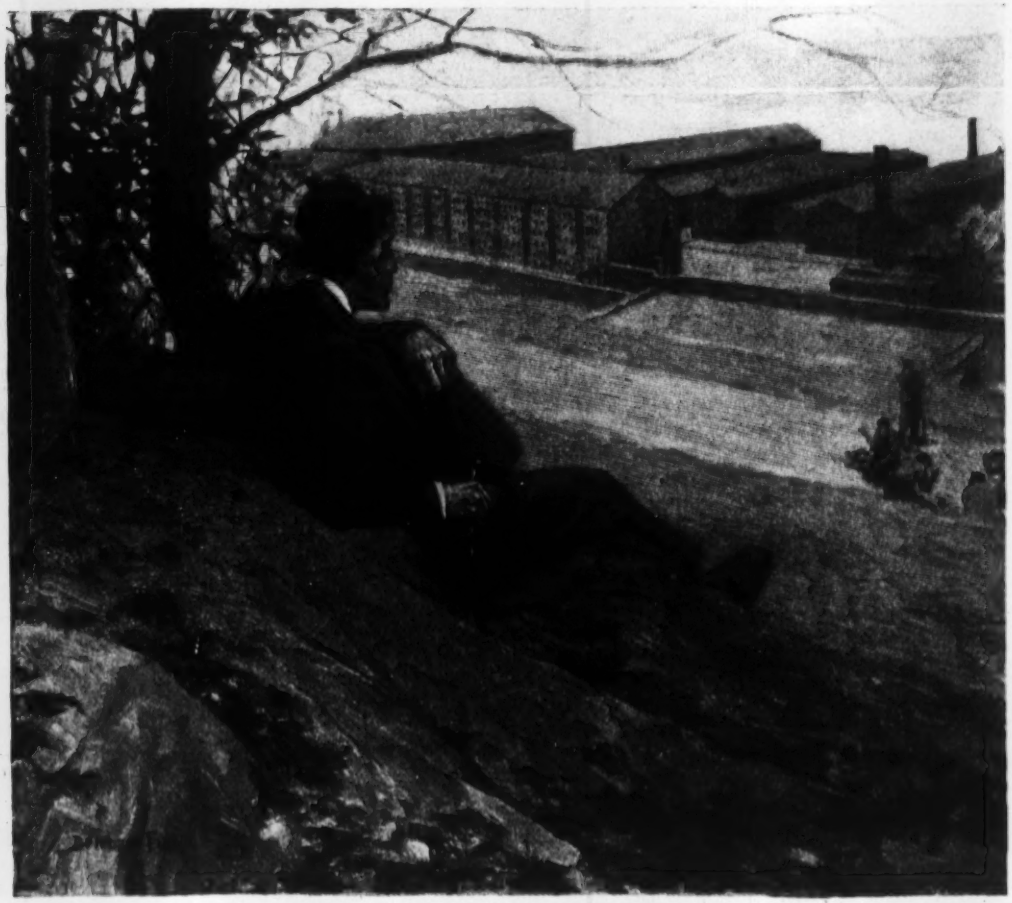
"'Young man, I'm from the Central Office, and need your help'"

the fact to his city editor. The policy of the paper happening to be against the administration, an item appeared among the "criminal notes" calling attention to the period of time during which Jim had been incarcerated. Other papers copied, and scathing editorials followed. In twenty-four hours Jim's detention beyond the time regulated by statute for the trial of a prisoner without bail had the "illegal proceeding which had been brought to their attention." The editor of the *Midnight American*, with his usual impetuosity, threatened a *habeas corpus*.

Then the District Attorney sent for the Assistant and the two had a hurried consultation. Finally the chief shook his head, saying: "There's no way out of it. You'll have to go to trial at once. Perhaps you can

secure a plea. We can't afford any more delay. Put it on for to-morrow."

The next day "Part One of the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, in and for the County of New York," was crowded to suffocation, for the dramatic nature of Jim's act of self-sacrifice had not been forgotten, and a keen interest remained in its *denouement*. It was a brilliant January noon, and the sun poured through the great windows, casting irregular patches of light upon the throng within.



'Threw himself at full length beside a boulder, and gazed upon the familiar outlook"

High above the crowd of lawyers, witnesses, and policemen sat the Judge; below him the clerk and the Assistant District Attorney conferred together as to the order in which the cases should be tried; to the left reclined a row of non-combatants, "district leaders," ex-police magistrates, and a few privileged spectators; outside the rail crowded the members of the "criminal bar"; while in the main body of the room the benches were tightly packed with loafers, "runners" for the attorneys, curious women, indignant complainants and sympathizing friends of the various defendants. Here no one was allowed to stand, but nearer the door the pressure became too great, and once more an over-plus, new-comers, lawyers who could not force their way to the front, tardy policemen, persons who could not make up their minds to come in and sit down, and stragglers generally, formed a solid mass, absolutely blocking the entrance, and preventing those outside from getting in or anyone inside from getting out.

Around the room the huge pipes of the radiators clicked diligently, full steam was on, not a window open.

Jim was called to the bar, the jury sworn, and Dockbridge, with several innuendoes reflecting upon the moral character of any man

who would confess himself a criminal and yet put the county to the expense and trouble of a trial, briefly opened the case.

The stenographer who had taken Jim's confession was the first witness. He read his notes in full, while Dockbridge nodded with an air of finality in the direction of the jury.

"Do you care to cross-examine, Mr. Crookshanks?" he inquired.

The lawyer shook his head.

Jim sat smiling, self-possessed, and silent.

The youthful Assistant, still hoping to wring a plea from the defendant, paused and leaned towards the prisoner's counsel.

"Come, come, what 's the use " he suggested benignantly. "Why go through all this farce? Let him plead guilty to 'robbery in the second degree.' He 'll be lucky to get that! It 's his only chance!"

But upon the lean and withered visage of the veteran Crookshanks flickered an inscrutable smile, like that which played upon the features of his client.

"Not on your *tin-type*," he ejaculated.

Dockbridge shrugged his shoulders, hesitated a moment, then glanced a trifle uneasily towards the crowd of spectators. Once more he turned in the direction of the prisoner.

"Well, I 'll let him plead to grand larceny instead of robbery," he said, with an air of acting against his better judgment.

Crookshanks grinned sardonically and again shook his head.

"Very well, then," said the prosecutor sternly, "your client will have to take the consequences. Call the complainant."

"Daniel Farlan, take the witness-chair."

The crowd in the court-room waited expectantly. The complainant, however, did not respond.

"Daniel Farlan! Daniel Farlan!" bawled the officer.

But the venerable Farlan came not. Perchance he was a-sleeping or a-hunting.

"If Your Honor pleases," announced Dockbridge, "the complainant does not answer. I must ask for an adjournment."

But in an instant the old war-horse, Crookshanks, was upon his feet snorting for the battle.

"I protest against any such proceeding!" he shouted, his voice trembling with well-simulated indignation. "My client is in jeopardy. I insist that this trial go on here and now!"

Dockbridge smiled deprecatingly, but the jury and spectators showed plainly that they were of Mr. Crookshanks's opinion. The Judge hesitated for a moment, but his duty was clear. There was no question but that Jim *had* been put in jeopardy.

"You must go on with the trial, Mr. Dockbridge," he announced reluctantly. "The jury has been sworn, and a witness has testified. It is too late to stop now."

The Assistant was forced to admit that he had no further evidence at hand.

"What!" cried the Judge. "No further evidence! Well, proceed with the defense!"

Dockbridge dropped into a chair and mopped his forehead, while the jury glanced inquiringly in the direction of the defendant But now, Crookshanks, the hero of a hundred legal conflicts, the hope and trust of all defenseless criminals, slowly arose and buttoned his threadbare frock coat. He looked the Court full in the eye. The prosecutor he ignored.

"If Your Honor please," began the old lawyer gently, "I move that the Court direct the jury to acquit on the ground that the People have failed to make out a case."

The Assistant jumped to his feet. The spectators stared in amazement at the audacity of the request. The Judge's face became a study.

"What do you mean, Mr. Crookshanks?" he exclaimed. This man is a self-confessed criminal. Do you hear, sir, a *self-confessed criminal*."

But the anger of the Court had no terrors for little Crookshanks. He waited calmly until the Judge had concluded, smiled deferentially, and resumed his remarks, as if the Bench were in its usual state of placidity.

"I must beg most respectfully to point out to Your Honor that the criminal code provides that the confession of a defendant is not of itself enough to warrant his conviction *without additional proof that the crime charged has been committed*. May I be pardoned for indicating to Your Honor that the only evidence in this proceeding against my client is his own confession, made, I believe, some time ago, under circumstances which were, to say the least, unusual. While I do not pretend to doubt the sincerity of his motives on that occasion, or to contest at this juncture the question of his moral guilt, the fact remains *that there has been no additional proof* adduced upon any of the material points in the case, to wit, that the complainant ever

"'"STOP! THERE 'S BEEN A MISTAKE! YOU 'VE CONVICTED THE WRONG MAN!'"

existed, ever purchased a ring, or that it was ever taken from him."

He paused, coughed slightly, and, removing from his green bag a folded paper, continued: "In addition, it is my duty to inform the Court that a person named Farlan, left the jurisdiction of this tribunal upon the day after Monohan's conviction of the offense for which my client is now on trial."

"After such an unfortunate mistake," said Crookshanks with an almost imperceptible twinkle in his "jury eye," "he can hardly be expected to assist voluntarily in a second prosecution. I hold in my hand his affidavit that he has left the state never to return."

The Judge had left his chair and was striding up and down the dais. He now turned wrathfully upon poor Dockbridge.

"What do you mean by trying a case before me prepared in such a fashion? This is a disgraceful miscarriage of justice! I shall lay the matter before the District Attorney in person! Mr. Crookshanks has correctly stated the law. I am absolutely compelled to discharge this defendant, who, by his own statement, ought to be incarcerated in State's Prison! I — I — the Court has been hoodwinked! The District Attorney made ridiculous! As for you," casting a withering glance upon the prisoner, "if I ever have the opportunity, I shall punish you as you deserve!"

Dead silence fell upon the court-room. The clerk arose and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict? What say you? Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," replied the Foreman, somewhat doubtfully.

There was a smothered demonstration in the rear of the court-room. A few spectators had the temerity to clap their hands.

"Silence! Silence in the court!" shouted the Captain.

The clerk faced the prisoner.

"James Hawkins, alias James Hawkinson, alias Supple Jim, you are discharged."

As our hero stepped from behind the bar, Paddy Welsh was the first to grasp his hand.

"You 're the cleverest boy in New York," he muttered enthusiastically, "and say, Jim," he lowered his voice — could it be with a shade of embarrassment? "You 're a hero all right, into the bargain."

"O, cut that out," answered Jim. 'Was n't I playing a sure thing? And was n't it worth three months, and ten dollars 'per' to the old guy for staying over in Jersey, to put 'em in a hole like that?"

And the two of them, relieved by this evasion of an impending and depressing cloud of moral superiority, went out, with others, to get a drink.

THE CHAPLET

BY

WITTER BYNNER

WHEN I came home at evening
With flowers in my hand,
And on my head a chaplet
From an enchanted land,
Not one of those that pass'd me
Appear'd to understand.

They thought that like the others
I wore a hat, and went
As prosy on the sidewalk
As one collecting rent —
They knew not who had kissed me
Nor all the matter meant.

CIRCUS DAY

A REMINISCENCE OF "BACK HOME"

BY

EUGENE WOOD
AUTHOR OF "THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

ONLY the other day, the man, that in all this country knows better than anybody else how a circus should be advertised, said (with some sadness, I do believe) that it did n't pay any longer to put up show-bills; the money was better invested in newspaper advertising.

"It does n't pay." Ah, me! How the commercial spirit of the age plays whaley with the romance of existence! You shall not look long upon the show-bill now that there is no money to be had from it. "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript" is about to close, but ere it does, let us turn back a little to the pages illuminated by the glowing colors of the circus poster.

Saturday afternoon when we went by the engine-house, its brick wall fluttered with the rags and tatters of "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," and the lecture on "The Republic: Will it Endure?" (Gee! But *that* was exciting!) Sunday morning, after Sabbath-school, there was a sudden quickening among the boys. We stopped nibbling on the edges of the lesson leaf and followed the crowd in scuttling haste. Miraculously over-night the shabby wall had blossomed into thralling splendor. What was Daniel in the Lions' Den compared with Herr Alexander in the Same? Not as the prophet is pictured, in the farthest corner from the lions, and manifestly saying to himself: "If I was only out of this!" But with his head right smack dab *in* the lion's mouth. Right *in* it. Yes, sir!

"S'posin'!" we gasped, all goggle-eyed, "jist s'posin' that there lion was to shut his mouth! . . . Ga-ash!"

The Golden Text? It faded before the lemon-and-scarlet glories of the Golden Chariot. Drawn by sixteen dappled steeds, each with his neck arching like a fish-hook and reined with fancy scalloped reins, it occupied the center of the foreground. The band rode in it, far more fortunate than our local band whose best was Charley Wells's depot 'bus. And nobler than all his fellows was the bass-drummer. He had a canopy over him, a carved and golden canopy, on whose top revolved a clown's head with its tongue

stuck out. On each quarter of this rococo shallop a golden circus-girl in short skirts gaily skipped rope with a nubia or fascinator or whatever it is the women call the thing they wrap around their heads in cold weather when they hang out the clothes. There were big pieces of looking-glass let into the sides of the band-wagon, and every decorator knows that when you put looking-glass on a thing it is impossible to fix it so that it will be any finer.

Winding back and forth across the picture was the long train of tableau-cars and animal cages, diminishing with distance until away, 'way up in the upper left-hand corner the hindmost van was all immersed in the blue-and-yellow haze just this side of out-of-sight. That with our own eyes we should behold the glories here set forth we knew right well. Cruel Fortune might cheat us of the raptures to be had inside the tents, but the street-parade was ours, for it was free.

It seems to me that we did not linger so long before these pictures, nor before those of the rare and costly animals, which, if we but knew it, were the main reason why we were permitted to go (if we did get to go). To look at these animals is improving to the mind, and since we could not go alone, an older person had to accompany us, and . . . and . . . I trust I make myself clear. But we did n't want to improve our minds if it was a possible thing to avoid it. The pictures of these animals were in the joggerfy book anyhow, though not in colors, unless we had a box of paints. There can be no doubt that the show-bill pictures of the menagerie were in colors. I seem to recollect that Mr. Galbraith, who kept the dry-goods store across the street from the engine-house was very much exercised in his mind about the way one of these pictures was printed. It was the counterfeit presentment of the Hip-po-pot-a-mus, or Behemoth of Holy Writ. His objection to the hip — you know — was not because its open countenance was so fearsome, but because it was so red. Six feet by two of flaming crimson across the street in the afternoon sun made it necessary for him to take the goods to the back window of the store to show to customers. He did n't like it a bit.

No. Neither before the large and expensive pictures of the street-parade, nor the large and expensive wild beasts did we linger. The swarm was thickest, and the

"Old Tib . . . walked through the wagon-shed, and calmly scraped me off her back"

jabbering loudest, the "O-o-oh's," the "M! Looky's", the "Geeminently's" shrillest, in front of where the deeds of high emprise were set forth. Men with their fists clinched on their breasts, and their neatly slippered toes touching the backs of their heads, crashed through paper-covered hoops beneath which horses madly coursed; they flew through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young men on the flying trapeze, or they posed in living pyramids.

And as the sons of men assembled themselves together, Satan came also, the spirit I, that evermore denies.

"A-a-ah!" sneers his embodiment in one whose crackling voice cannot make up its mind whether to be bass or treble, "A-a-ah, to the show they down't do hay-uf what they is in the pitchers."

"read it clear through while you played with the dog"

A chilling silence follows. A cold uneasiness strikes into all the listeners. We are all made wretched by destructive criticism. Let us alone in our ideals. Let us alone, can't you?

"Now . . . now," pursues the crackle-voiced Mephisto, pointing to where Japanese jugglers defy the law of gravitation and other experiences of daily life, "now, they cain't walk up no ladder made out o' reel sharp swords."

"They can so walk up it," stoutly declares one boy. Hurrah! A champion to the rescue! The others edge closer to him. They like him.

"Nah, they cain't. How kin they? They 'd cut their feet all to pieces."

"They kin so. I seen 'em do it. The time I went with Uncle George I seen a man, a Japanee. . . . Yes, sharp. Cut paper with 'em. . . . A-a-ah, I did so. I guess I know what I seen an' what I did n't."

The little boys breathe easier, but fearing another onslaught, make all haste to call attention to the most fascinating one of all, the picture of a little boy standing up on top of his daddy's head. And, as if that were n't enough, his daddy is standing up on a horse and the horse is going round the ring lickety-split. And, as if these circumstances were n't sufficiently trying, that little show-boy is standing on only one foot. The other is stuck up in the air like five minutes to six, and he has hold of his toe with his hand. I 'll bet you can't do that just as you are on the ground, let alone on your daddy's head, and him on a horse that 's going like sixty. Now you just try it once. Just try it. . . . A-a-ah! Told you you could n't.

Now, how the show-actors can do that looks very wonderful to you. It really is very simple. I 'll tell you about it. All show-actors are born double-jointed. You have only two hip-joints. They have four. And it 's the same all over with them. Where you have only one joint, they have two. So, you see, the wonder is n't that they can bend themselves every which way, but how they can keep from doubling up like a foot-rule.

And another thing. Every day they rub themselves all over with snake-oil. Snakes are all limber and supple, and it stands to reason that if you take and try out their oil, which is their express essence, and then rub that into your skin, it will make you supple and limber, too. I should think garter-snakes would do all right, if you could catch enough of them, but they 're so awfully scarce. Fish-worms won't do. I tried 'em. There 's no grease in 'em at all. They just dry up.

And I suppose you know the reason why they stay on the horse's back. They have

rosin on their feet. Did you ever stand up on a horse's back? I did. It was out to grandpap's, on old Tib. . . . No, not very long. I did n't have any rosin on my feet. I was going to put some on, but my Uncle Jimmy said: "Hay! What you got there?" I told him. "Well," he says, "you jist mosey right into the house and put that back in the fiddle-box where you got it. Go on, now. And if I catch you foolin' with my things again, I 'll. . . . Well, I don't know what I will do to you." So I put it back. Anyhow, I don't think rosin would have helped me stay on a second longer, because old Tib, with an intelligence you would n't have suspected in her, walked through the wagon-shed and calmly scraped me off her back.

And did you ever try to walk the tight-rope? You take the clothes-line and stretch it in the grape-arbor — better not make it too high at first — and then you take the clothes-prop for a balance-pole and go right ahead — er — er — as far as you can. The real reason why you fall off so is that you don't have chalk on your shoes. Got to have lots of chalk. Then after you get used to the rope wabbling so all-fired fast, you can do it like a mice. And, while I 'm about it, I might as well tell you that if you ever expect to amount to a hill of beans as a trapeze performer you must have clear-starch with oil of cloves in it to rub on your hands. Finest thing in the world. My mother would n't let me have any. She said she could n't have me messing around that way. I blame her as much as anybody that I am not now a competent performer on the trapeze.

I don't know that I had better go into details about the state of mind boys are in from the time the bills were first put up until after the circus had actually departed. I don't mean the boys that get to go to everything that comes along, and that have pennies to spend for candy, and all like that, whenever they ask for it. I mean the regular, proper, natural boys, that used to be "back home," boys whose daddies tormented them with: "Well, we 'll see — " that 's *so* exasperating! — or, "I wish you would n't tease, when you know we can't spare the money just at present." A perfectly foolish answer, that last. They had money to fritter away at the grocery, and the butcher-shop, and the dry-goods store, but when it came to a necessity of life, such as going to

"'Yes, sir. It is. It 's him. It 's Willie Bigelow. Well, of all things!'"

the circus, they let on they could n't afford it. A likely story.

"Only jist this little bit of once. Aw, now, please. Please, cain't I go? Aw now, I think you might. Aw now, woncha? Aw, paw. I ain't been to a reelly show for ever so long. Aw, the Scripture pammer-ammer, that don't count. Aw, paw. Please cain't I go? Aw, please!" And so forth and so on, with much more of the same sort. No. I can't go into details. It 's too terrible.

Even those of us whose daddies said plainly and positively: "Now, I can't let you go, No, Willie. That 's the end of it. You can't go." Even those, I say, hoped against hope. It simply could not be that what the human heart so ardently longed for should be denied by a loving father. This same conviction applies to other things, even when we are grown up. It is against nature and the constituted scheme of things that we cannot have what we want so badly. We boys lay there in the shade and pulled the long stalks of grass and nibbled off the sweet, yellow ends, as we dramatized miracles that *could* happen just as well as not, if they only *would*, consarn 'em! For instance, you might be going along the street, not thinking of anything but how much you wanted to go to the circus, and how sorry you were because you had n't the money and your daddy would n't give you any, and first thing you 'd know, you 'd stub your toe or something, and you 'd

"the thin blue wood-smoke from the field-stoves, and the smell of the hot coffee"

look down and there 'd be a half-a-dollar that somebody had lost — Gee ! If it would only be that way ! But we knew it would n't, because only the other Sunday, Brother Longenecker had said : "The age of miracles is past." So we had to give up all hopes. Oh, it 's terrible. Just terrible !

But some of the boys lay there in the grass with their hands under their heads, looking up at the sky, and making little white spots come in and out on the corners of their jaws, they had their teeth set so hard, and were chewing so fiercely. You could almost hear their minds creak, scheming, scheming, scheming. I suppose there were ways for boys to make money in those times, but they always fizzled out when you came to try them, to say nothing of the way they broke into your day. Why, you had scarcely any time to play in. You'd go 'round to some neighbor's house with a magazine, and you 'd say : "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Slaymaker. Do you want to subscribe for this ?" Just the way you had studied out you would say. And she 'd take it, and go sit down with it, and read it clear through while you played with the dog, and then when she got all through with it, and had read all the advertisements, she 'd hand it back to you and say : No, she did n't believe she would. They had so many books and papers now that she did n't get a chance hardly to read in any of them, let alone taking any new ones. Were you getting many new subscribers ? Just commenced, eh ? Well, she wished you all the luck in the world. How was your ma ? That 's good. Did she hear from your Uncle John's folks since they moved out to Kansas ?

I have heard that there were boys who, under the dire necessity of going to the circus, got together enough rags, old iron, and bottles to make up the price, sold 'em, collected the money, and went. I don't believe it. I don't believe it. We all had, hidden under the back porch, our treasure-heap of rusty gates, cracked fire-pots, broken griddles and lid-lifters, tub-hoops and pokers, but I do not believe that any human boy ever collected fifty cents' worth. I want you to understand that fifty cents is a whole lot of money, particularly when it is laid out in scrap-iron. Only the tin wagon takes rags, and they pay in tinware, and that 's no good to a boy that wants to go to the circus. And as for bottles — well, sir, you wash out a whole, whole lot of bottles, a whole big lot of 'em, a wash-basket full, and tote 'em down to Mr. Case's drug and bookstore, as much as ever you and your brother can wag, and see what he gives you. It 's simply scandalous. You have no idea of how mean and stingy a man can be until you try to sell him old bottles. And the cold-hearted way in which he will throw back ink-bottles that you worked so hard to clean, and the ones that have reading blown into the glass — Oh, it 's enough to set you against business transactions all your life long. There 's something about bargain and sale that 's mean and censorious, finding this fault and finding that fault, and paying just as little as ever they can. It gets on one's nerves. It really does.

The boys that made the little white spots come on the corners of their jaws as they lay there in the grass, scheming, scheming, scheming, planned rags, and bottles, and

scrap-iron, and more also. Sometimes it was a plan so much bigger that if they had kept it to themselves, like the darkey's cow, they would have "all swole up and died."

"Sst! Come here once. Tell you sumpum. Now don't you go and blab it out, now will you? Hope to die? Well. . . . Now, no kiddin'. Cross your heart? Well . . . Ah, you will, too. I know you. You go and tattle everything you hear. . . . Well. . . . Cheese it! Here comes somebody. Make out we 're talkin' about sumpum else. *Ah, he did, did he? What for, I wonder?* (Say sumpum, can't ye?) . . . Why'n't ye say sumpum when he was goin' by? Now he 'll suspicion sumpum's up, and nose around till he. . . . Aw, they ain't no use tellin' you anything. . . . Well. . . . Put your head over so 's I can whisper. . . . Sure I am. . . . Well, I could learn, could n't I? Now don't you tell a living soul, will you? If anybody asts you, you tell 'em you don't know anything at all about it. Say, why'n't you come along? I promised *you* the last time. . . . That 's jist your mother callin' you. Let on you don't hear her. Aw, stay. . . . Aw, you don't either have to go. Say. Less you and me get up early, and go see the circus come in town, will you? I will, if you will. All right. Remember now. Don't you tell anybody what I told you. *You* know."

II

If a fellow just only *could* run off with a circus! Would n't it be great? No more splitting kindling and carrying in coal; no more: "Hurry up, now, or you 'll be late for school"; no more poking along in a humdrum existence, never going any place or seeing anything, but the glad, free, untrammeled life, the life of a circus-boy, standing up on top of somebody's head (you could pretend he was your daddy. Who 'd ever know the difference?) and your leg stuck up like five minutes to six, and him standing on top of a horse — and the horse going around the ring, and the ringmaster cracking his whip — aw, say! How about it?

Maybe the show-people would take you, even if you did n't have two joints to common folks' one, and had n't had early advantages in the way of plenty of snakes to try the grease out of. And then . . . and then. . . . Travel all around, and be in a new town every day! And see things! The waterworks, and Main Street, and the Soldiers' Monument, and the Second Presbyterian Church. All the sights there are to see in strange places. And then when the show came back to your own home-town next year, people would wonder whose was that slim and gracile figure in the green silk tights and spangled breech-clout that capered so nimbly on the bounding courser's back, that switched the natty switch and shrilly called out: "Hep! Hep!" They 'd screw up their eyes to look hard, and they 'd say: "Yes, sir. It is. It 's him. It 's Willie Bigelow. Well, of all things!" And they 'd clap their hands, and be so proud of you. And they 'd wonder how it was that they could have been so blind to your many merits when they had you with them. They 'd feel sorry that they ever said you were a "regular little imp, if ever there was one," and that you had the Old Boy in you as big as a horse. They 'd feel ashamed of themselves, so they would. And they 'd come and apologize to you for the way they had acted, and you 'd say: "Oh, that 's all right. Forgive and forget". . . . And they 'd miss you at home, too. Your daddy would wish he had n't whaled you the way he did, just for nothing at all. . . . And your mother, too, *she 'd* be sorry for the way *she* acted to you, tormenting the life and soul out of you, sending you on errands just when you got a man in the king row, and making you wash your feet in a bucket before you went to bed, instead of being satisfied to let you pump on them, as any reasonable mother would. She 'll think about that when you 're

"people from over by Muchinippi, and out Noodletoozy way"

"'And, oh, looky! Here comes the elephants, just the same as in the joggerfy books'"

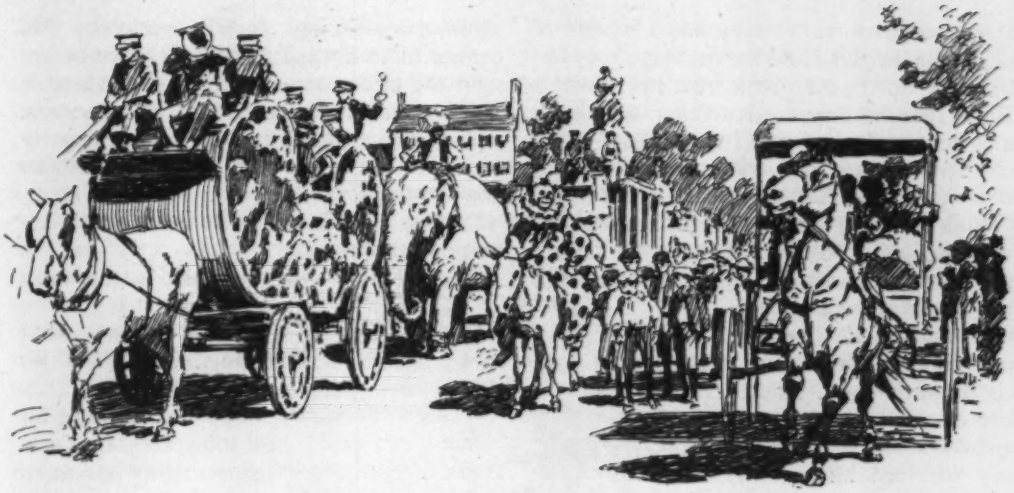
gone. It 'll be lonesome then, with nobody to bang the doors, and upset the cream-pitcher on the clean table-cloth, and fall over backward in the rocking-chair and break a rocker off. Your daddy will sigh and say: "I wonder where Willie is to-night. Poor boy, I sometimes fear I was too harsh with him." And your mother will try to keep back her tears, but she can't and first thing she knows she 'll burst out crying, and . . . and . . . and old Maje will go around the house looking for you, and whining because he can't find his little playmate. . . . It will seem as if you were dead — dead to them, and. . . Smf! Smf! (Confound that orchestra leader anyhow! How many times have I got to tell him that this is the music-cue for "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?")

We were all going to get up early enough to see the show come in at the depot. Very few of us did it. Somehow we could n't seem to wake up. Here and there a hardy spirit compasses the feat. I don't think anybody ever does it more than once.

All the town is asleep when this boy slips out of his front gate and snicks the latch behind him softly. It is very still, so still that though he is more than a mile away from the railroad he can hear Johnny Mara, the night yardmaster, bawl out: "Run them three empties over on Number Four track!" the short exhaust of the obedient pony-engine, and the succeeding crash of the cars as they bump against their fellows. It is very still, scarey still. The gas-lamp flaring and flickering among the green maples at the corner has a strange look to him. His footfalls on the sidewalk sound so loud he takes the soft middle of the dusty road. He hears someone pursuing him and his bosom contracts with fear, as he stands to see who it is. Although he hardly knows the boy bound on the same errand as his, he takes him to his heart, as a chosen friend. They are kin.

On the freight-house platform they find other boys. Some of them have waited up all night so as not to miss it. They are from across the tracks. They have all the fun, those fellows do. They can swear and chew tobacco, and play hookey from school and have a good time. They get to go barefoot before anybody else, and nobody tells them it will thin their blood to go in swimming so much. Yes, and they can fight, too. They 'd sooner fight than eat. Our boys, conscious of inferiority, keep to themselves. The boys from across the tracks, show off all the bad words they can think of. One of them has a mouth-harp which he plays upon, now and then opening his hands hollowed around the instrument. Patsy Gubbins dances to the music, which is a thing even more reckless and daredevil than swearing. Patsy's going with a "troupe" some day. Or else, he 's going to get a job firing on an engine. He is n't right sure which he wants to do the most.

Now and then a brakeman goes by swinging his lantern. The boys would like to ask him what time it is, but for one thing they 're too bashful. Being a brakeman is almost as good as going with a "troupe" or a circus. You get to go to places that way, too, Marysville, and Mechanicsburg, and Harrod's — that is, if you 're on the local freight, and then you lay over in Cincinnati. Some ways it 's



"'Whoa, Nell, whoa there! Steady, gal, stead-ay! Ho, there! Ho!'"

better than firing, and some ways it is n't so good. And then there is another reason why they don't ask the brakeman what time it is. He 'd say it was "forty-five" or maybe "fifty-three," and never tell what hour.

"Say! Do you know it 's cold? You would n't think it would be so cold in the summer-time."

The maple-trees, from being formless blobs, insensibly begin to look like lace-work. Presently the heavens and the earth are bathed in liquid blue that casts a spell so potent on the soul of him that sees it that he yearns for something he knows not what, except that it is utterly beyond him, as far beyond him as what he means to be will be from what he shall attain to. One dreams of romance and renown, of all that should be and is not. And as he dreams the birds awaken. In the East there comes a greenish tinge. Far up the track there is a sullen roar, and then the husky diapason of an engine whistle. The roar strengthens and strengthens. It is the circus train.

Under the witchcraft of the dreaming blue, each boy had a firm and stubborn purpose. Over and over again he rehearsed how he would go up to the man that runs the show, and say: "Please, mister, can I go with you?" And the man would say, "Yes." (As easy as that.) But the purpose wavered as he saw the roustabouts come tumbling out, all frowsy and unwashed, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, cross and savage. And the man whose word they jump to obey, he . . . he 's kind of discouraging. It 's all business with him. They may plead with their eyes; he never sees them. If he does, he tells them where to get to out of that, and how quick he wants it done, in language that makes the boldest efforts of the boys from across the tracks seem puny in comparison. The boys divide into two parties. One follows the buggy of the boss canvasman to Vandeman's lots where the stand is made. They will witness the spectacle of the raising of the tents, but they will also be near the man that runs the show, and if all goes well it may be he will like your looks and saunter up to you and say: "Well, bub, and how would you like to travel with us?" You don't know. Things not half so strange as that *have* happened. And if you were right there at the time. . . .

The other party lingers awhile looking up wistfully at the unresponsive windows of the sleeping-cars, behind which are the happy circus-actors. Perhaps the show-boy that stands up on top of his daddy's head will look out. If he should raise the window and smile at you, and get to talking with you maybe he would introduce you to his pa, and tell him that you would like to go with the show, and his pa would be a nice sort of a man, and he 'd say: "Why, yes. I guess we can fix that all right." And there you 'd be.

Or if it did n't come out like that, why maybe, the boy would be another "Little Arthur, the Boy Circus-rider," like it told about in *The Ladies' Repository*. It seems there was a man, and one day he went by where there was a circus, and in a quiet, secluded, vine-clad nook only a few steps from the main tent, he heard somebody sigh, oh, so sadly and so pitifully! Come to find out, it was Little Arthur, the Boy Circus-rider. He had

large, sensitive, violet eyes, and a wealth of clustering ringlets, and he was very, very unhappy. So the man took from his pocket a Bible that he happened to have with him, and he read from it to Little Arthur, which cheered him up right away, because up to that moment he had only heard *of* the Bible. (Think of that !) And that night at the show, what do you s'pose? Little Arthur fell off the horse and hurt himself. And this man was at the show and he went back in the dressing-room, and held Little Arthur's hand. And the clown was crying, and the actors were crying, for they all loved Little Arthur in their rude, untutored way. And Little Arthur opened his large, sensitive, violet eyes, and saw the man, and said off the text that the man taught him that afternoon. And then he died. It was a sad story, but it made you wish it had been you that happened to have a Bible in your pocket as you passed the secluded, vine-clad nook only a few paces from the main tent, and had heard Little Arthur sigh so pitifully. It was those sensitive eyes we looked for in the sleeping-car windows, and all in vain. I think I saw the wealth of clustering ringlets, or at least the makings of it. I am almost positive I saw curl-papers as the curtain was drawn aside a moment.

THE STEAM CAR OF THE MUSES

"'but my! Ain't it grand? So loud and nice!'"

But whether a boy stands gazing at the sleepers, or runs over to the lots, there is something pathetic about it, something almost terrible. It is the death of an ideal. I can't conceive of a boy coming down to the depot to see the circus train come in another time. Hitherto, the show has been to him the *ne plus ultra* of romance. It comes in the night from 'way off yonder; it goes in the night to 'way off yonder. It is all splendor, all deeds of high emprise. It stands to reason then, that the closer you get to it, the closer you get to pure romance. And it is n't that way at all.

What gravels a boy the most of all is to have to do the same old thing over and over again, day after day, week in, week out. He cannot blind himself to the fact, once he has seen the circus come in, that everything is marked and numbered; that all is system, and that everything is done to-day exactly as it was done yesterday, and as it will be done to-morrow.

"What town is this?" he hears a man inquire of another.

"Blest if I know. What 's the odds what town it is?"

Did n't know what town it was! *Did n't care!*

The keen morning air or something makes a fellow mighty unromantic, too. Perhaps it was the thin blue woodsmoke from the field-stoves, and the smell of the hot coffee and the victuals the waiters are carrying about, some to the tent where the bare tables are for the canvasmen, some to the table covered with a red and white tablecloth as befits performers. These have no rosy cheeks. Their lithe limbs are not richly decked with silken tights. Insensibly the upper lip curls. They 're not so much. They 're only folks. That 's all, just folks.

But when ideals die, great truths are born. To such a boy at such a moment there comes the firm conviction which increasing years can only emphasize: Home is but a poor prosaic place, but Home — Ah, my brother, think on this — Home is where Breakfast is.

"Hay! Wait for me, you fellows! Hay! Hold on a minute. Well, ain't I a-comin' jis' 's fast 's ever I kin? What 's your rush?"

It is the exceptional boy has this experience. The normal one preserves the delicate bloom of romance, by never seeing the show until it makes its Grand Triumphal Entree in a Pageant of Unparalleled Magnificence far Surpassing the Pomp and Splendor of Oriental Potentates.

The hitching-posts are full of whinnering country horses, and people are in town you would n't think existed if you had n't seen

their pictures in *Puck* and *Judge*, people from over by Muchinippi, and out Noodletoozy way, big, red-necked men with the long loping step that comes from walking on the plowed ground. Following them are lanky women with their front teeth gone, and their figures bowed by drudgery, dragging wide-eyed children whose uncouth finery betrays the "country jake," even if the freckles and the sun-bleached hair could keep the secret.

From the far-off fastnesses where there are still log-cabins chinked with mud, they have ventured to see the show come into town, and when they have seen that, they will retire again beyond our ken. How every sense is numbed and stunned by the magnificence and splendor of the painted and gilded wagons as they rumble past, the driver rolling and pitching in his seat, as he handles the ribbons of eight horses all at once!

The allegorical tableau-car solemnly waggles past, Europe and Asia and Africa and Australia brilliant in grease-paint and gorgeous cheese-cloth robes. And can you guess who the fat lady up on the very tip-top of all is, upon the tip-top where the wobble is the worst? Our own Columbia! It must be fine to ride around that way all dressed up in a flag. But a sourer lot of faces you never saw in your life. No. I am wrong. For downright melancholy and despondency you must wait till the funny old clown comes along in his little bit of a buggy drawn by a little bit of a donkey.

"And, oh, looky! Here comes the elephants, just the same as in the joggerfy books. And see the men walking beside them. They come from the place the elephants do. See, they have on the clothes they wear in that country. Don't they look proud? Who would n't be proud to get to walk with an elephant? And if you ever do anything to an elephant to make him mad, he 'll always remember it and some day he 'll get even with you. One time there was a man, and he gave an elephant a chew of tobacco, and — O-o-ooh! See that man in the cage with the lions! Don't it just make the cold chills run over you? I would n't be there for a million dollars, would you, ma?

"What they laughing at down the street? Ma, make Lizzie get down; she 's right in my way. I don't want to see it pretty soon. I want to see it *naowl* Oh, ain't it funny? See the old clowns playing on horns! Ain't it too killing? Aw, look at them ponies. I woosht I had one. Johnny Pym has got a goat he can hitch up. What was that, pa? What was that went 'Oo-OOoomh!'"

"Whoa, Nell, whoa there! Steady, gal, stead-ay! Ho, there! Ho! Whoa —whoa-*hup!* Whaddy y'about? Fool horse. Whoa . . . whoa . . . so, gal, so-o-o. Lion, I guess, or a tagger, or sumpum or other."

And talk about music. You thought the band was grand. You just wait. Don't you hear it down the street? It 'll be along in a minute now. . . . There it is. That 's the cally-ope. That 's what the showbills call: "The Steam Car of the Muses." . . . Mm-well, I don't know but it is just a leetle off the pitch, especially towards the end of a note, but you must remember that you can't haul a very big boiler on a wagon, and the whistles let out an awful lot of steam, It 's pretty hard to keep the pressure even. But it 's loud. That 's the main thing. And the man that plays on it — no, not that fellow in the overalls with a wad of greasy waste in his hand. He 's only the engineer. I mean the artist, the man that plays on the keys. Well, he knows what the people want. He has his fingers on the public pulse. Does he give them a Bach fugue, or Guillmant's "Grand Cœur?" 'Deed, he does n't. He goes right to the heart, with "Patrick's Day in the Morning," and "The Carnival of Venice," and "Home, Sweet Home," and "Oh Where, Oh Where has my Little Dog Gone?" He knows his business. A shade off the key, perhaps, but my! Ain't it grand? So loud and nice!

"Well, that 's all of it. . . . Why, child, I can't make it any longer than it is. . . . What do you want me to drive round into the other street for? You 've seen all there is to see. Got all your trading done, mother? Well, then I expect we 'd better put for home. Now, Eddy, I told you 'No' once, and that 's the end of it. Hush up now! Look here, sir! Do you want me to take and 'tend to you right before everybody? Well, I will now, if I hear another whimper out o' ye. Ck-ck-ck! Git ep there, Nelly."

Some day, when we get big, and have whole, whole lots of money we 're going to the circus every time it comes to town, to the real circus, the one you have to pay to get into. For if merely the street parade

THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY

is so magnificent, what must the show itself be?

III

How people can sit at the table on circus day and stuff, and stuff the way they do is more than I can understand. You 'd think they had n't any more chances to eat than they had to go to the show. And they can find more things to do before they get started! And then, after the house is all locked up and everything, they 've got to go back after a handkerchief! What does anybody want with a handkerchief at a circus?

It 's exasperating enough to have to choose between going in the afternoon and not going at all. Why, sure, it 's finer at night. Lots finer. You know that kind of a light the peanut-roaster man has got down by the post-office. Burns that kind of stuff they use to take out grease-spots. Ye-ah. Gasoline. Well, at the circus at night, they don't have just one light like that, but bunches and bunches of them on the tent-poles. No, silly! Of course not. Of course they don't set the tent afire. But say! What if they did, eh? The place would be all full of people, laughing at the country jake that comes out to ride the trick-mule, and you 'd happen to look up and see where the canvas was ju-u-ust beginning to blaze, and you 'd jump up and holler: "Fire! Fire!" as loud as ever you could because you saw it first, and you 'd point to the place. Excitement? Well, I guess yes. The people would all run every which way, and fall all over themselves, and the women would squeal — And do you know what I 'd do? I 'd just let myself down between the kind of bed-slat benches, and drop to the ground, and lift up the canvas and there I 'd be all safe. And after I was all safe, then I 'd go back and rescue folks. . . . We-ell, I s'pose I 'd *have* to rescue a girl. It seems they always do that. But it would be nicer, I think, to rescue some real rich man. He 'd say: "My noble preserver! How can I sufficiently reward you?" and take out his pocket-book. And I 'd say: "Take back your proffered gold," and make like I was pushing it away, "take back your proffered gold. I but did my duty." And then I 'd forget all about it. And one day, after I 'd forgotten all about it, the man would die, and will me a million dollars, or a thousand. I don't know. Enough to make me rich.

And say! Would n't the animals get excited when they saw the show was afire? They 'd just roar and roar, and upset the cages, and maybe they 'd get loose. O-o-o-Oh! How about that? If there was a lion come at me, I 'd climb a tree. What would you do? Ah, your pa's shot-gun nothing! Why, you crazy, that would only infuriate him the more. What you want to do is to take an express rifle, like Doo Challoo did, and aim right for his heart. An express rifle is what you send off and get, and they ship it to you by express.

So you see what a fellow misses by having to go to the show in the afternoon, like the

girls and the a-b-abs. The boys from across the tracks get to go at night. They have all the fun. When they go they don't have to poke along, and poke along, and keep hold of hands so as not to get lost. . . . Aw, hurry up, can't you? Don't you hear the band playing? It 'll be all over before we get there.

But finally the lots are reached, and there are the tents, with all kinds of flags snapping from the center-poles and the guy-ropes. And there are the side-shows. Alas! You never thought of the side-shows when you asked if you could go. And now it 's too late. It must be fine in the side-shows. I never got to go to one. I did n't have the money. But if the big, painted banners, bulging in and out, as the wind plays with them, are anything to go by, it must be something grand to see the Fat Lady, and the Circassian Beauty, whose frizzled head will just about fit a bushel basket, and the Armless Wonder. They say he can take a pair of scissors with his toes and cut your picture out of paper just elegant.

Oh, and something else you miss by going in the afternoon. At night you can sneak around at the back, and when nobody is looking you can just lift up the canvas and go right in for nothing. . . . Why, what 's wrong about that? Ah, you 're too particular. . . . And if the canvasman catches you, you can commence to cry and say you had only forty cents, and wanted to see the circus so bad, and he 'll take it and let you in, and you can have ten cents, don't you see, to spend for lemonade, red lemonade, you understand, and peanuts, the littlest bags, and the "on-riest" peanuts that ever were.

As far as I can see, the animal part of the show is just the same as it always was. The people that take you to the show always pretend to be interested in them, but it 's my belief they stop and look only to tease you. Away, 'way back in ancient times, there used to be a man that took the folks around and told them what was in each cage, and where it came from, and how much it cost, and what useful purpose it served in the wise economy of nature, and all about it. That was before my time. But I can recollect something they had that they don't have any more. I can remember when Mr. Barnum first brought his show to our town. It did n't take much teasing to get to go to that, because in those days Mr. Barnum was a "bigger man than old Grant." "The Life of P. T. Barnum, Written by Himself" was on everybody's marble-topped center-table, just the same as "The History of the Great Rebellion." You show some elderly person from out of town the church across the street from the Astor House, and say: "That 's St. Paul's Chapel. General Montgomery's monument is in the chancel window. George Washington went to church there the day he was inaugurated president," and your friend will say: "M-hm." But you tell him that right across Broadway is where Barnum's Museum used to be, and he 'll brighten right up and remember all about how Barnum strung a flag across to St. Paul's steeple and what a fuss the vestry made. That 's something he knows about. That 's part of the history of our country.

Well, when Mr. Barnum first came to our town, all around one tent were vans full of the very identical "Moral Waxworks" that we had read about, and had given up all hopes of ever seeing because New York was so far away. There was the "Dying Zouave." Oh, that was a beauty! The *Advance Courier* said that "the crimson torrent of his heart's blood spouted in rhythmic jets as the tide of life ebbed silently away," but I guess by the time they got to our town they must have run all out of pokeberry juice, for the "crimson torrent" did n't spout at all. But his bosom heaved every so often, and he rolled up his eyes something grand! I liked it, but my mother said it was horrid. That 's the way with women. They don't like anything that anybody else does. There 's no pleasing 'em. And she thought the "Drunkard's Family" was "kind o' low." It was n't either. It was fine, and taught a great moral lesson. I told her so, but she said it was low, just the same. She thought the "Temperance Family" was nice, but it was n't anywhere near as good as the "Drunkard's Family." Why, let me tell you. The "Drunkard's Wife" was in a ragged calico dress, and her eye was all black and blue, where he had hit her the week before. And the "Drunkard" had hold of a black quart bottle, and his nose was all red, and he wore a plug hat that was even rustier and more caved in than Elder Drown's, if such a thing were possible. And there was — But I can't begin to tell you of all the fine things Mr. Barnum had that year, but never had again.

Another thing Mr. Barnum had that year that never appeared again. It may be that

after that time the Funny Old Clown did crack a joke, but I never heard him. The one that Mr. Barnum had got off the most comical thing you ever heard. I 'll never forget it the longest day I live. Laugh? Why, I nearly took a conniption over it. It seems the clown got to crying about something. . . . Now what was it made him cry? Let me see now. . . . Ain't it queer I can't remember that? Fudge! . . . . Well, never mind now. It will come to me in a minute.

I feel kind of sorry for the poor little young ones that grow up and never know what a clown is like. Oh, yes, they have them to-day, after a fashion. They stub their toes and fall down the same as ever, but there is a whole mob of them and you can't take the interest in them that you could in the one, the only, the inimitable clown there used to be, a character of such importance that he got his name on the bills. He was a mighty man in those days. The ring-master was a kind of stuck-up fellow, very important in his own estimation, but he did n't have a spark of humor. Not a spark. And he 'd be swelling around there, all so grand, and the clown, just to take him down a peg or two, would ask him a conundrum. And do you think he could ever guess one? Never. Not a one. And when the clown would tell him what the answer was, he 'd be so vexed at himself that he 'd try to take it out on the poor clown, and cut at him with his long whip. But Mr. Clown was just as spry in his shoes as he was under the hat, and he 'd hop up on the ring-side out of the way, and squall out: "A-a-a-ah! Never touched me!" We had that for a byword. Oh, you 'd die laughing at the comical remarks he 'd make. And he 'd be so quick about it. The ring-master would say something, and before you 'd think, the clown would make a joke out of it. . . . I wish I could think what it was he said that was so funny the time he started crying. Seems to me it was something about his little brother. . . . Well, no matter.

THE FUNNY OLD CLOWN

Yes, sir, there are heads of families to-day, I 'll bet you, that have grown up without ever having heard a clown sing a comic song, and ask the audience to join in the chorus. And if you say to such people: "Here we are again, Mr. Merryman," or "Bring on another horse," or "What will the little lady have now? The banners, my lord?" they look at you so funny. They don't know what you mean, and they don't know whether to get huffy or not. Well, I suppose it had to be that the Funny Old Clown with all his songs, and quips, and conundrums, and comical remarks should disappear. Perhaps he "did n't pay."

I can't see that the rest of the show has changed so very much. Perhaps the trapeze performances are more marvelous and breath-suspending than they used to be. But they were far and far beyond what we could dream of then, and to go still farther as little impresses us as to be told that people live even farther off than Idaho. The trapeze performers are up-to-date in one respect. The fellow that comes down with his arms folded, one leg stuck out and the other twined around the big rope, revolving slowly, slowly — well, the band plays the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" nowadays when he does that. It used to play: "O Thou Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer!" But the lady in the riding-habit still smiles as if it hurt her when her horse walks on its hind legs; the bareback rider does the very same fancy steps as the horse goes round the ring in a rocking-chair lope; the attendants still slant the hurdles almost flat for the horse to jump; they still snake the banners under the rider's feet as he gives a little hop up, and they still bang him on the head with the paper-covered hoop to. . . . Hold on a minute.

Now. . . . Now. . . . That story the clown told that was so funny, that had something to do with those hoops. I wish I could think of it. It would make you laugh, I know.

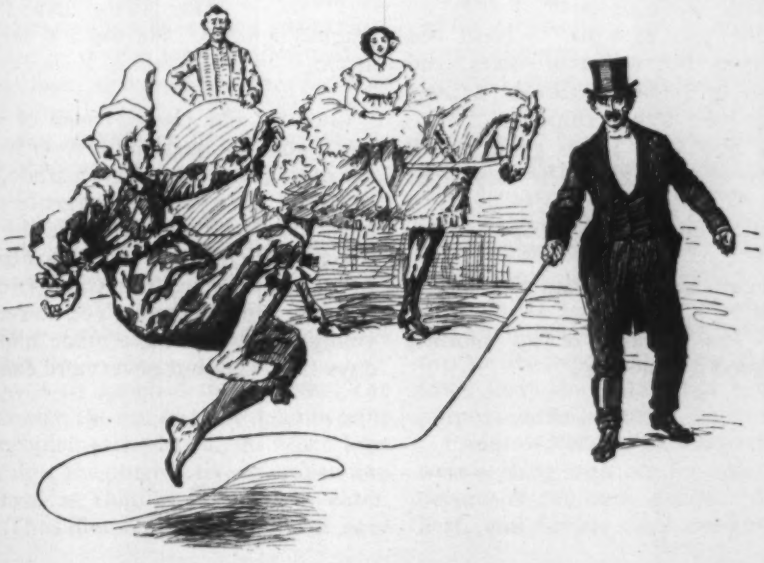
People try to lay the blame of the modern circus's failure to interest them on the three rings. They say so many things to watch at once keeps them from being interested in any one act. They can't give it the attention it deserves. But I 'll tell you what's wrong: There is n't any Funny Old Clown, a particular one, to give it human interest. It is all too splendid, too magnificent, too far beyond us. We want to hear somebody talk foolish and human once in a while.

They pretended that the tent was too big for the clown to be heard, but I take notice it was n't too big for the fellow to get up and declaim: "The puffawmance ees not yait hawf ovah. The jaintlemanly agents will now pawss around the ring with tickets faw the concert." I used to hate that man. When he said the performance was not yet half over, he lied like a dog, consarn his picture! He knew it, and we knew that there were only a few more acts to come. We wanted the show to go on and on, and always to be just as exciting as at the very first, and it would n't! We had got to the point where we could n't be interested in anything any more. We were as little ones unable to prop their eyelids open and yet quarreling with bed. We were surfeited, but not satisfied. We sat there and pouted because there was n't any more, and yet we could n't but yawn at the act before us. We were mad at ourselves, and mad at everybody else. We clambered down the rattling bed-slat seats, sour and sullen. We did n't want to look at the animals; we did n't want to do this, and we did n't want to do that. We whined and snarled, and wriggled and shook ourselves with temper, and we got a good hard slap, side of the head, right before everybody, and then we yelled as if we were being killed alive.

"Now, mister, if I ever take you any place again, you 'll know it. I 'd be ashamed of myself, if I was you. Hush up! Hush up, I tell you. Now you mark. You 're never going to the show again. Do you hear me? *Never.* I mean it. You 're never going again."

But at eventide there was light. After supper, after a little rest and a good deal of food, while chopping the kindling for morning (it 's wonderful how useful employ tends to induce a cheerful view of life) out of her dazzling treasure-heap of jewels, Memory took up one after another a glowing recollection and viewed it with delight. The evening performance, the one all lighted up with bunches and bunches of lights, was a-preparing and in the gentle breeze the far-off music waved as it had been a flag. A harsh and rumbling noise as of heavy timbers falling tore through the tissue of sweet sounds. The horses in the barn next door screamed in their stalls to hear it. Ages and ages ago on

"'*A-a-a-ah! Never touched me!*'"



distant wind-swept plains their ancestors had hearkened to that hunting-cry, and summoned up their valor and their speed. It still thrilled in the blood of these patient slaves of man, though countless generations of them had never even so much as seen a lion.

"And is that all the difference, pa, that the lion roars at night and the ostrich in the daytime?"

Out on the back porch in the deepening dusk we sat, with eyes relaxed and dreaming, and watched the stars that powdered the dark sky. Before our inward vision passed in review the day of splendor and renown. We sighed, at last, but it was the happy sigh of him who has full dined. Ambition was digesting. In our turn, when we grew up, we too were to do the deeds of high emprise. We were to be somebody.

(I never heard of anybody sitting up to see the show depart. And yet it seems to me that would be the best time to run off with it.)

The next day we visited the lots. It was no dream. See the litter that mussed up the place. We were all there. None had heard the man that runs the show say genially: "Yes, I think we can arrange to take you with us." Here was the ring; here the tent-pole holes, and here a scrap of paper torn from a hoop the bareback rider leaped through. . . . Oh, I know now what I was going to tell you that the clown said. The comicalest thing!

He picked up one of these hoops and began to sniffle.

So the ring-master asked him what he was crying about.

"I — I — was thinking of my mother. Smf! My good old mother!"

"'The puffawmance ees not yait hawf ovah'"

Well, you know that 'll make anybody serious, so the ring-master asked him what made him think of his mother.

"This." And he held up the paper-covered hoop.

The ring-master could n't see how that put the clown in mind of his mother. He was awful dumb, that man.

"It looks just like the pancakes she used to make for us."

Well, sir, we just hollered and laughed at that. And after we had quieted down a little, the ring-master says: "As big as that?"

"Bigger," says the clown. "Why, she used to make 'em so big we used 'em for bedclothes."

"Indeed?" (Just like that. He took it all in, just as if it was so.)

"Oh, my, yes! I mind one time I was sleeping with my little brother, and I waked up just as *cold* — Brrr! But I was cold!"

"But how could that be, sir? You just said you had pancakes for bedclothes."

"Yes, but my little brother got hungry in the night and et up all the cover."

Laugh? Why, they screamed. Me? I thought I 'd just about go up. But the ring-master never cracked a smile. He did n't see the joke at all.

Good-by, old clown, friend of our childhood, good-by, good-by forever! And you, our other friend, the street parade, must you go, too? And you, the gorgeous show-bills, must you tread the path toward the sundown? Good-by! Good-by! And in that dreary land where you are going, the Kingdom of the Ausgespielt, it may comfort you to recollect the young hearts you have made happy in the days that were but nevermore can be again.

PROLONGING THE PRIME OF LIFE

METCHNIKOFF'S DISCOVERIES SHOW THAT OLD AGE MAY BE POSTPONED

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the Japanese-Russian war, Dr. Kagouchi, chief of the Japanese Red Cross service, perfected a new dressing for external flesh-wounds. It consists of a kind of poultice bandage of straw ashes, treated antiseptically. It prevents all contamination from the outside, and at the same time takes up the deadly pus ejected from the wound itself. But — and herein the treatment goes back almost to the simplicity of the grimy rag around the small cut finger — there is no daily routine of removal, cleansing and re-dressing. Often the bandage is left on for weeks; nature is trusted to do her work unaided and unwatched! And it is a display of trust which, one might well believe, surgeons with reputations to maintain would never permit themselves. Yet the reputations have been maintained with honors; of the tens of thousands of wounded men, not four in the hundred have been lost.

What new knowledge has made possible this new confidence? The reply is foreshadowed in the closing lines of Lord Lister's inaugural address, delivered as president of the British Association as far back as 1896. "Why, in the case of all simple water-dressings" — one may sum up his preceding paragraph — "does the putrefaction not strike inwards?"

"*Phagocytosis* supplied the answer. The blood between the lips of the wound became rapidly peopled with phagocytes which kept guard against the putrefactive microbes, and seized them as they endeavored to enter. . . . Thus Metchnikoff's researches have beautifully completed the theory of antiseptic treatment in surgery."

Hidden under these scientific phrases there is evidently something wonderful. What is it? In Lord Lister's words, "It is the most romantic chapter in pathology." But that was said nine years ago. And in the far-reaching potentialities of the discovery which have of late been revealed by Professor Metchnikoff himself, and by many working groups of brother scientists, the theory of phagocytosis gives promise of being indirectly, the most important contribution ever made to the art of healing.

Since 1857, when Virchow showed that all higher forms of life are simply vast composites of single cells, it has been almost equally well known that every animal organism is a-swarm with microscopic cells that are "freely moving." They are most markedly present in the blood in the form of red and white corpuscles. The purpose of the red corpuscles was clearly understood; they distributed oxygen. But the white corpuscles, or leucocytes, were puzzling enough. They appeared to have an individual life of their own. They could expand and contract. They had powers of locomotion, being able to swim against the arterial currents. If you drew a drop of blood from your wrist, and held it close enough to the fire to keep it approximately at the temperature of the body, you might see, through the microscope, your private leucocytes crawling about energetically upon the glass! But what was their purpose in the system?

Professor Metchnikoff discovered that they were nothing more nor less than the army of defense of the body politic. Against cold, heat, and famine they are powerless; but

they intervene for the protection of the organism in the case alike of a razor scratch or a stroke of apoplexy. It is the way they act which determines what is to be the result of a cold in the head, or an attack of Asiatic cholera. To the white corpuscles of the blood, as also to all those similar "freely-moving cells" of the lymphatic glands or the nerve fluids (those colorless liquids which lubricate the sinews, the spinal marrow, the walls of the stomach, etc.), our scientist has given the name of *phagocytes* — "cells which devour"; and *phagocytosis* is simply the general term which denotes their action.

PROFESSOR ELIE METCHNIKOFF

From a photograph made in 1875

If you have run a pin into your thumb or received a bayonet thrust at Port Arthur, precisely the same thing takes place. A myriad of these tiny "first aid" cells, from the surrounding blood vessels and lymphatic glands at once come hurrying to the rescue. They begin to clean up whatever wreck there has been made in the skin and muscular tissue. They eagerly absorb into themselves or cluster opposingly about all foreign matter that has been introduced into the wound. Then they proceed to pile themselves tier upon tier around it like so many little sandbags about a broken bastion. Later they gradually join together and solidify into the layer of new skin which appears beneath the sloughed-off scab. They are at once workmen and repairing material.

But, as the father of antiseptics pointed out, they also have to struggle against the microbes of putrefaction. And here there is something very like an actual battle. Still more; in so far as it lies in the capacity of the defenders, the invading germs are not only killed; they are likewise swallowed and digested! Nor is this merely an occasional miracle. It is taking place almost without intermission in the pores of the skin and the digestive tube, in the spongy walls of the mouth, and nostrils, and throat, and lungs, — wherever, indeed, the attacking microbes seek to find an entrance. Where we are protected once by spoon-administered medicines, we are protected a thousand times by the power of an innumerable army of microscopic stomachs!

Again, the phagocytes have their moments of feebleness. There are certain enemies which they flee from, leaving the body to defend itself as best it may — most frequently to perish. Yet when experience has shown that the particular microbe enemy in question *is* one which the phagocytes are instinctively unwilling to face, they can be artificially heartened to the fray — given "Dutch courage" if you like. Thus inspirited, the army of defense will commonly take up the struggle with complete success!

Finally, Professor Metchnikoff's latest researches have shown — whence all the newspaper notoriety — that there is every evidence that it is possible so to avail ourselves of our knowledge of the struggle between microbes and phagocytes as to be able to arm the body for a great length of time against old age itself! He believes that man does not now live the natural span of life, that the score of years now allotted to the state of "middle age" should, and will be in the not distant future, two-, or three-, or four-score. It is modern science returning to the famous "hundred and forty years" which Buffon set down as man's natural life from the logic and evidence of comparative zoölogy.

This paper is the outcome of a series of interviews which the professor most kindly granted the writer, and in which he said his

latest word. Not only that, but he amplified and explained whatever was not easy for the lay mind to follow in much of his work which has recently been made public.

Elie Metchnikoff is now a man of sixty. He is in most rugged health and gives one at all times the impression of power and optimism; in fact he repeatedly describes himself as "an optimist on scientific grounds." To that he adds a galvanic energy and a capacity for taking labor out of himself and others which have won him the title of "*le patron*" — as who should say, "the walking boss"— among his numerous aides and associates; and he dresses accordingly. But the absolute confidence and pride which go with that epithet are evident from one's first half hour in the big outside laboratories.

He is a Russian, born near Kharkoff, the 15th of May, 1845. At Kharkoff he took his preliminary course in science. He continued it at Giessen, Göttingen, and Munich; and in 1870 he was appointed to the chair of zoölogy at Odessa. He had produced and continued to produce the usual college theses and post-graduate essays — all of which brought him notice and a name among the younger generation of biologists. He now began the customary scientific travels. He studied the minuter forms of life on the Volga steppes. He went to Madeira and Teneriffe, and examined the more primitive orders of sea creatures of those half-tropical waters.

But all those things had been done before. It was at Messina, in 1882, that the great thing came. In the grubs, or young, of star-fish, and in a tiny species of fresh-water crab, he was able to place under the microscope organisms of a transparency in which the business of the leucocytes could no longer be mysterious. He saw those of the starfish grub repairing and protecting wounds made by his own hands in its outer and inner skin. He watched the leucocytes of the crabs struggle, sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, against infection from a germ which differs only slightly from those which are pleased to invade the human system. He saw a moving picture of what takes place in *all* disease, in every form of life whatsoever!

A Viennese zoölogical journal gave publicity to the discovery. From Virchow, himself discoverer of the protector cell, came the first real recognition. From Pasteur, discoverer of the invading microbe, came the second. The work of the young Russian had furnished the natural link between them. In 1888 he went to Paris as one of the lieutenants of "the master." It was at the Pasteur Institute that he did much of his work for his first volume, "Lessons upon Inflammation," (*L'Inflammation*). All that, and nine years more of labor went into his second,— "Immunity," (*L'Immunity,*) almost immediately to become a standard. Since then he has published "The Nature of Man," (*La Nature Humaine*) — his only book as yet translated into English — and those shorter studies, dealing with the nature of old age which have drawn to him a notice no longer merely specialized but universal. It may be said that he is now, and has been for a long time head of the entire department of research at the Institute, which is almost as much as to say that he inherits the position of Pasteur himself. When very recently Dr. Doyen made claim to have discovered a cure for cancer, and the French Academy of Medicine, holding that cure in doubt, sent it before a kind of scientific supreme court, if was as a foregone conclusion that Professor Metchnikoff was made its chief.

II

In the case of man and the higher animals the phagocytes are transparent, microscopic, filmy drops, with a stomach-heart, or nucleus, surrounded by digestive fluid. And the phagocyte is of such constantly altering form that it can hardly be said to have a shape at all. When it feeds, it projects its body forward and about the prey in little, limb-like expansions of itself. It is as if the "devouring cell" had suddenly become an atomic devil-fish. The microbe is literally "surrounded," and forthwith the digestive fluid begins to do its work. Whether the phagocytes act instinctively or from a kind of physical attraction and repulsion, is still sharply debated among biologists; but to us it is something which can make very little difference.

There are two general classes of phagocytes, *macrophages*, or cells with a single nucleus; and *microphages*, much smaller cells in which the nucleus is arranged, to use a homely comparison, much like a partially-folded string of sausages. The macrophages show a marked preference for an animal diet. If you cut your finger it is they who hurry in to clear up and devour the mess. In a case of apoplexy "they gather about the

PROFESSOR ELIE METCHNIKOFF, PASTEUR INSTITUTE, PARIS

The celebrated Russian scientist who declares that man, in the not distant future, will be able to arm himself for a great length of time against old age itself! He believes that man does not now live the natural span of life, that "Middle Age" should and will be three- or four-score years. Professor Metchnikoff, himself sixty years old, takes daily a sort of curdled milk containing microbes which combat the cellular activities that hasten old age.

blood clot and absorb it, together with the red corpuscles it contains." If recovery follow it is because the task has not been beyond their capacity. Of the infectious microbes, they prefer those which give the "chronic maladies" — such as leprosy and tuberculosis. Only in rare instances will they touch the bacteria of the "acute diseases" — diphtheria, cholera, bubonic plague, and the like.

These latter bacteria, however, are sufficiently well looked after by the *microphages*. By the arrangement of their nuclei they are enabled to pass through the pores in the walls of the finest blood-vessels, thread the connecting tissue, and even penetrate the bones and marrow! And, even as they go everywhere, so is their activity unceasing. It is they which demonstrate most strikingly the actual character of "natural immunity."

Cholera almost never attacks the frog. In those Calcutta ditches and ponds from which it would be death for any human being to drink, it lives unscathed. Why? A laboratory "culture" of cholera bacilli is injected beneath the skin of the frog;* an hour later a few drops of blood are withdrawn from the point of inoculation — and the microscope gives us our answer. Microphages in crowds have begun to flock into the spot as if under some kind of organic magnetism. The microbes attempt to escape, but the microphages block their way; they sieze them, draw them in and swallow them. The bacilli struggle for some time in their interiors, but within a few hours they are passing into a state of harmless decomposition. In scientific language, "the phagocytosis was particularly intense."

The guinea-pig will not take goose-fever. Again an experiment supplies the explanation. The guinea-pig is inoculated with a charge of goose-fever microbes — and the phagocytes begin to move forward and reach out for them at once. The goose-fever microbes are the most active of little, corkscrew-like wrigglers. "They make the most violent movements," says the Professor, "and sometimes succeed in getting away. But oftenest they are drawn deeper and deeper into the phagocyte. Once in, within a very short time they become unrecognizable." And in the end, the same fate overtakes them all.

* Such experiments are performed with instruments so small that they are little more painful than mosquito bites.

The pigeon has little to fear from the germs of human tuberculosis. For what reason? Once more the microbe culture is injected. The phagocytes — and this time it is the *macrophages* — "fuse about and imprison the bacilli; they cannot utterly destroy them, but they keep them from multiplying and becoming harmful." One could continue to cite cases to the end of the chapter. The house rat may make its nest in rags teeming with diphtheria germs and run no risk from them whatever. The common chicken, often with badly battered feet, daily scratches untroubled amid unnumbered spores of tetanus. The sheep-dog sees his whole flock struck down by anthrax and is himself untouched. All these instances alike have been for years standard, lecture-course examples of immunity innate and inexplicable. All alike are now explained by the compound microscope.

Sometimes the phagocytes stuff themselves until they are distended to three times their ordinary size. In one experiment it was estimated that a culture of ten million microbes was, in twenty minutes, reduced to nine thousand. In all such experiments indeed, we must think in millions, if not in hundreds of millions. Sometimes the phagocytes are able to swallow whole shoals of the bacilli at once, like whales in a school of herrings. On the other hand, the bacilli may be the larger, in which case several microphages join forces and fall to together. In every instance "natural immunity" means that the phagocytes of the particular species of animal containing them have come to regard the bacteria of the disease in question as their proper and natural prey.

In no case, however, is there found to be such a thing as an immunity that is absolute. There is always a limit to the number of microbes with which the phagocytes can cope. But most frequently the deciding factor is the willingness or unwillingness of the phagocytes to devour the intruders at all. And in this respect they may be greatly influenced by changes in exterior conditions, as, for example, those of temperature. The microbe of pneumonia is rarely absent from the human mouth and nostrils. It can descend to the lungs at will. But a prolonged and violent chill is called for if it is to get its needed start. The skin of the face almost always harbors the germ of erysipelas. Any unnoticed razor scratch may be enough to give it access to the body tissues. But a

cold in the wound must also intervene if it is to do its work.

Again, if the poisonous microbe is a wholly unfamiliar one, or if its attack is overwhelming, the phagocytes may not merely hold back for a time. Often enough they flee altogether, and the deadly invasion goes on unopposed. This takes place, for example, when either rats or men are attacked by the bacilli of bubonic plague.

All these, however, are only type examples. The various groups of investigators — some under the guidance of Professor Metchnikoff, others working independently — have shown that the struggle is manifold and multiplex in its nature. If the phagocytes of the guinea-pig have accustomed themselves to devour the bacillus which gives tuberculosis to the human organism, these small guardians have not accustomed themselves to a bacillus differing very slightly from it; and thus there is another form of tuberculosis, which, to the guinea-pig, is terribly fatal. In the case of bubonic plague, the guinea-pig's *microphages* devour the bacilli with all willingness; but as yet natural selection has not given to the defenders digestive ferments powerful enough to complete the destruction. The plague bacilli develop within the microphages themselves, break out again, and in the end the organism is destroyed. The various bacteria, too, seem almost to know their own danger. The spiral-shaped microbe of intermittent fever attempts desperately to corkscrew its way to safety through the walls of the digestive tube. The germ of malaria seeks refuge in the red corpuscles.

But phagocytosis was already permitting the mind of its discoverer to make a still greater and an infinitely more moving advance. From the examination of the innate phenomena of each succeeding malady, he came at length to the body's final break-up and decay. There is always, when the organism has been for some time at its maximum, a gradual ebb of strength. But it is not an ebb which should be greatly felt at sixty, and which should reach its fatal maximum a scant ten or fifteen years thereafter. Other forces are at work. Here, too, our scientist found the action of the phagocyte underlying all. Not merely that, but the phenomena were the same as those which mark the progress of certain well-known and preventable, if not curable, diseases. The inference was one to gasp at, but it was an inevitable inference. Age, also, was a disease! Nay it was almost as definite and tangible a thing as the fungus-like sickness which attacks and shortens the lives of so many fish living the unnatural life of the aquarium.

III

"There takes place in age," the Professor declares, "something analogous to what takes place in the aging of certain peoples, when the army, meant to protect the state against exterior enemies, turns upon its own fellow-citizens." Plainly this requires a pause for explanation.

The course of one whole group of diseases, known as the "atrophies," shows itself in a progressive drying up, or withering, of that part of the body which is infected. A bunch of healthy muscular tissue looks, when under the microscope, almost exactly like a broken section of an orange. But in an orange which has turned "woody," we mark a disappearance of the liquid or meaty substance; only the light, stringy, connective tissue remains. The orange has become atrophied. And the change differs very little from that which takes the place in the case of a withered arm.

The vital organs may be affected in the same way. The "woodiness" may appear in the liver, which will become hard, fibrous, and unserviceable; it has developed *cirrhosis*, if you wish to use the special term for it. The brain and heart, the veins and kidneys are subject to the same disease. They turn into coarse-grained sponges, from which all the life-giving moisture has been drawn forth.

Again, the sickness may develop in the arterial walls. They dry out, lose their elasticity, and finally become like tubes of rotten rubber; this is what is known technically as *arteriosclerosis*. The hair, when attacked by its own peculiar form of atrophy, undergoes almost the same corky dry-rot. In the kindred diseases of tuberculosis and leprosy, the very bones are affected. By degrees they lose those mineral elements which afford them their real vitality and resisting power. They become like pumice-stone, and at last they are hardly less brittle than pipe-clay.

All this — need it be said? — is what takes place in age itself. "In all these examples," says the Professor, "the further one enters into the study of the differing forms of

destruction worked, the more must one be convinced of their great resemblance to those which appear with advancing years." "The various species of atrophy in the case of the old belong in the self-same category with the atrophies resulting from any ordinary cause of ill-health. The disease of the arteries which affects the aged is a veritable inflammation, precisely the same as inflammation of the arteries in the recognized form of *arteriosclerosis*." He works out his parallel in detail, case by case, and it is the most obvious of parallels. Senile atrophy is merely a compound atrophy; it is the adding together of all the others.

Now, investigations into the causes of the the special forms of the disease have shown that in every case a kind of "irritant poison" has been at work within the tissues. In a recent study of atrophy of the arteries, an eminent Swedish physician, Dr. Edgren, estimates that twenty-five per cent of those who suffer from it owe it to alcoholism. In this case the "irritant poison" has been deposited by the yeast germs in wines and liquors. The microbe of a second disease of moral wilfulness secretes the poison which accounts for another twenty per cent. In atrophy of the muscles, a certain number of examples result from the eating of pork which contains *trichinæ*. Others can be traced back to lead poisoning, and the like.

Yet, whatever the *first* cause may have been, neither the secretions of the yeast germs, nor the mineral poison in lead, nor the deposits of the flesh-corrupting parasite in cankered pork are the *final* cause of atrophy. But the gall-like corrosion one and all excite in the muscles, or in the artery walls, or in the various vital organs, awakens a sort of feverish and baneful activity among the neighboring *macrophages*. It was said in the beginning that this order of phagocyte shows a great preference for animal food. And what the macrophages do now is to turn inwards, ruthlessly suck out the life juices of cells and glands, and gradually destroy the value of the whole great masses of tissue. It is thus that the flesh of the human orange becomes "woody."

In leprosy and tuberculosis, where the bacilli carry their poison into the skeleton itself, there too, the exasperated macrophages do what the bacilli could never do alone. They hollow out and break up the hard layers of bone. When the hair turns white — whether as the result of a sudden shock in youth, or "according to the course of nature" in age — it is the same abnormal perturbation of the macrophages which is at work. "They start up from their torpor and begin to devour all the available pigment granules — the substance whence the hair derives its color. Stuffed with them they set themselves in motion. Sometimes they enter the skin; sometimes they leave the organism altogether." Professor Metchnikoff is at present using his microscope upon the feathers of a common barn-yard fowl which, from being coal-black has, within the last few months slowly been changing to a pure snow-white. Exactly as in the case of the graying locks of a man of seventy something has aroused the macrophages and transformed them into the worst of pillagers.

Indeed, if in the first part of this essay we dwelt upon the virtues of the phagocytes, now, as regards one division of them at least, we have to contemplate them in a state of sin. The struggle of the aging body is not a conflict with unknown and mysterious forces from the outside. It is a struggle against a manifold, insensate treason from within; " and this unnatural activity of the macrophages," repeats the Professor, "is observable in the most diverse organs of the old. The heart and liver are its victims. So, too, are the renal and lumbar regions. In the brain one finds these cells devouring what is most noble in the bodily organism."

But, if the parallel is to hold good, age, too, must have its irritant poisons. What, in the case of senile atrophy, stirs the macrophages into lawlessness?

A German scientist, Strassburger, writing in 1902, replied to that. Another, Dr. Bienstock, of Berlin, confirmed his discoveries. Professor Metchnikoff gives us, rather startlingly, a resumé of their investigations and his own: "The principal source of these poisons is entirely plain. Our digestive tube contains an enormous quantity of microbes, and many of them are capable of secreting substances more or less virulent. Our intestinal flora resembles the flora of forests in which one finds, together with mushrooms and other edible fungi, a great number of fungi that are venomous." In age, with that slow falling away of strength which *is* normal, the system finds it more and more difficult to purify itself; these microbes by degrees gain the ascendancy over

the phagocytes set in the walls of the body cavity to withstand them. They deposit their toxins, or poisons, in steadily increasing quantities, and *hence* the deadly agitation of the macrophages!

Sometimes in the strange, internecine invasion which follows, it is a case of an actual struggle between the voracious cells and their "noble" fellow elements. The latter, however, have generally been rendered inactive by fatty deposits, and in every case they are the victims. Too often it can hardly be said to be a question of a struggle at all. When in age the macrophages devour the coloring matter of the hair, or destroy the properties of the bones, it is rather a matter of an aggression upon those who are by nature inert and incapable of defending themselves. Dr. Boutiron, in his essay, "Pasteur and the Microbes" (*Pasteur et les Microbes*,) has spoken of the phagocytes as a kind of municipal guard "who were constantly making the rounds with that other army of nurses, the red corpuscles, assisting and protecting them." Alas, when the macrophages become perverted, that "army of nurses" furnishes their first victims. It is, indeed, as if by attacking them they acquired the courage to sack the vital treasury and slay the magistrates set above them in the brain.

This is a statement of the nature of the "age disease." Let it be understood at once that the Chief of Research at the Pasteur Institute is no discoverer of an "elixir of life." For those to whom it is not enough that he has established the real and amazing character of the aging process, and shown its analogy with diseases already well within the scope of medical science, this paper must of necessity be all but valueless. We have seen hydrophobia and diphtheria, tetanus and plague, one and all shown their master within five years of the time when their innate character became really known. On the other hand the character of tuberculosis has been known for almost twenty years, and its serum still awaits discovery. To hold the insurgent macrophages to their proper work in our human systems can hardly be less difficult. "The problem has not yet been solved," said the Professor, smiling cheerfully, "but in its solution there is nothing of the impossible." He is willing to go further, and indicate some most noteworthy doors which have already opened upon that solution. Yet it must be clearly understood that those doors have little more than opened. His warning to the present writer, in the beginning and at the end was to guard against mistaking hypothesis, however well-founded, for accomplished fact.

In the first place, cannot the aggressive tendency of the macrophages be forcibly curbed?

It was early learned that the phagocytes of both classes could to a certain extent be controlled and governed. Under the influence of chloral or antipyrine they will not eat. When quinine is administered they become torpid and make no effort to move about. Subjected to chloroform, like man himself they are bereft both of sensation and the power of locomotion. Opium practically makes them drunk; they are aware of the presence of their prey, but a hopeless zigzag is the nearest they can choose to approaching it. Inversely, as was said at the commencement, the phagocytes can be assisted and heartened in their struggle with the microbes. In the words of Dr. Roux, famous for his diphtheria anti-toxin, "In all the various anti-toxin cures, what takes place is probably not so much the actual destruction of the microbe and its poisonous products as the encitement of the reluctant phagocyte. . . . It is not a matter of anti-toxines but of stimulants." And we have the same reason for believing that the phagocytes can in similar fashion be stimulated in the case of the age disease. Yet Professor Metchnikoff confesses that when, as long ago as 1899, he took up work with a view to arresting by direct means the harmful activity of the macrophages in age, it was work which he had in the end to abandon. Serums which reacted upon the macrophages, the evil citizens, appeared to react no less upon the microphages, the trusty maintainers of the body state. And, for one investigator at least, the way was temporarily blocked.

But some three years ago Professor Massol of Geneva—as also, and almost at the same time, Dr. Cohendy of Paris, and Professor Metchnikoff himself—conceived the idea of leaving the macrophages out of consideration altogether, and striking immediately at the poisonous microbes in the digestive tube. There are many species of them, but the species working by far the greatest amount of harm is the microbe which brings about putrefaction. Now for a long time it had been well known that a certain other microbe—that which causes milk to sour—is "hostile" to it; for reasons clear enough to organic

chemistry,* the microbe of putrefaction when in its vicinity can not work. . . . Most famous among Europeans for their longevity are the Bulgarian mountaineers; they are also notable for their custom of consuming great quantities of sour-milk. Might there not be an intimate connection between these things? Were not the Bulgarians sending down to do battle against the most poisonous tenants of their digestive tubes almost the one force capable of holding them in subjection?

Massol tried a series of experiments. And, as Professor Metchnikoff puts it, "he found that it was possible to implant the sour-milk microbe within him, and acclimatise it there." Thereafter, too, he was able to chronicle a very considerable betterment in his general health. Thus, then, merely by absorbing milk in which the curdling process has commenced, it is possible for us to replace deadly germs by germs which are highly beneficial! In the words of the Professor, "it is possible to transform one's internal flora from one that is savage to one that is cultivated."

The germ of the ferment which is used to curdle milk in Bulgaria, and which has thence been brought into Switzerland and France, differs from the ordinary microbe of sour-milk only in so much as it is larger and more powerful. The "*yagburt*," or "*kéfir*," which has of late been prepared under conditions of scientific purity and placed on sale in Paris, is not attractive in appearance, but it can readily be made pleasant to the taste. No doubt we shall soon have plenty of it in America. There is no trade secret in its composition. I may say that Professor Metchnikoff takes it daily himself — he keeps a large bowl of it in his laboratory — and with him in this are many other hard-headed bacteriologists and physicians throughout Europe.

But another door has also opened. Our scientist had asked himself: cannot the cells which at present succumb to the attack of the macrophages in some way be reinforced? When the rebellious macrophages have turned upon the red corpuscles, the glands and muscles, and the "noble cells" of heart and brain, must the latter of necessity be the victims?

To quote any complete answer to this would draw us into the whole greatly-disputed question of the actual nature and mode of action of serums. It must suffice for our present purposes to say that Professor Metchnikoff, and others at work with him in the laboratories of the Pasteur Institute, have lately established the fact that the cell divisions of one species of animal can be made to exercise strange and unlooked-for powers over the corresponding cell divisions in other species.

Thus, if into a guinea-pig you make successive hypodermic injections of the blood of a living rabbit, and if, from thirty to thirty-five days later, you withdraw a small charge of blood from the guinea-pig so treated, that blood will, not only for the first rabbit but for all rabbits of the same species, be found to be one of those "re-inforcing" agents so much desired. A drop, or a drop and a half — (to be scientifically accurate from one-thirtieth to one-twentieth of a cubic centimeter) — of such blood injected into a rabbit's veins begins at once to "build up" the blood of the recipient.*

That most important of cell divisions, the red corpuscles, number at first in the rabbit about 5,800,000 to the cubic millimeter — the cubic millimeter approximating to the size of a large pin's head. Within three days — to give the results obtained in one series of experiments — the red corpuscles number 8,700,000. And for the week to follow that "army of nurses" remains in the neighborhood of this figure. More than that, there has been an even greater increase in the quantity of *hemoglobin*, the life-sustaining property which they convey. And the *microphages*, the good citizen soldiers, which usually constitute about fifty-eight per cent of the white corpuscles, have risen to more then seventy-seven per cent. When the injections were repeated throughout a period of fifty days, the red corpuscles were maintained at a general average of 8,000,000, with the *hemoglobin* and *microphages* in like proportion. Many other parallel tests gave results substantially the same.

Indeed, these experiments, though begun with no such intention, immediately suggested a method of dealing with *anemia*, that disease in which the red corpuscles virtually grow sick and die. And a Dr. Belonovsky of

* Any one desiring to make a thorough study of the action of the 'kéfir' germ will find the subject dealt with in a report read before the meeting of the French Academy of Medicine, held in February of the present year. No translation of this report exists as yet, however.

* A complete chronicle of these researches will be found running through the recent numbers of the *Annales de l'Institut Pasteur*, the monthly periodical issued by the institution. Professor Metchnikoff is one of its editors.

St. Petersburg, apparently a physician of high standing among his fellows, has been applying the discovery to the cure of this malady. He passes small quantities of healthy human blood into the veins of a sound horse, and then injects the serum obtained therefrom into the weakened blood system of his patients. He has made no full report as yet, but writes with much enthusiasm of the results so far recorded.

Other medical men have with equal promise of success carried their experimenting in the direction of arresting the decay of nervous vitality.

Almost at once, too, the discovery of the new "red corpuscle serum" was brought into play against leprosy. The first experiments were performed by a certain Dr. Carrasquilla of Bogota. They were continued and confirmed at the Hospital St. Louis, Paris. The serum could not cure the disease, in so much as no amount of reinforcement and purification of the blood could possibly restore the great masses of tissue already decayed and lost; but it undoubtedly arrested that decay. The French government has established the new treatment in the lazaretto of Noumea. And the underlying analogy between leprosy and one phase of the "age disease" has already been indicated.

But why aim at strengthening the blood alone? Granting that the red corpuscles are of vast importance, and that as you add vigor to the blood you renew the life of the whole system, why not, none-the-less, proceed along similar lines to the *direct* reinforcement of the "noble elements?" The tiny hypodermic needle, while penetrating barely below the surface, can despatch its health-bestowing gift as easily, if circuitously, to the most far-removed and highly specialized of the vital organs as to the capillaries of the skin. If the brain gives signs of decreasing power, why not use its proper serum to build it up again? Why not do the same for the heart, or the liver, or for any of the organs most plainly the victims of the macrophages in the disease of age? Yet perhaps this is where we put practical medicine aside for most visionary romance?

By no means. But there is a somewhat ghastly obstacle as yet blocking the way. In theory the thing is very easy. It is only a matter of injecting into horses, or other large animals, a certain fine emulsion of the human organ in question — the brain, the heart, the liver, or whatever it may be — to obtain, some five or six weeks afterwards, the serum to strengthen and up-build a corresponding organ in a state of weakness. In reality the problem is a very delicate one. From whom, to put it flatly, are these emulsions to be obtained in the first place? As the Professor himself pointed out, according to law, even the autopsy cannot take place until twenty-four hours after death. . . . and therefore human organs are rarely removed from the body in a condition to be of service. "Looking at it from another side, too, one often encounters the greatest opposition to their removal. And if these obstacles are surmounted, one meets with new difficulties when it comes to testing the efficacy of different doses of the serum." In other words, man is entirely unwilling to be experimented upon.

Here are difficulties which are as tangible as they are, some of them, gruesomely novel. Let us not cry horrors! however, and dismiss the subject from all consideration. The world is full of very unlovely things and forces which are of wholly inestimable value. The question is, will these obstacles to the continuance of one phase of this most astonishing of medical advances bar the way for long?

The discoverer of phagocytosis does not himself believe it. The fact that very little difficulty has been experienced in obtaining what healthy human blood has so far been required is in itself an argument. For the rest — the altogether unpleasant part of it — it can at least be noted that very small quantities of the human elements to be emulsionized for serums are required. Enlightened governments, too, have always supported the living against the dead. It may not be many years until those who forfeit existence to the state — or their liberty while living, will also forfeit to science their post-mortem clay.

Moreover there are many biologists of the present generation who have their own religion in these matters. "When we ourselves shall no longer be capable of studying age," said the Professor with all simplicity, "we shall at least be able to provide others with the subjects for that study."

IV

It would have been interesting enough if the biologist who will probably give the remainder of his years to the task of doubling our span of life could have been led into some

definite forecast of what he believes would be the result thereof. As a biologist, however, he prefers to dream no dreams. Yet running through all his writings not purely scientific, there is one main idea. For our modern era, if not for eras past, human existence is bafflingly and illogically short. One may well believe, indeed, that it was his own life experience that led him to take up the pathology of age.

He wasted no time in his youth. He was occupying his chair of zoölogy at twenty-five. Yet he now found that almost another thirteen years were required merely to assimilate the discoveries of the zoölogists who had preceded him. Having made his own great discovery, nine years more went to applying it solely to the subject of inflammation. In the preface of that first volume he announced confidently that immunity, cure, and atrophy are chapters which he hopes soon to deal with in separate form. It took almost ten years to write the chapter — one of six hundred pages — upon immunity alone. And in 1900, the year before he published it, he had reached the time when, had he remained at Odessa, he would have been retired from his professorship on account of age! Having mastered his material, he would have been deprived of his tools.

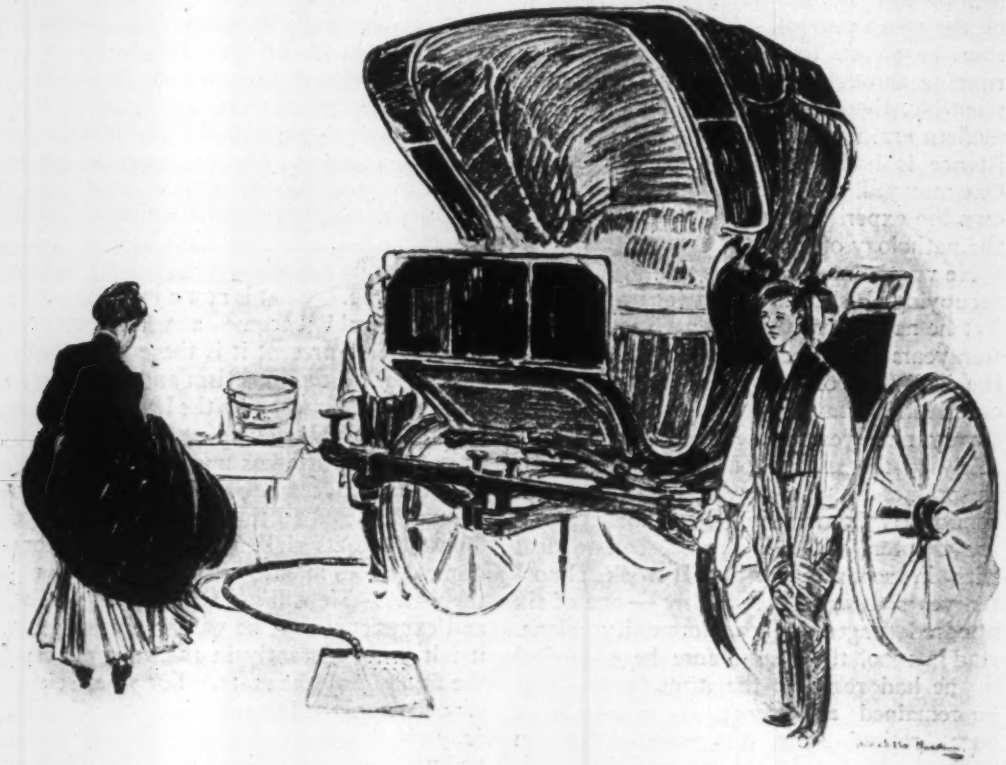
And has not every modern who has laid out for himself labor that is worth the doing the same underlying life story? Only it is not the rules of a university which cut brutally across all our planning. It is that weakness which enters into the body while the mind is at its best; it is the coming of death when the worker has only begun to comprehend the possibilities of existence. "The thing is a persecution with me," says Daudet, "a veritable poisoning of my life!" "Alas," cries Pasteur at sixty-six, on the occasion of the opening of the great institution which bears his name, "alas, I have the poignant sorrow of entering it a man vanquished by age. Time has already robbed me of my arms!" In the strong this makes eternally for pessimism. In the weak it makes for pessimism and evil, too. The one broad prophecy which the new Pasteurian has permitted himself is that longer life will make most powerfully for optimism and happiness.

If it is the belief, however whimsical, of Dr. Osler that there would be much virtue and gain in chloroform for the man of forty, it is the belief of Dr. Elie Metchnikoff that what this world chiefly suffers from is human immaturity! In an age which for long enough has been proclaiming the inestimable value of the young man, he congratulates himself that through medical progress the balance of power may be given to those whom we now call the old.

And probably we should still continue to call them old. But we must keep in mind that the great extension would really be one of middle life. What is now a mere flattened hill-top would become a wide-stretching plateau. At present it is those still climbing who, from their egotism and short-sightedness, most largely give the law; the future would be for those standing firmly and with ripened thoughtfulness upon the upper level. Above all, indeed, does this Russian wonder-worker hold to the thought that longer life will have its highest value in the restoration of the old man to his rightful position in the world. He will not only gather wisdom and experience, but he will be able to make it felt preponderantly in the governance of the family and the state. For what science is now determined to arrive at is the "healthfully old," not age that is feeble and ailing, and miserably doubtful of itself, but age such as we may see it in some fine old oak or elm; having reached its maximum, it retains it, with scarcely the foreshadowings of decline for score after score of years.

But there is always death. Our philosopher-scientist does not greatly fear it. If man no longer be cut off some few years after he has passed out of immaturity and reached his prime, if he be given the opportunity to do his work in the unworried assurance that he can see it finished, if he have time to toil and meditate and gain a true philosophy a new instinct will be born in him. "Had you lived as long as I have," said a centenarian to one of the Professor's brother investigators, "you would understand that it is possible not only *not* to fear death, but even to feel the want of it, as one feels the want of sleep."

Again there may come back to us that ancient and peaceful weariness of the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who, very full of years, laid themselves contentedly down with their fathers. Death will not then wait as a specter, grisly and terrible, a nightmare throwing its shadow over the still waking man. It will come as rest and sleep after so long a day of thought and labor.



"GERVIE ZAME, GERVIE DOOR"

BY

JEAN WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "WHEN PATTY WENT TO COLLEGE"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

PETER and Billy, the two grooms at Willowbrook, were polishing the sides of the tall mail phaeton with chamois-skin rubbers and whistling, each a different tune, as they worked. So intent were they upon this musical controversy that they were not aware of Mrs. Carter's approach until her shadow darkened the carriage-house doorway. She gathered up her skirts in both hands, and gingerly stepped inside. Peter had been swashing water about with a liberal hand, and the carriage-house floor was over damp.

"Where is Joe?" she inquired.

"He 's out in the runway, ma'am, jumpin' the new colt. Shall I call him, ma'am?" asked Billy, as the question appeared to be addressed to him.

"No matter," said Mrs. Carter, "one of you will do as well."

She advanced into the room, walking as nearly as possible on her heels. It was something of a feat; Mrs. Carter was not so light as she had been twenty-five years before. Peter followed her movements with a shade of speculative wonder in his eye. Should she slip, it would be an undignified spectacle. There was even a shade of hope beneath his respectful gaze.

"Why do you use so much water, Peter? Is it necessary to get the floor so wet?"

"It runs off, ma'am."

"It is very unpleasant to walk in."

Peter winked at Billy with his off eye, and stood at attention until she should

have finished her examination of the newly-washed phaeton.

"The cushions are dripping wet," she observed.

"I washed 'em on purpose, ma'am. They was spattered with mud."

"There is danger of spoiling the leather if you put on too much water," she said as she turned to an inspection of the rest of the room. She sniffed dubiously in the corner where the harness greasing was carried on, and lifted her skirts a trifle higher.

"It 's disgustingly dirty," she commented, "but I suppose you can't help it."

"Axle grease *is* sort o' black," Peter agreed graciously.

"Well," she resumed, returning to her errand with an appearance of reluctance, "I want you, William — or Peter either, it does n't matter which — to drive into the village this evening to meet the eight-fifteen train from the city. I am expecting a new maid. Take Trixy and the buckboard, and bring her trunk out with you. Eight-fifteen, remember," she added as she turned toward the doorway. "Be sure and be on time for she won't know what to do."

"Yes, ma'am," said Peter and Billy in chorus.

They watched in silence her gradual retreat to the house. She stopped once or twice to examine critically a clipped shrub or a freshly-spaded flower bed, but she finally passed out of hearing.

Billy uttered an eloquent grunt, and Peter hitched up his trousers in both hands and commenced a tour of the room on his heels.

"William," he squeaked in a high falsetto, "you 've spilt a great deal more water than is necessary on this here floor. You 'd ought to be more careful ; it will warp the boards."

"Yes, ma'am," said Billy with a grin.

"An' goodness me ! What is this horrid stuff in this box ?" he pursued, sniffing daintily at the harness grease. "How many times must I tell you, William, that I don't want anything like that on *my* harnesses ? I want them washed in nice, clean, soap an' water, with a little dash of *eau de cologne*." (Peter pronounced it *ee-oo-dee cologne*.)

"Peter . . . a full-fledged groom"

Billy applauded this pantomime with appreciation.

"An' now, Peter," Peter resumed, addressing an imaginary self, "I am expectin' a new maid to-night — a pretty little French maid just like Annette. I am sure that she will like you better than any o' the other men, an' so I wish you to meet her at the eight-fifteen train to-night. Be sure to be on time, for the poor little thing won't know what to do."

"No you don't," interrupted Billy. "She told me to meet her."

"She did n't either," said Peter, quickly reassuming his proper person. "She said either of us, whichever was most convenient, an' I 've got to go into town anyway on a errand for Miss Ethel."

"She said me," maintained Billy, "an' what 's more I 'm goin' to."

"Aw, are you ?" jeered Peter. "You 'll walk then. I 'm goin' to take Trixy with me."

"Hey, Joe," called Billy as the coachman's steps were heard approaching down the length of the stable, "Mrs. Carter come out here an' said I was to meet a new maid to-night, an' Pete says he 's goin' to. Just come an' tell him to mind 'is own business."

Joe appeared in the doorway, with a cap cocked on the side of his head, and a short, bull-dog pipe in his mouth. It was strictly against the rules to smoke in the barns, but Joe had been autocrat so long that he made his own rules. He could trust himself ; but woe to the groom who so much as scratched a safety match within his domain.

"A new maid is it ?" he inquired as a grin of comprehension leisurely spread itself across his good-natured, rubicund face. "I s'pose you 're thinkin' it 's pretty near your turn, hey, Billy ?"

"I don't care nothin' about new maids," said Billy sulkily, "but Mrs. Carter said me."

"You 're awful particular all of a sudden about obeying orders," said Joe. "I don't care which one of you fetches out the new maid," he added. "I s'pose if Pete wants to he 's got the first say."

The Carter stables were ruled by a hierarchy with Joe at the head, the order of

precedence being based upon a union of seniority and merit. Joe had ruled for twelve years. He had held the position so long that he had insidiously come to believe in the divine right of coachmen. No pressure from below could have dislodged him; it is even doubtful if he would have permitted Mr. Carter to discharge him. The next year, however, he was planning to abdicate of his own free will. He had saved enough money to start a livery stable; and though the move would be something of a wrench, his decision was irrevocable; he had given notice. Peter was heir presumptive to the place, and the shadow of his future greatness was already upon him. Peter was a self-made man; he had commenced at the bottom as stable-boy nine years before. Being a very trim stable-boy he had early been promoted to the position of tiger on Miss Ethel's pony cart, and thence by a natural transition had developed into a full-fledged groom.

"coquettishly chucked him under the chin"

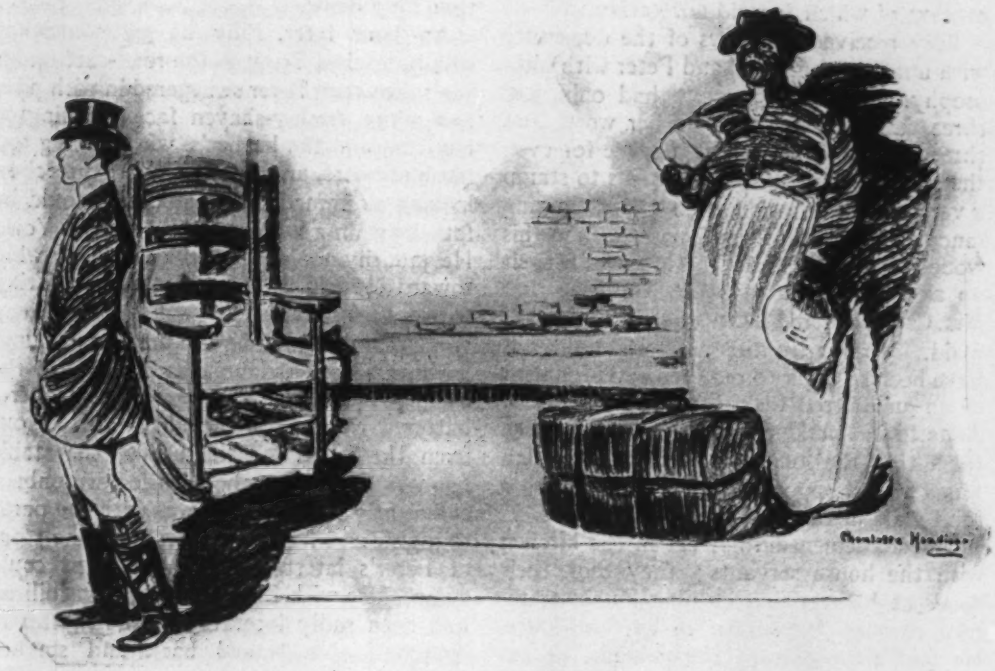
Billy, who had served at Willowbrook but a few meager months, did not realize that the highest honors are obtained only after a slow and painful novitiate. He saw no reason why he should not be coachman next year as much as Peter. In fact, he saw several reasons why he should be. He drove as well, he was better looking (he told himself), he was infinitely larger; and to Billy's simple understanding it was quantity, not quality that makes the man. In any case, he resented Peter's assumption of superiority, and he intended, when opportunity should present itself, to take it out of Peter. Billy was big and good-natured, with placid, heavy features, and a mind that took its time. Peter was small and nervously alert, and his clean-cut, sharpened features spoke an Irish origin. He was more than Billy's match, but the fact would have to be thoroughly rubbed in before Billy would acknowledge it.

"I don't care about fetchin' out the new maid any more than Billy," said Peter, nonchalantly," only I 've got to take a note to the Billingses for Miss Ethel, an' I 'd just as lief stop at the station; it won't be much out o' me way."

"All right," said Joe. "Suit yourself."

Peter smiled slightly as he fell to work again, and he hummed under his breath a song that was peculiarly aggravating to Billy. "*Je vous aime, je vous adore,*" it ran. Peter trilled it, "*Gervie zame, gervie door,*" but it answered the purpose quite as well as if it had been pronounced with the best Parisian accent.

The last maid — the one who had left four days before — had been French, and during the three weeks of her reign at Willowbrook she had stirred to its foundations every unattached masculine heart on the premises. Even Simpkins, the elderly English butler, had unbent and smiled foolishly when she



"He dumped his passenger's box upon the back veranda with a thud"

coquettishly chucked him under the chin in passing through the hall. Mary, the chambermaid, had been a witness to this tender passage, and poor Simpkins's dignity ever since had walked on shaky ground. But Annette's charms had conquered more than Simpkins. Tom, the gardener, had spent the entire three weeks of her stay in puttering about the shrubs and vines that grew in the vicinity of the house. And the stablemen had frankly prostrated themselves before her roving eyes — with the exception of Joe, who, being safely married, was not open to Gallic allurements. It was evident from the first, however, that Peter and Billy were the favored ones. For two weeks the race between them had been even, and then Peter had slowly but perceptibly pulled ahead.

He had returned one morning from an errand to the house, with a new song upon his lips. It was in the French language. He sang it through several times with insistent and tender emphasis. Billy maintained a proud silence as long as his curiosity would permit; finally he inquired gruffly:

"What 's that you 're givin' us?"

"It 's a song," said Peter, modestly. "Annette taught it to me," and he hummed it through again.

"What does it mean?" persisted Billy.

Peter's rendering was somewhat free. "It means," he said, "I don't love no one but you, me dear."

This episode was the beginning of strained relations between the two. There is no telling how far their differences would have gone had the firebrand not been suddenly removed. One morning Joe was kept waiting under the *porte cochère* unusually long for Mrs. Carter to start on her daily progress to the village markets. Instead of Mrs. Carter, finally, his passenger was Annette — bound to the station, with her belongings piled about her. Joe had a wife of his own, and it was none of his affair what happened to Annette, but he had observed the signs of the weather among his underlings, and he was interested on their account to know the wherefore of the business. Annette, however — for a Frenchwoman — was undemonstrative. All that Joe gathered in return for his sympathetic questions (they were sympathetic; Joe was human, even if he were married) was a series of indignant sniffs, and the assertion that she was going because she wanted to go. She would n't work any longer in a place like that; Mrs. Carter was an old cat, and Miss Ethel was a young one. She

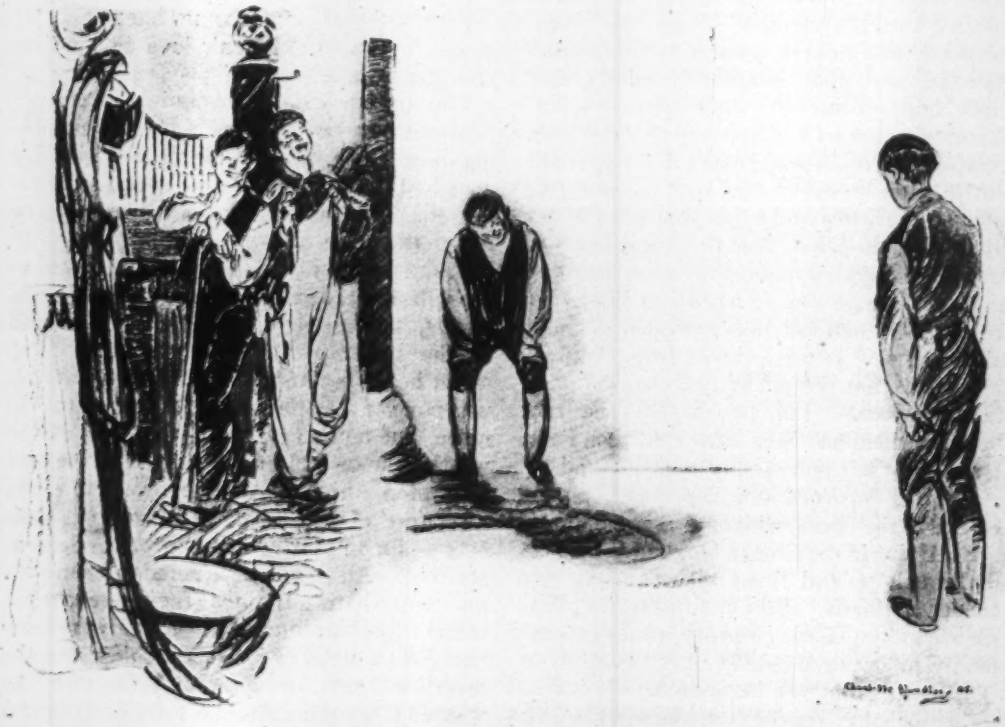
finished with some idiomatic French, the context of which Joe did not gather.

Billy received the news of the departure with unaffected delight, and Peter with philosophy. After all, Annette had only had three weeks in which to do her work, and three weeks was too short a space for even the most fetching of French maids to stamp a very deep impression upon Peter's roving fancy. Four days had passed, and his wound was nearly healed. He was able to sit up and look about again by the time that Mrs. Carter ordered the meeting of the second maid. Ordinarily the grooms would not have been so eager to receive the assignment of an unallotted task, but the memory of Annette still rankled, and it was felt between them that the long drive from the station was a golden opportunity in which to gain a solid start in the new-comer's affections.

The stablemen did not eat in the kitchen with the house servants; they took their meals at Joe's. That evening Peter scrambled through his supper in evident haste. He had an important engagement, he explained, with a meaning glance at Billy. He did take time, between mouthfuls, however, to remark on the fact that it was going to be a beautiful moonlight night, just a "foin" time for a drive.

An hour later, Billy having somewhat sulkily hitched Trixy to the road-cart under Joe's direction, Peter swaggered in with pink and white, freshly-shaven face, smelling of bay rum and the barber's, with shining top hat and boots, and spotless white breeches, looking as immaculate a groom as could be found within a hundred miles of New York. He jauntily took his seat, waved his whip toward Joe and Billy, and touched up Trixy with a grin of farewell.

Later in the evening the men were lounging in a clump of laurels at one side of the carriage-house where a hammock and several battered veranda chairs had drifted out from the house for the use of the stable hands. Simpkins, who occasionally unbent sufficiently to join them, was with the party to-night, and he heard from Billy the story of Peter's latest perfidy. Simpkins could sympathize with Billy; his own sensibilities had been sadly lacerated in the matter of Annette. Joe leaned back and smoked comfortably, lending his voice occasionally to the extent of a grunt. The grooms' differences were nothing to him, but they



"For the next few days Peter's life was rendered a burden"

served their purpose as amusement. Presently the roll of wheels sounded on the gravel and they all sat up interestedly. The driveway leading to the back door swerved broadly past the laurels, and, as Peter had remarked, it was a bright moonlight night. The cart came into view, bowling fast; Peter as stiff as a ramrod staring straight ahead, and beside him a brawny negro woman twice his size, with rolling black eyes and gleaming white teeth. An explosion sounded from the laurels, and Peter, who knew what it meant, cut Trixy viciously.

He dumped his passenger's box upon the back veranda with a thud, and drove straight to the stables where he unhitched poor little Trixy in a most unsympathetic fashion. Billy strode in while he was still engaged with her harness. Peter affected not to notice him. Billy commenced to hum, "*Je vous aime, je vous adore.*" He was no French scholar; he had not grasped the words, but the tune alone was sufficiently suggestive.

"Aw dry up," said Peter.

"Pleasant moonlight night," said Billy.

Peter threw the harness onto the hook with a vicious turn that landed the most of it on the floor, and stumped up-stairs to his room over the carriage-house.

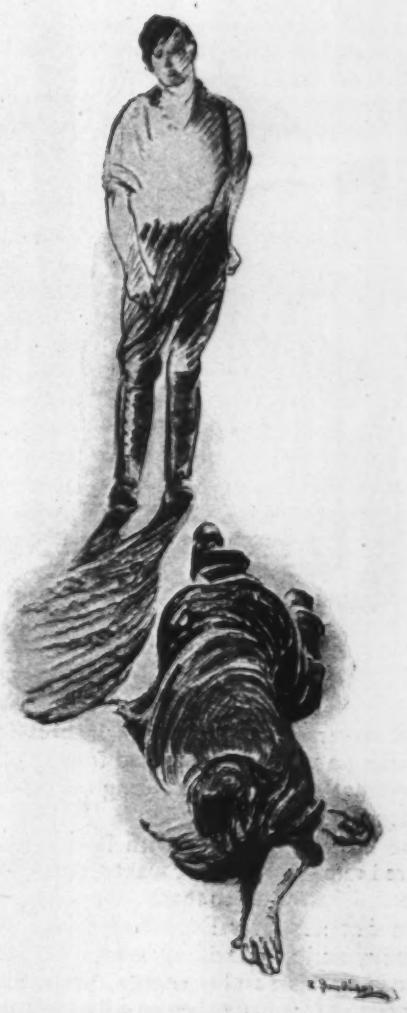
For the next few days Peter's life was rendered a burden. Billy and Joe and Simpkins and Tom, even Nora in the kitchen, never met him without covert allusions to the affair. The gardener from the Jasper place next door called over the hedge one morning to inquire if they didn't have a new maid at their house. On the third day after the arrival the matter reached its logical conclusion.

"Hey, Pete," Billy called up to him in the loft where he was pitching down hay for the horses. "Come down here, quick, there 's some one wants to see you."

Peter clambered down, wearing an expectant look, and was confronted by the three grinning faces of Billy, Tom, and the gardener from the Jasper place.

"It was Miss Johnsing," said Billy. "She was in a hurry an' said she could n't wait, but she 'd like to have you meet her on the back stoop. She 's got a new song she wants to teach you."

Peter took off his coat and looked Billy over for a soft spot in which to begin. Billy took off his coat and accepted the challenge, while the man from next door delightedly suggested that they withdraw to a more



'Ten minutes later Peter had taught him manners"

secluded spot. The four accordingly trooped in silence to a clump of willow trees in the lower pasture, Peter marching grimly ahead.

Billy was a huge, loose-jointed fellow who looked as if he could have picked up little Peter and slung him over his shoulder like a sack of flour. Peter himself was slight and wiry and quick. He had once intended to be a jockey, but, in spite of an anxious avoidance of potatoes and other fattening foodstuffs, he had steadily grown away from it. When he finally reached one hundred and sixty-six pounds, he relinquished his ambition forever. Those one hundred and sixty-six pounds were so beautifully distributed, however, that the casual observer

"'If there 's a new maid comin' Billy can get her. I ain't interested in maids'"

would never have guessed their presence, and many a weightier man had found to his sorrow that Peter did not belong to the class he looked.

The hostilities opened with Billy's good-natured remark: "I don't want to hurt you, Petey. I just want to teach you manners."

Ten minutes later Peter had taught him manners, and was striding across the fields to work off his surplus energy, while Billy, whose florid face had taken on a livelier tinge, was comforting a fast swelling eye at the drinking trough.

It was the last that Peter heard of the new maid, except for a mild lecture from Joe. "See here, Pete," he was greeted upon his return, "I 'm given to understand that you 've been fighting for your lady love. I just want you to remember one thing, young man, and that is that I won't have no fighting about these premises in business hours. You 've laid up Billy for the day, and you can go and do his work."

Three weeks rolled over the head of "Miss Johnsing," and then she, too, departed. It devolved that a husband had returned from a brief vacation on "the island" and wished to settle down to family life again. A week passed at Willowbrook without a parlor-maid, and then one day as Peter entered the stable from the lower meadow, where he had been vainly trying to entice a reluctant colt into putting its head into the halter, he was hailed by Joe with:

"Say, Pete, Mrs. Carter's sent out word that you 're to go to the station to-night and fetch out a new maid."

"Aw, go on," said Peter.

"That 's straight."

"If there 's a new maid comin' Billy can get her. I ain't interested in maids."

"Them's orders," said Joe. "Tell Peter, she says, that he 's to drive in with the buck-board and meet the eight-fifteen train from the city. I 'm expecting a new maid, she says, but she neglected to mention what color she was expecting her to be."

Peter grunted by way of answer, and Joe chuckled audibly as he hitched up his trousers and rolled off toward his own house to tell his wife the joke. The subject was covertly alluded to at supper that night, with various speculations as to the color, nationality, and possible size of the new-comer. Peter emphatically stated his intention of not going near the blame station. When the train hour approached, however, the stables were conspicuously deserted, and there was nothing for him to do but swallow his assertion and meet the train.

As he drove down the hill toward the station he saw that the eight-fifteen train

was already in, but he noted the fact without emotion. He was not going to hurry himself for all the maids in creation; she could just wait until he got there. He drew up beside the platform and sat surveying the people with mild curiosity until such time as the maid chose to search him out. But his pulses suddenly quickened as he heard a clear voice, with an adorable suggestion of brogue behind it, inquire of the station master:

"Will you tell me, sor, how I 'll be gettin' to Mr. Jerome Carter's?"

"Here 's one of the Carter rigs now," said the man.

The girl turned quickly and faced Peter, and all his confused senses told him that she was pretty — prettier than Annette — pretty beyond all precedent. Her eyes were blue and her hair was black, and her color was the color that comes from a childhood spent out of doors in County Cork.

He hastily scrambled out of his seat and touched his hat. "Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, are you the new maid? Mrs. Carter sent me to fetch you out. If you 'll gi' me your check, ma'am, I 'll get your trunk."

The girl gave up her check silently, quite abashed by this very dressy young groom. She had served during the two years of her American experience as "second girl" in a brown-stone house on a side street, and though she had often watched men of Peter's kind from a bench by the park driveway, she had never come so near to one as this. While she was waiting she hastily climbed into the cart, and moved to the extreme end of the left side of the seat, lest the apparition should return and offer assistance. She sat up very stiffly, wondering, meanwhile, with a beating heart, if he would talk or just stare straight ahead the way they did in the park.

Peter helped the baggage man lift in her trunk, and, as he did it, he paused to take a good square look. "Gee! but Billy will want to kick himself!" was his delighted inward comment as he clambered up beside her and gathered the reins in his hands. They drove up the hill without speaking, but once Peter shot a sidewise glance at her at the same moment that she looked at him, and they both turned pink. This was embarrassing but reassuring. The girl breathed freer. He was, then, nothing but a man in spite of the clothes, and with a man she knew how to deal.

A full moon was rising above the trees, and the twilight was fading into dusk. As Billy had justly observed at the supper table, it was a fine night in which to get acquainted. The four miles between the station and the Carter place suddenly dwindled into insignificance in Peter's sight, and at the top of the hill he turned Trixy's head in exactly the wrong direction.

"If you have no objections," he observed, "we 'll drive the long way by the beach because the roads is better."

The new maid had no objections, or at least she did not voice any, and they rolled along between the fragrant hedgerows in silence. Peter was laboriously framing to himself an opening remark, and he did not find anything ludicrous in the situation; but to the girl, whose Irish sense of humor was inordinately developed, it appeared as very

"'Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, are you the new maid?'"

funny to be riding alone beside a live, breathing groom, in top-hat and shining boots, who turned red when you looked at him.

She suddenly broke out into a laugh — a low, clear, bubbling laugh that lodged itself in Peter's receptive heart. He looked around a moment with a slightly startled air, and then, as his eyes met hers, he, too, laughed. It instantly cleared the atmosphere. He pulled Trixy to a walk and

faced her. His laborious introductory speech was forgotten; he went to the point with a sigh of relief.

"I guess we 're goin' to like each other — you an' me," he said softly.

The moon was shining, and the hawthorn flowers were sweet. Annie's eyes looked back at him rather shyly, and her dimples trembled just below the surface. Peter turned his eyes away hastily lest he look too long.

"Me name's Peter," he said. "Peter McGowan. Tell me yours so we 'll be feelin' acquainted."

"Annie Muldoon."

"Annie Muldoon," he repeated. "It 's the right swing to it. That 's better than Annette."

"Annette?" asked Annie.

She had perceived that he was a man; he now perceived that she was a woman, and that Annette's name might better not have been mentioned.

"Ah, Annette," he said carelessly — "A parlormaid we had a while ago; an' mighty glad we was to be rid o' her," he added cannily.

"Why?" asked Annie.

"She was French; she had a temper," he returned guardedly.

"I 'm Irish; I have a temper," said Annie. "Will you be glad to be rid o' me?"

"Oh, an' I 'm Irish meself," laughed Peter, with a broader brogue than usual. "It 's not Irish tempers I 'm afraid of."

"'Oh, drop the Mister McGowan,' he grinned. 'Peter's me name'"

They both laughed again, though they did not know just why, and (for the time) the subject of Annette was dropped.

When they turned in at the gates of Willowbrook — some half an hour later than they were due, owing to Peter's extemporaneous route by the beach — he slowed Trixy to a walk that he might point out to his companion the interesting features of her new home. As they passed the laurels they were deeply engaged in converse, and a heavy and respectful silence hung about the region.

"Good-night, Mr. McGowan," said Annie as he deposited her trunk on the back veranda. "'Tis obliged to you I am for bringin' me out."

"Oh, drop the Mister McGowan," he grinned. "Peter's me name. Good-night, Annie. I hope as you'll like it; it won't be my fault if you don't."

He touched his hat and swinging himself to the seat, drove whistling to the stables. He unhitched Trixy and gave her a handful of salt. "Here, old girl, what are you tryin' to do?" he asked as she rubbed her nose against his shoulder, and he started her toward her stall with a friendly whack on the back. As he was putting away her harness, Billy lounged in, bent on no errand in particular. Peter threw him a careless nod, and breaking off his whistling in the middle of a bar, he fell to humming softly a familiar tune. *"Gervie zame, gervie door,"* was the song that he sang.